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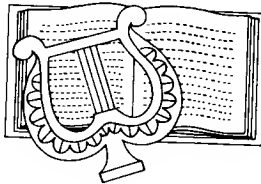
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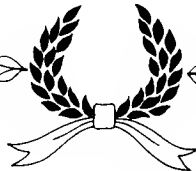
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RAN AWAY FROM HOME:

A Life of Adventure.

BY

W STEPHENS HAYWARD,

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK ANGEL," "THE STAR OF THE SOUTH,"
"FIERY CROSS," "REBEL PRIVATEER," ETC. ETC. ETC.



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RAN AWAY FROM HOME.

CHAPTER I.

DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

My father was a Massachusetts farmer, living a few miles from New Bedford. He was the representative of an old Puritan family, and had **not** degenerated in the faith and bigotry of his fathers.

I have heard that **some of** the rigid Puritans of my native State used to **whip** cats for eating mice, and thrash barrels of eider for working on the holy Sabbath, but I do not remember seeing my paternal ancestor do this, although I have seen him do, and heard him say, what, in my opinion, was nearly as absurd, but **that was** when I was young.

The reader may wonder how I was taught to believe that there was anything peculiar in the moral system by which my father controlled himself and his household, and I shall endeavour to inform them.

Intelligence became fashionable in New England when I was young, and, although many are prevented by pecuniary difficulties from following fashions of any kind, such was not the case with my father, who, being a well-to-do farmer, thought that he could afford the expense of having an educated son.

It was determined, in a council of two, consisting of my father and mother, that the family should be distinguished by having a great man belonging to it—a man who should become a great lawyer and statesman, and in time be

elected unanimously to the greatest honour in the gift of his fellow-countrymen—a President of the United States.

They had a family of six children—four sons and two daughters. There were but two older than myself—my brother John, who was their eldest, and my sister Jane. All the knowledge John wished to acquire was the art of cultivating white beans. It was true that he had been taught to read and write, but these accomplishments had been acquired with the greatest exertion, and his efforts to attain them had, I believe, been inspired by the belief that they possibly might be available in the business of bean-growing. He had also learnt something of arithmetic, and could tell how many beans were required to constitute the number of five.

Lucky John! his stupidity enabled him to escape the persecution to which I was to be subjected, for I was the one chosen by our parents for the victim to future greatness.

I was flattered, and for a while made happy by the bright anticipations of the future.

For some reason, which I do not understand, an education acquired near home is never esteemed by the majority of mankind as being so valuable as that acquired at a distance from it. This was evidently understood by my father, and I was sent to a school near Hoboken, New York. I learnt, or in some way attained, a few ideas at this school, although I do not now claim that they had anything to do with real knowledge.

One of those ideas was, that I was living in a very enlightened age, and that the generation with whom I associated was wiser than any other that had previously existed. This led to the belief that the nearer a person was related to the past, the less he must know; and at the end of a year I returned home on a visit with much less respect for the opinions and prejudices of my parents than when I left them for school.

They were not without some errors of judgment which to me soon became painfully conspicuous.

My father, mother, brothers and sisters, on my return,

were very much astonished to see that I was very much like other youths of my age. I had brought home no valuable prizes gained by competing with others, and was, in fact, without any degrees, certificates, or any other evidence to prove my superiority to all other youths of the school I had attended. They could not understand why their determination that I should become suddenly great did not make me superior to all others.

It was evident that they expected far more from me than I should ever be able to accomplish, and that thenceforth I was never to know any domestic happiness in my early home.

They would soon begin to reproach me with indolence and ingratitude.

They did hint that all were toiling for me, and they expressed a hope that their expectations would not be disappointed. I had done my best, and was willing to do all in my power to fulfil their great hopes ; but I saw that they required much more than was in my power to perform.

If a youth has the talent to distinguish himself above others, he will do so in opposition to adverse circumstances ; for a part of the elements of success is the energy and perseverance that combat and conquer all difficulties ; but where talent and power are wanting, the wishes, taunts, and commands of friends cannot create them.

Had my brother John commanded one of his beanstalks to grow in a few years' time into a gigantic oak, and had he used all possible endeavours to enable his commands to be obeyed, his attempt would have been but a little more absurd than the experiment my family were trying with me, and I plainly saw that I should have to bear all the blame for their want of success.

Their resolution to compel me to become a great man was a cruel misfortune to the family—a misfortune that threatened to ruin the happiness of most of its members, especially mine. Believing they wished me well, I could not blame them, but I was unwilling to become the cause of all my family's misfortunes and disappointments. I

was very sensitive, and did not like to inflict a sense of injury or ingratitude upon others. I would rather that my parents should think me dead, than that I was living to return their good wishes towards me with the base ingratitude they were sure some time to accuse me of possessing.

There was but one way, in my opinion, of preventing them from being subjected to the cruel disappointment that threatened them in the future, and that was for me to run away. This would kill their high hopes of my future greatness while those hopes were young and could die with less anguish than when they had attained a longer and stronger existence.

Having once decided on taking this course, I made no delay in acting upon it; and after making up a small, round bundle of clothing, I succeeded in smuggling it out of the house, and secreting it in a haystack by the barn. That evening I took a long and "last fond look" at each of my relatives, and bade them an affectionate mental good-bye.

My journey with the little round bundle was commenced, as near as I could "guess," about the centre of two days, and was made towards that great, uneasy world of awe and wonder to boys—the Ocean.

CHAPTER II.

THE RIVAL MATES.

ON the second day after leaving my home I reached New Bedford.

The journey to this particular place was not made without a purpose, for I wished to go to sea, and knew that the facilities for accomplishing that purpose were perhaps greater there than in any other port, for the reason that, in proportion to its inhabitants, it has the largest number of

ships engaged in the whale fishery—a business at sea at which those who are not able seamen find no difficulty in getting employment.

My desire to go out upon the great ocean, and see strange lands and exciting scenes, had probably been formed by my having so often met and conversed with those who had sailed from New Bedford in whaling ships.

I had often listened with awe and admiration to the deeds recited by these men—men who had combated with the monsters of the ocean—monsters more than one hundred and fifty feet in length—creatures that in their dying struggles had thrown the great ocean into mountains, and turned its waters crimson with their blood.

The recitals of these men were, in my opinion, of deeds worthy of the “lords of creation.” They were grand, majestic, exciting, and all that could inflame the mind of youth with a passion for adventure. Should I, William Brockley, torture myself in trying to become a selfish scheming lawyer, when I could go out upon the world and do such deeds and see such scenes as I had heard described? Common sense and uncommon sense alike forbade.

It was a beautiful day in the latter part of April, 1847, when I entered New Bedford, and found the place the scene of much animation. Several whalers were being fitted out for the Pacific, and two of them were nearly ready to sail.

Having in my pockets but five pieces of that coin known in New England by the name of “ninepence,” I made no delay in applying for a ship. To accomplish my purpose, I resolved to take or seek advice, which is sometimes a wise course to youths when in doubt or difficulty, and I applied to the landlord of the little public-house where I had been trying, without much success, to partake of a hearty breakfast.

“Want to go in a whaler, eh?” said the publican, when I had made known my wishes. “Why there’s two mates in the house now, and each belonging to a different ship. They’ll fight for you, and I’ll show you to ’em and see the fun. Come with me.”

I followed him into a little sitting-room, where I beheld two rough-looking men, sitting at a table, smoking cigars, and each of them behind a glass of something resembling brandy-and-water.

"Here's a lad that wants to go to sea," said the landlord, speaking to the two men, and pointing towards me.

"Wall, I guess, he's a sensible young man," said one of the mates, "and ef he is, he will go along with me. Our lay is the one hundred and sixtieth for green hands," said the man, turning to me.

"But the lay we give the green 'uns is one hundred and eighty," said the other mate. "You had better go with me."

"What is a *lay*?" I asked.

"It's the share you are to have of the cargo when you come baek from the eruise," answered the publican. "Now look sharp, my lad. They both want you, and you must choose which ship you think is the best. You are just the right age to make a capital whaler. You look strong and active, and are not too old to be easily managed."

I knew that this was said to excite the strife between the two as to which should get me, and without doubting its truth, was not much flattered by the remark.

"You had better go with me," said the mate, who had first spoken to me. "As I before said, we give the one hundred and sixtieth. Our ship is new, and is commanded by Captain Buneombe, one of the luekiest men in the fishery. The ship earries hyfalutin sails, and 'tis reckoned she will fly, with an average breeze, thirty-eight half knots an hour. We are going everywhere in particular, and after sperm whales."

"When does she sail?" I asked.

"In one week from to-day; and we intend to pass every ship we leave astern that has sailed this season before we reach the little end of the horn. If you want to see the world, learn something, and make a fortune all by the same throw, come with me."

"There is no use, Mr. Palmer, in your trying to gam-

mon this young fellow," said the other mate. "He looks to me too sensible to be struck in that way, although I know you are a good hand at a long throw. You had better go with me," he continued, turning to me. "Our ship has been tried one voyage, and been proved a good one. His has not; and no one knows whether it will stand on its head or heels when it gets out at sea; and I shouldn't care about going in it to learn which. Our ship has a whim-wham to the bridle of the hawse. All the boats have thwarts and thole pins, and our harpoons have a patent attraction for whale-skin—an invention of Captain Bunker, who killed eleven whales with them in thirteen minutes and a quarter by the chronometer time. Besides, as I before told you, our 'lay' is the one hundred and eightieth, while his is only the one hundred and sixtieth. Can't you see the difference?"

"When do you sail?" I inquired.

"To-morrow; and this morning we only wanted two hands to make up our crew. I hope for your sake that they are not yet engaged."

I was anxious to get away from New Bedford as soon as possible, and cared nothing about the "lay" on which I went. Though well aware that my share would be less in the ship the last speaker wished me to join than in the other, I supposed there would be a larger crew, or something to make the chances in each vessel about equal, and I elected to go with the one first to sail.

When my decision was made known, a smile of triumph came over the expressive features of the mate who was to sail the next day in the ship carrying harpoons, with "a patent attraction for whale-skin."

"I reckon it is all owing to the 'lay,' Mr. Parker," said the other mate, in a tone expressing some disappointment. "Our ship, of course, can't get a crew so soon as yours. What is a hundred and sixtieth compared with a hundred and eightieth? I wish you luck with your crew if they are all like this one. You will want luck and good wishes too."

I was anxious to explain that I cared nothing about

the difference in the "lay," but had been guided by time in making my choice. The mirth of the publican and the mate prevented this, and I followed Mr. Parker to an office, where I placed the name of William Brock on the articles as ordinary seaman. With the fear that my parents' wishes for my future greatness might sometime accidentally be fulfilled, I dropped the last syllable of my name, so that there should be no record of my having been "before the mast."

I passed the afternoon in purchasing an outfit with my "advance," and in the evening wrote a letter to my parents—a letter to be posted the next day—and informing them what I had done, and my reasons for leaving home.

CHAPTER III.

PERSECUTIONS ON THE "LAY."

I WAS but a little more than seventeen years of age when I sailed from New Bedford, with the harpoons furnished with the "patent attraction," in the ship *Mary Hart*. I shall not trouble my readers with an account of my sufferings during the first week at sea.

Never had the kindness of my parents, the affection of my sisters, and esteem of my brothers seemed so strong and dear to me as when it became beyond my power to return to them; but I soon acquired the philosophy to dismiss all regrets and other unpleasant thoughts, and make the most of the present. It is fortunate for youths, on their first voyage at sea, with so many things to learn and so much to forget, that circumstances favour their efforts at becoming "men of the world, who know the world like men."

The second mate, in whose watch I was placed, was a young man about twenty-four years of age, and had about him many disagreeable peculiarities.

He had evidently been much about the world, met many disagreeable and bad people, and had picked up all their faults. He was horribly profane in his language, vain of his appearance and acquirements, which were such as no other would envy; and what, in my opinion, was still worse, his name was Jinkins. I can only compare him to a bell; for he was an open-mouthed, long-tongued, and hollow-headed thing.

The first mate, Mr. Parker, had amused his brother officers by telling them how he had secured my valuable services, and that I had refused to go in another ship because the lay was only the one hundred and sixtieth.

Mr. Jinkins never for a moment seemed to forget this: and every day, for some time, I had to listen to what he thought witty remarks about the "lay."

This was also a source of amusement to several others amongst the crew, and I saw something must be done to let them know that they must find amusement upon some other subject besides myself.

One day while we were at dinner there was an allusion made in reference to me about the "lay," and I got up and made a speech.

"Boys," said I, "I am very sorry to see that the most of you have no better taste and feeling than to ridicule another for what you think his ignorance. Such amusements are unmanly, and I hope that you will indulge in it no more. There is another reason why common sense should lead you to drop the subject in the future. I am not so ignorant as you suppose; for what you call the 'lay' had no influence on me in choosing this ship. I had run away from home, was afraid of being pursued, and joined this ship because it was the first one to sail. After this explanation, if any one present attempts to ridicule me again about the 'lay' he will make an enemy."

"Bravo, Bill! that's good speaking," said one of my messmates, called Twist, "but I dare say the boys mean no harm. They must have some amusement."

"Then let them seek it in some other way than at the expense of another," said I. "The man who has any-

thing more to say about my choosing the one hundred and eightieth, will get something besides amusement."

Several days passed, and I heard nothing more about the "lay."

As a majority of the men in the forecandle had never before been at sea, some attempts were made to prepare them for the duty they would have to perform, after reaching what whalers will persist in calling "the whaling ground."

A boat would be manned with men, who for an hour would be required to "pull dry oars." This duty was very disagreeable to most of us, and was generally regarded as "punishment," although by it we learnt "to keep stroke with oars."

While engaged in acquiring this tuition, we were exposed to the jeering, taunting looks of about twenty others who were experienced whalers. They were the boat-steerers, coopers, carpenters, and others, and whenever they could do so, without being heard by the captain or first mate, they would call out to us, "There she blows," or, "Put me off three seas; I'm — on a long throw."

Even the black cook had his amusement at our expense. When passing by us one day, I heard him say to his mate, "We ah goin' nine knots now, but was makin' nuffin' over four tull dat boat was manned."

One morning when we were at breakfast, one of my messmates named Bowers, either forgetting or disregarding my warning, again complimented me on my shrewdness about the "lay."

I had a pannikin of hot coffee in my hand, and immediately threw it in his face. Taking advantage of the temporary blindness this caused him, I followed up the attack by giving him three or four blows that made him quite willing for a time to relinquish the idea of immediate revenge, but he swore that he would some time have satisfaction. "All right," said I, "call any time you please. You know my address, and as I don't often go out now-a-days, you will probably find me at home."

When a person is in the society of those who ever conduct themselves in a proper manner, the virtues of patience, forbearance, and forgiveness seem very easy to practise ; but experience has taught me that meekness is wholly thrown away on a majority of mankind, and that a little exhibition of manly spirit is sometimes necessary for protection against those who are so cowardly as to select from their associates the weak and meek for the victims of their evil dispositions.

The more readily a man submits to indignities from others, the more will be cast upon him ; and in time he will lose his own self-respect by seeing himself despised by others.

The opinions here expressed were taught me by my father, who was a deacon of, or in, the church.

His religion does not agree on all points with that of some others, but experience with things of this world strengthens my belief in his wisdom.

Bowers became one of the best friends I had on the ship, but such never would have been the case, had I not taught him to treat me with the respect I tried to deserve by my conduct towards others.

Mr. Jenkins, the second mate, often used to annoy me by referring to the "lay," and I determined in some way to put a stop to the persecution.

I had not the courage to assault him, for I was certain to get the worst of an encounter. An officer of a ship in a row with a common sailor has all his brother officers to assist him, and on a whaler they are numerous."

The captain, mates, boat-steerers, the cooper, boatswain, carpenter, blacksmith, sailmaker, and steward of an American whaler are generally all acquainted with each other, and may have sailed together for years.

They will assist each other, and their wives often drink tea together while their husbands are away.

The sailors before the mast come aboard the ship strangers to each other and the officers, and if one of them gets into a row with an officer, he has no friends to assist, but many enemies to oppose him.

I was early made aware of this, and yet I determined that Mr. Jenkins should not annoy me much longer.

CHAPTER IV.

"CHIPS" IS OVERBOARD.

FIVE weeks after leaving New Bedford we entered the beautiful, capacious, and secure harbour of Rio de Janeiro. Our object in calling there was to procure sugar, molasses, rum, and other ship-stores, that could be purchased cheaper in that port than in New Bedford.

The entrance to the harbour of Rio de Janeiro is narrow ; but the bay widens abruptly to a distance of about four miles, and is interspersed with numerous little islands, many of which have heavy batteries of cannon.

The day after dropping anchor in the harbour I was allowed, with some other shipmates, to have a run on shore, and a part of my dreams of the past was realized. I was in a strange and foreign land, where the people, buildings, vegetation, and everything that met my sight were objects of curiosity.

The city of Rio de Janeiro is situate on the west side of a bay, and at the foot of some high mountains rising behind it. The imperial palace, which stands but a few yards from the place where we landed, was the finest building I had ever seen, and the sight of it drove some early prejudices out of my mind, by teaching me that there were people in the world who could do something besides those of my own country.

During the day we saw the Cathedral, the Botanic Gardens, and many other sights that to me were highly interesting. We landed early in the morning, and wandered about till noon, when we found the streets deserted by all except a few slaves and ourselves.

We returned to the ship with the determination that

our next visit to the city should be made in the evening, when we could see its inhabitants pursuing their usual business, or what others would call seeking amusement.

On the second day after we dropped anchor in the harbour, the carpenter, or "Chips," as he was called by the crew, was out on the main-yard, making some alterations or repairs which had been suggested by the boat-swain.

Had the ship been under sail, and rolling or pitching heavily, Chips would have paid some attention to his own safety ; but, as the vessel was resting as quietly on the water as an island on the sea, he was heedless of his position, and fell from the yard. Before he reached the water, there was a cry of "Chips is overboard !" and all rushed to the side of the ship where he had fallen. By the time Chips rose to the surface after his deep plunge, the ends of two or three ropes had been thrown over for him to seize, and by which he might ascend the side. He presently rose to the surface, about four yards further from the ship than the place where he had first made the "hole in the water."

As he struck out towards us to reach the ropes, many were laughing at his misfortune, which the carpenter himself could not have thought very serious, for on his face was a pleasant smile.

At the time of falling from the yard, Chips had in his hand a mallet, which he had been using with a chisel ; and during his brief visit below he had retained the mallet, and swam towards us with it in his hand.

After seizing a rope with one hand, he took the handle of the mallet in his teeth, and was about to draw himself out of the water, when there was a cry of "Shark ! a shark !"

The alarm was not a false one, for about ten feet from the carpenter was seen a large shark that had suddenly appeared upon the scene, changing the mirth of all to exclamations and expressions of horror.

Nine men out of ten, if placed in the carpenter's position, would have made the insane attempt to drag them-

selves out of the water by ascending the rope, and would have been lost, but he had too much presence of mind for that.

Letting go the rope, and seizing the mallet in his right hand, Chips turned towards the shark, which was then quite near him, slowly turning on one side and extending its jaws, preparing, as the carpenter afterwards said, to take him "in out of the wet."

Suddenly the snap or bite was made; but in place of the mouthful the shark expected to obtain, its jaws were prevented from closing by the mallet which Chips had thrust between them, and still held with a firm grasp by the handle.

Foiled in the first attempt at obtaining a dinner, the shark "went about," and again turned on its side for another attack, which the carpenter met as before, by placing the mallet between his jaws. This time the shark did not let go until Chips was drawn several feet through the water, by retaining his grasp on the handle of the mallet.

Three times were the jaws of the shark opened to receive a mouthful of Chips, and each time it was disappointed in the manner I have described.

While I had been gazing upon this scene, immovable and speechless with horror, some of the others had been acting. The two boats we had lowered since entering the harbour were both off to shore for a part of the ship-stores we had called to procure, but in less time than I before could have thought possible, another boat was lowered with three men in it, and the carpenter was rescued from the danger he had so heroically combated.

The principal part of the work in lowering the boat was done by a man named Fleury, who for some years had been known to most of the officers, and by them was generally called "Fury," or "Old Fury," as I thought ironically, for the reason that the man was so very quiet. I was greatly mistaken in the opinion I had formed of "Fury," for when under excitement he was, as one of the boys said, "powerfully wild." He was then in some

respects like a madman, and yet every act in his apparent frenzy seemed guided by wisdom. When the cry was heard of "Shark! a shark!" before any other had fully comprehended the reality of the carpenter's position, "Old Fury" roused from a seeming state of semi-consciousness, and thundered out the orders necessary for lowering the boat. He selected the three men that went over in it, and partly threw or kicked them in.

The whole business of rescuing the carpenter was managed or directed by Fury, who was for a moment, as some of the men afterwards declared, in two or three places at the same time; and during the time he was giving orders and moving others, he was also uttering horrible oaths and curses in a loud screaming voice. He was like a demon—something more than human in passion and power; but the instant Chips was safely placed on the deck, the excitement in Fury's mind subsided, and he had the appearance of a calm, unexcitable, inoffensive old man, philosophically waiting for nothing but—death.

The shark continued *cruising* about the ship, apparently a highly disappointed and exasperated fish.

It was evidently waiting for something, and some of the men determined that it should not be disappointed again. Two irons (harpoons) were brought up, and at the first attempt, one of them was fastened in its back. A lance was then thrown into it, and withdrawn. This act was several times repeated until we had the satisfaction (ever a pleasing one to sailors) of seeing a shark floating dead upon the water.

With two other "green-horns" and one of the boat-steerers, I went in the boat to cut the harpoon out of the shark's body.

While we were engaged in this business, the old boat-steerer told us that he was once in the chains, heaving the lead from a ship close on the coast of Morocco.

"While I was busy takin' the soundin's," said the sailor, "I lost the lead, and couldn't account for the loss of it nohow. There was no pull or jerk, but it was gone. The next day we caught a shark, and hove him aboard.

When we were cuttin' him up what do you think we found?"

"Why the lead, I suppose," said one of the "green-uns."

"No," answered the sailor. "There was nothing but guts."

I did not hear the "green-horn" speak again that day.

CHAPTER V.

"OLD FURY" MADE FURIOUS.

ON the evening of the fourth day after dropping anchor in the harbour of Rio de Janeiro, we were making preparations for sailing early the next morning.

One of the boat-steerers was ashore on a "spree," and had broken his leave of absence by staying over his time. In the evening I was one of the boat's crew, under the command of Mr. Jenkins, sent to bring the man back to the ship.

One of the boat's crew, Twist, whom I have before mentioned, knew the house where the man would probably be found, and we were also accompanied by Fury, who, being well acquainted with the absent man, and having some influence over him, went with us for the purpose of inducing him to go quietly back to the ship.

After entering the Rua de Dereita, the main street of the city, we went up it for some distance, and then turned down a minor street, branching from it at right angles.

In this street, following our conductor, we entered a public-house, where we found the man we wanted.

I heard, before leaving the ship, that when the man, whose name was Adams, went on a spree he "made a business of it;" and we found him in a state that confirmed all I had heard.

On coming ashore he was respectably dressed, and carried in his pocket the time of day in which he left the ship. We found him without coat, boots, hat, or watch, and in company with some seamen from a merchant-ship, who had been assisting him in drinking the proceeds of his watch and clothing.

All attempts at persuading the man to accompany us back to the ship were tried in vain. We told him that the vessel was to sail early the next morning.

"All right!" said he, "I'll be there; I'm always at my station when wanted. Cap'n Hart knows that. He never sent for me—knows me too well."

Old Fury exerted his influence in vain. The man would not leave, and Mr. Jenkins began to threaten force.

At this the sailors of the merchantman in whose society we found Adams exhibited a little derisive mirth, and we saw that we should have to encounter their opposition as well as the whims of our drunken shipmate; for two or three of them said that the man should not be taken away unless he was willing to go. My attention was then called to Old Fury by hearing Mr. Jenkins say,—

"Be quiet, Fury! There's no use in making a row. I tell you to keep quiet."

I looked at Fury, and saw that he was trembling, as one of the men afterwards said, like an "absent leaf."

There seemed but little danger of that weak, trembling, old man making a row; for he seemed under a high inspiration of fear.

He was muttering in a low tone to himself, and I could easily have fancied, had I not heard and seen him on the day that Chips fell overboard, that he was praying to be delivered safely from the trouble into which circumstances were evidently driving us.

Such a fancy would have been a wrong one. The low murmurs I heard were but the suppressed curses and oaths giving a warning of the storm then rising in Fury's soul.

"Be quiet, Fury," said Mr. Jenkins, again addressing the trembling old man; "I'll send out for a constable."

English and American sailors, when under the influence of drink, care but little about the constables in foreign ports, and the appearance of those officials at a row generally has the effect of making a disturbance more serious.

To Fury the absurdity of the mate's proposal was so great that he could control his emotions no longer.

With a yell like a demon, he sprang forward, seized Adams, and hurled him to the door, where we were standing.

"Away with him," screamed Fury. "Take him away."

Jenkins, Twist, and two others caught hold of Adams, but my attention was too much engaged with Fury to give assistance, where it was not actually required. The company in which we found our shipmate, consisted of five young and rough-looking men; and immediately on the expulsion of Adams, they sprang to their feet, apparently intending a rescue. Near Fury was a form about eight feet in length; and seizing it by the centre, he spun around with it like a top. The next instant, the five men were all on the floor.

I do not think that more than one or two of them were actually knocked down with the form. The others probably went down, and under the table, to get out of danger.

Never before had I witnessed so perfect an illustration of the superiority of energy, decision, firmness, and will, over mere animal force.

The scene I have recorded produced a permanent impression on my mind, and for that reason I may have given it undue notice by recording it. Such may be the opinion of some of my readers, but I cannot agree with them, and for this reason. Human power depends more on the will, or mind, than on physical strength; and any event illustrating this fact, is worthy of notice. Had old Fury not been with us, we should probably have returned to the ship without Adams; but by the energy of that one man, we got him aboard the ship without any difficulty.

I believed that energy and decision could be acquired or increased by cultivation ; and after witnessing the superiority of old Fury to others, I determined to acquire them.

The event recorded in this chapter may be uninteresting to my readers, but I wish them to understand something of the manner I was educated, in order that they may comprehend what I shall record of my later years ; and the lesson received from old Fury that night had its influence on many events of my after life.

Fury became to me a hero, and I began to understand why he was so much respected by the officers who had been long acquainted with him.

So well did his conduct on all occasions seem worthy of imitating, that one day, when much annoyed, I caught myself using one of his horrible oaths.

My conscience was shocked at the words I had uttered, and I determined to use them no more.

“My poor father and mother,” thought I, “to please you, I cannot become the President of the United States, but there is one command and wish you have often expressed which I can easily obey. That is, that I should never use bad language, and I will obey you.”

This promise has never been broken, and this statement is recorded with an emotion of pride and pleasure that well repays me for the restraint often placed on my tongue by the force of a good resolution.

CHAPTER VI.

MR. JINKINS AN ENEMY.

AFTER leaving Rio, and getting once more upon the blue sea, all hands were set to work, and the task of keeping them employed, when there was in reality but little to do, was one that must have given the officers much trouble in executing.

The boat-steerers puzzled their brains at finding employment in putting their boats in order for the work we hoped some time to meet. Harpoons and lances were sharpened, casks were examined and repaired, and everything was put in perfect order for our future business two or three times a week.

Captain Hart was a gentleman. He moved about, quietly superintending all our arrangements; and, whenever he had any fault to find, or an improvement to suggest, it was made through one of his officers. We had to listen to no bullying or driving from him.

Mr. Parker, the first mate, used no unnecessary severity towards us, although it was whispered about among the crew that he was "some" when excited.

Mr. Jenkins continued his labours at preventing my companions and myself from forgetting about the lay, and this annoyance was one I was very anxious to check, but for some time could see no sensible way of doing it.

Mr. Jenkins was a man ever representing himself to be highly educated; but, from his manner of using the "President's English," I knew that he was not.

He seemed ready at any time—night or day—to tell us within half a mile of the ship's position on the earth, and often represented to us that had he navigated the ship we should have been much further on our way.

One day, after Mr. Parker had made up his reckoning, and the result became known, Mr. Jenkins, having an opportunity of showing off before us without being heard by his brother officers, proceeded to find fault with the captain's system of navigation.

"We are going around the Horn, now," said he, "but have not gone far enough south. We have got to make a long distance west, and the farther south we go the better it is done. There is a great difference in making longitude where there are but twenty-three miles to a degree, from doing it where there are fifty or sixty. Brock, here, is a bright boy at figures. He can tell you I am right."

I pretended not to understand the allusion for which

the latter part of this remark was made, and said that I believed him to be quite right. "But," said I, "there is one thing about latitude and longitude that I don't understand, and since I've been on the ship, I have several times thought about asking either you, Mr. Jenkins, or Mr. Parker to explain."

"What is it?" asked the mate, pleased at an opportunity of further gratifying his vanity. "I am always willing to give all the information I can."

"I wish to know why there are more degrees of longitude than there are of latitude?"

"Why, that's simple enough," said Mr. Jenkins, after a moment's hesitation, "can't you understand that?"

"Perhaps I could if you would explain," I answered. "If the earth is round, or nearly so, why does it take three hundred and sixty degrees to measure it in one way, and only one hundred and eighty the other?"

Mr. Jenkins was silent for about two minutes, during which we were all listening. Just as some winks, and other telegraphic signals were beginning to be passed from one to another, he exclaimed, "One hundred and eighty! why, that is just your 'lay' in the voyage."

"Yes; but I don't understand from that why it takes twice as many degrees to measure the earth from east to west, as it does to measure it from north to south."

After again indulging in a little reflection, Mr. Jenkins exclaimed, "Well, now, I'll tell you! The earth, you know, is ——." Here he paused, and cast his eyes aloft, as though looking for inspiration. It was found; for his next words were, "Lay aft here, and give a drag on the weather-braces!"

After we had made a few "sea-drags," till the sails were trimmed to Mr. Jenkins's satisfaction, he walked aft, and the explanation was not given.

He could not answer the simple question I had asked him, and his ignorance had been exposed before those to whom he had often boasted of his superior knowledge.

The next day I told him, in the presence of several of my messmates, that if he would promise to say nothing

more about the lay, I would explain to him why there were more degrees of longitude than latitude.

Mr. Jenkins was now my enemy. Heretofore he had ever spoken to me in a good-natured, though bantering manner; but after I had exposed his ignorance, his tone in addressing me was harsh and offensive.

If there was any disagreeable or unnecessary job to be done aloft, requiring but one to perform, I was the person he selected to do it.

"Look out for the second breezer!" said Twist to me, one day. "He's on the watch for a chance to have a row with you, and don't you let him have it."

The advice of Twist was not needed, for I knew that Mr. Jenkins would never be happy until he had given me a taste of the tail of a rope, and I was on my guard. I must do him the justice to say that he did not wish a row with me without some reason for it, although that reason might have been the want of something to justify himself in the opinion of his fellow officers.

Impatient and irritated at my good conduct, and determination to do my duty, Mr. Jenkins could wait no longer, and one day ordered me up aloft to the "bird's-nest," to relieve another man who was on the look-out, a man that he wished for some other duty below. It was not my turn in the "bird's-nest," for I had kept my look-out a few hours before; nevertheless, I immediately turned to obey. The instant I turned from him, I felt a violent kick, which was followed by the words, "Come! move, will you?"

I suddenly turned around, and gave Mr. Jenkins a back-handed blow with all my force. The motion of the ship, which was rolling heavily, favoured my effort, and he went down into the lee scuppers.

I was immediately seized, handcuffed, and put down into the "run" to "fight rats."

The accommodations for lodging and other requirements in the run are far from being pleasant. The place was dark, and filled with casks, boxes, harpoons in reserve, and other

obstacles unfavourable to exploration, and was made very disagreeable by a sickening smell of bilge-water.

Had my hands not been fastened, I could have sought some amusement by searching for a raisin cask, or something else, the contents of which would have enabled me to kill time less painfully ; but I was completely helpless, and had nothing to do but wait as philosophically as possible.

The only subject for consolation in this confinement was the fact that Mr. Jenkins had been disappointed in his desire of inflicting personal violence upon me.

In the affray between us, he had come off second best ; and before he had regained his feet, I was in the hands of three or four others, and a call had been made for the bracelets. He had no excuse for assaulting me when I was down on the deck and in the hands of others, and the expression of disappointed rage on his features was not unpleasant for me to witness.

After passing a most disagreeable night, I was brought out of the run and marched before the captain. After listening to a sermon from Captain Hart, delivered in very impressive, but not polite, language, I was sent forward to my duty.

I afterwards heard that some of the officers who had witnessed the affair that led to my confinement had told the captain the truth, and that Mr. Jenkins had been reprimanded for his conduct. From the expression of his features whenever his eyes were turned upon me, I could believe this, and was certain his animosity towards me had greatly increased.

I had made an enemy of a bad and unprincipled man, and I did not feel very pleasant under the knowledge that such was the fact.

Two or three days passed, and my fears were much increased by Twist, who sought an opportunity for giving me another warning.

"Look out for Jenkins, my lad," said he ; "he's got an awful down upon you now, that's sartin. Keep your eyes

peeled when he is near you, or he will do you some mischief."

"I'm not afraid of him," said I; "for I'm a match for him any day, although but a boy, and he will not attack me again; he knows too much for that."

"Well, you are green, to be sure," said the sailor; "and it's lucky you escaped to sea, or the cows would have ate you, had you stopped ashore much longer. When Mr. Jenkins troubles you again, something will drop on your head, and of course it will be an accident. Do you watch him."

Twist then left me, but his words had aroused in my mind a sense of fear, and I resolved to follow his advice.

CHAPTER VII.

"THERE SHE BLOWS."

THE sharp look-out from the "bird's-nest" did not bring us any employment such as we were all anxious to encounter. The officers hoped that we might come across a whale or two on the way to their favourite "cruising ground," so that we might acquire a little experience in the business of whaling by the time we reached the place where it would be needed, but for some time they were disappointed.

One day, however, their impatience was partly relieved by the appearance of a shoal of black fish—a species of whale (*Physeter catodon*)—not far from the ship.

Some captains will not lower their boats for black fish, as there is but little profit in taking them; but Captain Hart and his officers were too impatient for something to do to neglect this opportunity of giving us a practical lesson in the boats.

The mainsail was backed and three boats were lowered, furnished with everything required and manned in a man-

ner and time that showed the drilling we had been receiving had not been without a favourable result.

Mr. Jenkins's boat, to which I belonged, was not lowered on this occasion, for he was left in charge of the ship, and, consequently, I was deprived of the opportunity of participating in the sport.

When the boats had reached a distance of about a quarter of a mile from us, we saw a harpoon thrown from the captain's boat. Instantly there was a commotion in the water, and the boat, with oars "a-peak," came rushing towards us.

The fish came within a few yards of the ship, where, in its dying struggles, it thrashed the surrounding sea into a bed of foam tinged with blood.

Our attention was then turned to the other boats which had followed the fish at a greater distance. We had not long to wait, for the oars in Mr. Parker's boat were soon seen "peaked," and immediately after we saw the dart of the iron.

We saw the immense body of the fish leap nearly out of the water, and a column of what appeared to be blood spouted ten or twelve feet into the air told that the "throw" had been well delivered.

The other boat returned without making a capture, and the two fish were towed alongside the ship, and hoisted on deck.

Each was about twenty-two feet in length, and weighed about three and a half tons. The blubber was cut from them, for "trying out," and a few steaks were cut to be eaten by the crew.

Their huge bodies were then launched over.

Two days after taking the black fish, we fell in with the whaling-ship *Martha*, from Nantucket. The breeze was light, and as both ships were going on the same course, Captain Hart had his boat lowered, and went to visit the *Martha's* skipper.

As usual on such occasions, the first officer of the *Martha* soon after came on a visit to Mr. Parker, our first mate. He

had a boat's crew of four men, and of course they were invited up as the guests of our crew.

The officer was left at the man-ropes, and the boat was hauled forward to the fore-chains by the warp, which had been hove on deck. From this place the boat's crew reached deck, and one of our men went down into their boat to keep it from staving against the ship.

This is a part of sailor's etiquette.

After having been at sea for several weeks these visits are events in a voyage, and aid in giving relief from a weary monotony. New faces are seen, new voices are heard, and we have something to think about besides our daily petty annoyances.

After meeting the *Martha*, the breeze continued light for three days, during which visits were made backwards and forwards several times.

On the evening of the third day the two ships were in company, we had a stiff breeze and every reason to believe that we should see nothing more of the *Martha*—at least, for the present. Contrary to our expectations, the light of the next morning showed her to be about two miles distant on the weather beam.

The relative position of the two vessels was maintained for about two hours, and we then heard the cheering cry of "THERE SHE BLOWS!"

"Where away?" shouted the officer of the watch.

"Weather bow. She'll pass right between us and the *Martha*."

Captain Hart immediately made his appearance without coat, hat, or boots. Taking a glance to the windward, he called out, "Haul back the main-yard! Call all hands to stand by the boats! Mr. Jenkins, stand by to lower away."

"Larboard boat's-crew, do you hear there?" yelled Mr. Jenkins. "Put the line tub in the boat."

"Old Fury," the steerer of the boat, was already in it, bundling out of it on to the deck some things that were not required, and calling for what was wanted.

"The *Martha* has come about. She's lowering her

boats," shouted the captain, frantic with excitement. "If she gets that fish, I'll murder every soul of you. Look sharp there! Fury, are you all ready?"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

"Are you all ready, Mr. Jenkins?"

"All ready, sir."

"Well, lower away then."

"Slack away for'ard tackle—now after-fall—handsomely there, Smith, or I'll knock you into the centre of three weeks."

As the boat struck the water, the crew slid down the falls, and each man took the oar to which he had been appointed weeks before.

I have before stated that I was one of the crew of Mr. Jenkins's boat. I did not much like this, yet would not have exchanged willingly into another, for I wished to be with old Fury.

We pushed off with every prospect of an exciting pull.

The breeze that had been blowing during the night had thrown the sea into short chopping waves, very disagreeable for the management of our boat, and also making the expedition one of considerable danger.

This, however, was but little heeded in the excitement of the time.

"Give way, lads; a boat from the *Martha* has started," shouted Captain Hart, calling after us, and we then heard orders given for lowering another boat to follow us.

Our progress was slow, for the boat was constantly jumping up and down on the waves that followed each other too closely for us to make much headway against them.

For this difficulty Mr. Jenkins and Fury seemed disposed to blame the men with the oars, and to remedy it by swearing the most horrible oaths I had ever heard them utter.

CHAPTER VIII.

OUR FIRST WHALE.

ON first discovering the whale, we were much nearer to it than the *Martha*, but that ship, by going off before the wind, being at the weather side of it, had gained on us, and by the time both boats had got fairly started for crossing the whale's course, there was much doubt as to which would meet it first.

This uncertainty brought out the peculiarities of Fury strongly, and again I saw him wild and trembling with excitement. The bare possibility of his going out after a whale and allowing it to fall into other hands, drove him frantic.

We were probably nearly as anxious to take the whale as himself, and exerted ourselves to the utmost; but, not satisfied with the efforts we were making, Fury, brandishing his harpoon, swore that he would murder us all, if we did not put him alongside of the whale before the other boat got "within throw."

We could see the *Martha's* boat drawing nearer, and evidently gaining on us in reaching the point we were both anxious to meet.

With long, strong, and rapid strokes of the oars, we made the boat plunge through the crest of each wave, till all of us were drenched with the salt spray.

"Pull, you lazy wretches, pull," screamed Fury, "there's not one of you that has strength to pull a setting hen off her nest, or the will to pull your mother out of a fire."

We did pull, and had life been depending on each stroke, it could not have been given with more energy, yet the frenzy of Fury at the palpable result of our efforts was terrific. Had life or heaven been depending on our exertions, he could not have been more excited.

As the two boats drew near each other, the *Martha's* boat was following a course at right angles to the direction

the whale was taking, as it slowly approached, unconscious of the danger that threatened it.

The whale was coming directly towards us.

So far we were favoured by circumstances, but other circumstances had favoured the crew of the *Martha's* boat.

They had not been pulling against the sea, but had received its aid in coming a greater distance, and placing their boat between us and the approaching monster of the deep.

We were about twenty-five feet from them, and still pulling when they "peaked" their oars, and we saw their boat-steerer rising in the boat with his iron.

The whale was coming down close upon them, and we were in an agony of rage and disappointment at the idea of having so long a pull for nothing, and at the knowledge that the crew of the *Martha* would have much amusement over our disappointment.

Old Fury was standing on the bow of our boat with the harpoon uplifted, and trembling violently in each limb. I was afraid that, in his rage, he would throw his iron into one of the men in the other boat, unless prevented from doing so by want of strength, or, what was more likely, by falling over, which he seemed in imminent danger of doing, while balancing himself on the nose of the dancing boat.

Giving utterance to one of his horrid yells, and with demoniac expression of features, Fury hoove the iron. It flew over the heads of the men in the *Martha's* boat, the beam just grazing the hat of the officer holding the tiller, and struck the whale a little back of its head. I was expecting the huge monster would swamp both boats by moving over them, but the instant it felt the iron, down went its head, and up rose its tail into the air, to suddenly disappear as it dived out of sight.

The *Martha's* boat just escaped being taken down, by throwing the slack of our line astern, for the line instantly became taut, and we were rushing through the water.

The iron held, and the fish was ours, for the instant we

had fastened to the whale it was lost to our rivals, unless our line parted, and they could fasten to it. The harpoon had cut upon it the name of *Mary Hart*, our ship's name, and the whale belonged to us as long as the iron remained in it, and attached to the line in our boat.

As we flew away, the curses of the men in the *Martha's* boat were loud and deep, and were pronounced by Mr. Jenkins to be the "sweetest music" he ever heard.

Away we went with a speed that formed a wall of water on each side of us—two walls that came tumbling together in our wake.

There was no necessity for throwing water on the logger-head, over which the line was running out of the tub, for the crest of each sea kept it from taking fire by the friction, as they dashed over us.

The boat had to be bailed out, and old Fury stood by with a hatchet, expecting each moment that the line must be cut to prevent our being dragged under.

The whale presently rose to blow, the line ceased running out, and we were no longer towed through the water. "It's all right, boys," said Mr. Jenkins. "She's ours now. Give way and lay up alongside."

The whale remained at the surface, apparently contemplating the nature or the result of late events, and we gently pulled up within a few feet of it.

Afraid of frightening it by approaching too near, we stopped, and Fury threw a lance with such force, that it was nearly buried to the socket in the whale's side. Again it dived below, and the lance was withdrawn by the line. The next instant the whale rose, and but a few yards from us.

It was mortally wounded, for it spouted torrents of warm blood, the odour of which made me faint and ill.

The whale died in a calm and philosophic manner, very much, as Mr. Jenkins said, "like a Christian," and all in the boat seemed surprised to see it meet its fate in a manner so dignified and resigned.

Our attention was now turned to the ship, which we saw beating up towards us. We soon met it, took aboard

the line, and, after about an hour's hauling, we got the whale alongside under our lee.

It was a bull sperm, and was pronounced by Mr. Parker to be "a hundred and thirty barreller."

The ship now presented a very animated appearance. Some went aloft to reef topsails, while others were set about the difficult task of passing a chain cable around the whale, and securing it amidships. A strong hawser was also attached to the flukes, and then made fast to the windlass.

Some were sent below to get up the cutting falls and gear. The carpenter and his mates were busy in collecting the materials for erecting a stage over the side, and the boat steerers were getting up from below, and sharpening their spades and cutting pikes.

While these preparations were being made, I glanced at the *Martha*.

Under a crowd of canvas, it was making off before the wind, showing that its officers were anxious to leave as soon as possible the scene of their disappointment.

They did not wish to visit us again.

CHAPTER IX.

BOILING OUT.

WE were allowed a few minutes for dinner, and again our labours began.

The captain, with a sharp spade with a long handle standing on the stage that had been slung on the side, cut a deep hole in the whale's back, in which a large iron hook was to be fastened.

The duty of fastening this hook devolved, by whaling etiquette, to the fourth mate, who soon made his appearance, divested of most of his clothing, prepared to perform his perilous duty.

There was much danger in performing the task, for the reason that a dead whale always, in warm latitudes, attracts numerous sharks, and a footing on its slippery back could not be maintained with the sea then running, which kept its carcass much of the time submerged under water.

Sometimes a sea would raise the whale nearly on a level with the deck, and then it would be buried out of sight in a sea of foam.

Should the fourth officer be thrown or washed between the whale and the ship, he would probably be crushed to death ; and wherever he might be when at his task, he was in danger of being seized by sharks.

A rope was made fast under his arms, by which he might be pulled up, and was held by the first mate.

Two men were stationed on the stage with long-handled spades to keep off the sharks, and the man slid down the fall on to the whale's back.

A large iron hook was then lowered down to him, but before he succeeded in making it fast he was washed off three times by seas breaking over him.

His task was at last accomplished, and he was pulled aboard, no doubt very grateful that it had been safely performed.

All arrangements were now completed for hoisting the blubber aboard ; and as the agitation of the sea was fast subsiding, we were soon able to work with but little difficulty.

Long strips of the blubber, cut with spades, and called "blanket pieces," were hauled up by men working slowly at the breaks.

By the aid of guys these pieces were swung over the main hatchway, and then lowered to the blubber-room between decks. Here the "blanket pieces" are cut into cubes, called "horse pieces," and are of a size convenient for handling.

The "horse pieces" are pitched with pikes into a heap near the carpenter, who, with a block and mincing knife, cuts them into smaller pieces before they are passed to the boiler.

After the mincing pieces are boiled till the oil is extracted they are removed from the coppers with a large skimmer, and are used for fuel.

A large copper cooler is lashed to the "try-works," into which the oil is baled, where it remains for a while before being put into casks and stowed below.

When once the work of "boiling out" commences it is carried on night and day as long as the blubber lasts; and it is, perhaps, quite unnecessary to tell my readers that the work, for several reasons, is very disagreeable.

Good luck with whalers is "greasy luck;" and for three or four days aboard our ship, complete "tarring down" suits and greasy "jumpers" were fashionable.

One day when we were "boiling out," I was stationed under the hatchway, releasing the "blanket pieces" from the tackle, and cutting them into "horse pieces" as they were lowered.

Mr. Moore, the third officer, was superintending and assisting in lowering down the large pieces of blubber; and in full confidence that every precaution against an accident would be observed, I continued my occupation heedless of danger, and only paid attention to the work above when the usual warning was given to look out for the pieces coming down.

While thus occupied, I have a faint recollection of receiving a violent shock—of some fearful misfortune befalling me—of being crushed to the deck, and of experiencing a sensation of suffocation and death.

My next recollection of events, past or present, was a consciousness of perfect happiness without knowledge of how, why, or when it became mine, and without the desire to learn. I was too happy to be annoyed with any such earthly considerations, and knew not, and cared not who or what I was. I might be a pig dreaming in its sty that a human family were working to support me in idleness, or I might be a reptile for ages enclosed deep in the most solid formation of the earth.

I would not weary myself with the work of trying to realize anything, for I was happy, and that was enough.

Years seemed to follow each other while I remained in this blissful existence, but I was aroused from it by a dream or memory of boyish days. I saw my mother seated by the fireside of my childhood's home. The expression of her features was sorrowful, and her eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Willie," she exclaimed, in a tone that produced a wild vibration of the strings of my soul, "you have told me a story, and I must pray for you."

Alarmed at the threat, and grieved at her sorrow, I exclaimed, "No, no, mother, do not pray for me, and I will never tell you a lie again."

These words were uttered aloud, as I roused from a dream or vision of the past; and, gazing wildly about, I saw the honest-looking face of Twist, and another set of features expressive of manly beauty, which I recognized as belonging to my young friend Bowers. They were bending over me. Again my eyes were closed, and I tried to think. Twist and Bowers were speaking to me; but I heeded them not.

When about eight years of age, to conceal a brother's fault, I told my mother a lie, and was detected. The scene then transpired between us which I have related.

Why had that scene been brought so vividly to my recollection? I had not thought of it before for years, and why should it be brought so perfectly before me now?

Something was wrong. I was ill; and again opening my eyes, I turned them upon my companions with an inquiring glance.

"It's all right now, I guess," said Twist, "but I did think it was all up with you, sure."

"All right! of course it is," said Bowers. "Brock is worth a dozen dead men yet."

I saw that I was lying in my bunk, and that my arm was bandaged up.

"What does this mean?" I asked, glancing at the arm.

"Mr. Parker has been bleeding you," answered Bowers.

"It means that there has been foul play," said Twist: "I say it boldly and plainly. There has been foul play,

and I don't care whether my words are taken aft or not. I told you to look out for Mr. Jenkins. Perhaps you will do it now, but you might have been too late. You've had a narrow escape."

I again closed my eyes, and tried to comprehend the past. Recollection soon became clear, and I remembered that I was working under the hatchway when something happened, but what had that to do with Mr. Jenkins?

I asked Twist to explain.

"It don't want any explaining," said he; "it's all plain enough. Jenkins relieved Mr. Moore at the fall, and he had not been at the station two minutes before he let a 'blanket piece' go down by the run, and never called out. He says, of course, that it's all an accident, that the fall was so greasy that he could not prevent it from running through his hands, and that he had not time to call out. I don't believe him. He would not have relieved Moore, had he not seen you under the hatchway. I told you something would accidentally drop on your head."

Our conversation was interrupted by the arrival of Captain Hart, who expressed some satisfaction at my return to consciousness. The captain said that he, with Mr. Parker, had examined me—that I had only been stunned by the fall on the deck, and that I would be all right the next day.

There was no reason to disbelieve him, for I seemed well enough, with the exception of a violent pain in the head.

Twist and Bowers left me on the approach of the captain, and without stating anything that would inculcate my messmates, I told the captain plainly of my belief that I had not been injured accidentally, that Jenkins was my enemy, and that I had been warned to watch him.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Captain Hart. "You are hurt more seriously than I thought. Your brain is affected by the injury."

He then turned and left me.

CHAPTER X.

PAPIETE.

AFTER the departure of the captain, I had some fears that his last words might contain a little truth.

My head certainly felt very bad, and the communication I had made him certainly showed a want of discretion that gave me a doubt of my sanity in making it.

The steward soon after came and brought me some toast and tea. This was in the evening, and eight hours after I had met with the accident. I "worried down" the refreshments he brought, and then went to sleep. I did not awaken until all hands were called the next morning for the work of the day.

"Come turn out, Brock," said Twist, when he saw that I was awake. "You'll never know whether you're only half dead or half alive until you turn out, and move around."

I obeyed, and while dressing myself, found that my head was a little sore, and my limbs somewhat bruised and stiff; but, in reality, only needing a little exercise to make me as well as ever I was.

"The skipper has somehow got the suspicion that all is not right," whispered Twist. "Last evening he examined the fall the second mate let run through his hands, and which was worked without any trouble by Moore after you was hurt. He has also been questioning some of the men who were on deck and near Jenkins when he let go the fall.

After taking my breakfast, I went up on deck, and took a seat on the windlass.

Mr. Jenkins saw me, and on his face was a peculiar expression that could not be misunderstood. It was not a smile of triumph to let me know that he had obtained an instalment on the sum of his revenge; but it was an expression plainly telling me that such a smile he was

trying to conceal. He did not come near me and express any regret for what had happened, and I was glad that he did not ; for any hypocritical attempt of the kind would have led to unpleasant words between us, and I did not wish for another encounter with him while on the ship. I did not dislike the life of a sailor, but had a strong objection to remaining any longer on a ship where Mr. Jenkins was an officer. There was a strong suspicion that he had made an attempt to kill or seriously injure me. I might be mistaken, for there was a great chance for doubting that any man could act in the cowardly manner I believed he had done, and it was this uncertainty that made me anxious to leave the ship.

There was no positive proof whether I had a mortal enemy aboard of it or not, and yet nothing could prevent me from believing that Mr. Jenkins had made an attempt to kill me in a treacherous, cowardly manner.

Untroubled with a doubt, I should have had no fear of remaining aboard the ship ; but tortured by uncertainty, I wished to leave his presence. The uncertainty was too unpleasant to be endured, and I determined to leave the ship on the first favourable opportunity.

On returning to my duty the next day, I could read from the unpleasant expression of Mr. Jenkins's face that he had learnt from the captain the suspicion I entertained towards him.

I was at one time as anxious for "greasy luck" as any of the crew, but as "boiling out" was a very disagreeable occupation in which I did not intend to profit, I hoped that we might not take another fish while I was on the ship, for the work would cause delay in reaching some port where I could escape.

I was disappointed, for, much to the satisfaction of the others, we had no respite from laborious duty, until we had taken three more large whales.

When the last one was boiled out, the ship was put before a fair breeze in making for the island of Tahiti. Four days after we dropped anchor off the town of Papiete.

So much has been written about Taheiti, that I shall not weary my readers with much concerning it. There may be a few of them, however, who may not be uninterested in learning that the island was first visited by Wallis in 1767, and afterwards by the renowned Captain Cook, who built an observatory there for the purpose of seeing the transit of Venus.

From the Bay of Papiete, on which the capital town of the same name is situate, our gaze wandered over a scene more beautiful than anything I had previously beheld.

Let the reader picture within his mind a sheet of water nearly two miles in length and half a mile in breadth, separated from the sea on one side by a coral reef, and bounded on the other by a semicircular shore. Let this shore be dotted with long, low, white bungalow-houses, half concealed by plantations of bread-fruit and cocoa-nut trees forming a grove about half a mile in width bordering the bay. Let this grove be crossed by five or six small streams descending from hills in the background, that rise hill above hill in the distance till the vision rests on the point of Mount Orofina, more than seven thousand feet above the level of the sea ; and they will have some idea of the scene before us when standing on the deck in Papiete Bay.

But there were some sights that marred the beauty of the scene. One was Fort Uranie, commanding the entrance to the harbour, and built by the French ; and others were the French ships of war lying in the bay, and commanded by men sent to bully, annoy, and rob an innocent, inoffensive people.

The French had come to that far-away place in search of Glory. Some French skipper, with fancies peculiar to his countrymen, had felt himself injured or cheated in buying a pig, or a cocoa-nut, or on some other frivolous affair, and had made his wrong an international difficulty.

Although believing that Mr. Jenkins would henceforth consider accounts square between us, and molest me no more, I was determined to leave the ship if possible, for life was too unpleasant to be endured where he hourly

met my sight, and where I had to work under his orders.

The day after dropping anchor in Papiete Bay, the watch to which I belonged was allowed liberty to go ashore.

Knowing that we were not going to remain long at the island, and that I might not have another opportunity of leaving the ship while we remained, I left with the hope of never seeing it again.

On reaching the shore, we were not disappointed in the appearance of the town, for it was all it had seemed from the bay.

In a large and beautiful grove were built the wooden houses and clean, cool-looking bamboo huts, containing a population of about two thousand four hundred people.

The huts, built of bamboo poles, were standing on platforms of coral rock, raising them about two feet from the ground.

They seemed to be very pleasant habitations for the clime, and to have been made with but little trouble and expense, and I could see that in Taheiti none could be so afflicted with poverty but what they could have comfortable homes at the expense of a few hours' labour.

I had seen cocoa-nuts before, but in a condition unfit for use, in a land where they grow. Here I first partook of that delicious fruit in the state nature intended that it should be used. Tearing off the husk, I found in the place of the hard black shell a soft light-coloured rind, from which I took one bite, and was then holding in my hand a cup full of the most delicious beverage man ever drank.

Running through the town about one hundred yards from the shore was the Broom Road, which I was told encircled the island. Growing on either side of it are lofty trees, forming over it a canopy, making the road a shady avenue, through which a walk at all times is pleasant.

Before we had been on shore an hour, those who accompanied me were scattered over the town, and I was

left alone. The time had come for me to place myself beyond the danger of falling again into their company.

Before leaving the ship we were told that all must return to it by sunset, and that by the French regulations of the port, all seamen belonging to ships in the bay, and found ashore after the firing of the gun at sundown, would be lodged in the town prison.

I determined to make such a distance from the town that day, that if found by the French police after the prescribed hour, they would have a long walk in placing me in Papiete gaol, and before midday I left the town for a long and pleasant walk on the "Broom Road."

CHAPTER XI.

A JOURNEY TO AOWA.

My journey on the Broom Road was commenced in the direction once taken by "certain wise men." I travelled west, and on a road where I thought there was an impossibility of becoming weary.

Its course was on the level land of the shore, and never at any great distance from it. Sometimes it would wind through a dense forest of guave, and then under a leafy grove of bread-fruit, orange, or lime trees.

I passed many houses of the natives shaded by the trees that furnished the most of their food.

All the habitations were enclosed by low fences made of posts placed upright in the ground, and many of the fences also enclosed a small piece of ground in cultivation, where sweet potatoes or taro were growing.

By the time the

"Summer's sun went down the coral bay,"

I reached Aowa, a hamlet scattered through a grove, and through which a brook was running, I had no fear of

not obtaining accommodation for the night, for along the road several of the natives had spoken to me in a very friendly manner, and I had heard that the hospitality of the people left no traveller homeless.

On the outskirts of the hamlet I saw a group of natives assembled about a drunken white man, and trying to amuse themselves with his efforts to walk away. After several ineffectual attempts to reach his abode, where he would no longer publicly excite the envy of the natives for his felicity, the man evidently determined to postpone his journey to a more favourable opportunity, and to pass the time in waiting its arrival by that most agreeable method of biding time—sleeping.

When the attention of the natives was transferred from the drunken man to me, I inquired if any of them could speak English.

“Yes, much good English me talk,” said a man enveloped in Merrimack print, coming up to me and extending his hand

“Yes, and me too, me, too,” said a young lady wearing a man’s fancy regatta shirt. “Me talk—me read—me pray—all English.”

I told them that I was hungry and wanted a home for the night, and these wants were made known with a look of some admiration towards the young female who had last spoken. She appeared to be about sixteen years of age, and was more than good-looking.

“You stay with my house—plenty fish—plenty all good. We come now,” said the man, and started away, making a sign for me to follow him.

“Stop very much !” exclaimed the girl in a commanding voice. “You see Papiete early in the morning ?” she asked.

“Yes ; I left Papiete to-day,” I answered.

“You one sailor ? Run away from ship ?”

“Yes.”

“No got much dollar ?”

“No dollars,” I answered.

“Then come to home with me. I one good girl—tho

mother belong to me one good girl—poor sailor good and come with me.”

Of course I followed the girl, and as we moved away I heard the man who had proffered his hospitality muttering something about “one fool.”

We walked through a grove away from the hamlet, and up the stream running through it. On our way I asked my companion how and where she had learned English, and was informed that she had resided with her parents for many years in Papiete, and that she had attended the missionary schools.

She also told me that her people had removed from Papiete to get away from the French, whom they disliked.

A walk of about half a mile up the stream brought us to a long, low bamboo house, which I was invited to enter.

A middle-aged woman, evidently the mother of my companion, seemed to give me a hearty welcome by the word “*jaurana*,” the general salutation amongst the natives.

I was requested to repose upon some mats while my dinner was preparing, and after mother and daughter had both been busily employed for about a quarter of an hour, they placed before me some roast fish and bread-fruit, and a young cocoa-nut.

During the evening I learnt something of the political affairs of the island.

They told me that Queen Pomare had gone to Raiatea, a neighbouring island, to keep away from the French usurpers. She had been followed by many of her faithful subjects; and the girl told me that her father and brother were also with Pomare, and were officers in her army. She also told me that Pomare expected, and was patiently waiting for, the assistance of the English in expelling the French from her kingdom, several English people having promised the hoped-for aid.

During the evening I noticed that the mother and daughter relieved each other in keeping a watch at the

door, as though they were anxiously expecting some one to arrive. They were not disappointed, for after this watch had been continued for about an hour, I heard voices in the distance, and the old woman ran down the grove, apparently with the intention of meeting some one who was approaching.

In a few minutes she returned alone. I heard nothing more of the voice, and the look-out by the two was kept up no longer.

Before lying down for the night, the girl read a page or two from a book in the Tahitian language, which I afterwards learnt was part of the Bible. The two then knelt, and the young lady prayed in the native language in a manner that appeared to me very eloquent and impressive.

She then bade me "Good night!" and each was then supposed to have retired. I reclined on a mat on one side of the house, and the girl and her mother occupied the other, and for the first time in several weeks I slept long and soundly, without being disturbed by the call, "Do you hear the news there? It's eight bells. Show a leg."

In place of turning out to lend a hand in washing down decks under the superintendence of Mr. Jenkins, I was awakened to take a seat by the side of a beautiful Tahitian, and eat a good breakfast prepared by her delicate hands.

Unlike many other belles, this young lady appeared more lovely in the morning than she had the evening before. Under the bright light of day her clear olive complexion formed a pleasing contrast to the surrounding beauties of nature. Her features were small, regular, and interesting in form and expression. Her figure was faultless, and her voice was musical in expressing words that I thought could only be inspired by an artless, innocent mind of lovely woman, untutored in the selfish sorrow-giving sins of civilization. I was reluctant to leave; but not wishing to impose too much on their hospitality, soon after my breakfast was finished I rose to continue my journey.

"What your name?" asked the girl, when she discovered my intention.

"Willy," I answered.

"Willee, my prettee boy," she exclaimed, "me no want you to go. For why you no live here? I like you plenty."

I hesitated for a moment how to reply to this invitation, and it was renewed with the most pressing entreaties that I should make the house my home, and go no more to sea.

She promised that I should live a life of idleness, and have plenty of the best food the island would produce.

I asked if her mother would be agreeable should I stay. A passionate appeal was then made to the old lady, who, with some well-seeming reluctance, finally granted the girl's request.

I then expressed a fear that I had not yet got far enough from Papiete, and that I might be compelled to return to the ship.

This fear she removed by saying that I should keep away from the Broom Road for a few days till the ship had sailed. She declared that no one would think of coming so far from the road into that secluded grove to look for me, and that I was much more safe where I then was than I would be to take again to the road, where I would hourly be in danger of being arrested by the *murtois*, or native constables, and returned to the ship.

This argument had its desired effect, for I consented to remain; but my principal reasons for doing so were that the girl was beautiful, and that I fancied my appearance had aroused in her simple yet affectionate soul the twin sentiments of admiration and love.

I was a little vain of the conquest I had made, and not the least surprised at it. I was young, but had a manly appearance for my years. I was good-looking. My mother and sisters had frequently told me so, and I had no reason to doubt their word. Why should I not suddenly win the love of that simple young island girl? There was no reason why I should not, and in fact I

thought the girl had shown her good sense by suddenly falling in love with me.

I took very easily or naturally to the manners and customs of the islanders, for not long after having resolved to stay, I lay down, and fell into a sound slumber.

I fell asleep after silently contemplating for awhile the movements of the girl, who was preparing my mid-day meal. She still wore the garment in which I had first seen her. It had been intended for a man's shirt, but it now formed the only garment of a girl that in any land would be called beautiful.

Around her head she wore a large wreath of fragrant wild flowers, and she moved about the house singing hymns in a monotonous tone that no doubt aided in producing the repose I sought.

After sleeping about two hours I was rudely awakened by some one pulling me up by my right ear. Springing to my feet, I found standing before me three men, all armed. They were natives, and from the expression of their features, and the threatening manner in which they brandished their weapons, I had not the least doubt but that my last hour had thus suddenly overtaken me.

CHAPTER XII.

DISAPPOINTED, BUT NOT ALONE.

I soon found the presence of mind to understand that I was in no immediate danger, and to comprehend the real position to which I had awakened.

The girl seemed highly amused at my surprise, and yet was so kind-hearted as to relieve my fear by exclaiming, "No be afraid, Willee, these good men our father and brother: they take you back to ship. Bless the Lord! my new dress has almost come now."

There was no use in making resistance, and I quietly

allowed the men to bind my hands. Gazing about while they were doing this, I saw that the dinner I had fancied was being prepared for me, had already been devoured by others, and that the beautiful girl was in such a state of delightful excitement over my captivity, that I could hardly regret the misfortune making me the cause of so much happiness to another.

I had been betrayed, deceived, befooled, bought and sold, by that young girl.

The voices I had heard the night before were those of her relatives, for whom she and her mother had been watching.

They did not wish to start off with me for Papiete that night, and the men had stayed away. The two brothers were *murtois*, native constables—two of the few shameless natives who had forsaken their queen, and sided with the French.

My vanity was cruelly wounded. The disappointment of losing my freedom, by again being placed under the command of Mr. Jenkins, was not pleasant to bear; but the thought of that did not burn my soul so painfully, as the knowledge that I had been deceived and betrayed by a young semi-savage of the softer sex.

No doubt the girl was naturally artless and innocent, but she had been infected with civilization, and should not have been trusted. The evening before I had heard her praying, and could I have understood the language in which her fervent appeal to heaven had been made, I should probably have heard her asking divine assistance in working out her scheme to deceive and betray me.

I was not the Adonis I had fancied myself; and instead of captivating the beautiful islander, she had made a captive of me in the most plain and practical sense of the word.

I was led out of the house and placed on a little pony, to which I was fastened by my feet being tied with a grass rope under its body.

My escort to Papiete was the two young men, and we were accompanied by the girl, who trotted along by my

side, calling me "prettee Willee," and talking about the new dress her journey was made to obtain—a dress to be purchased with the reward of her treachery.

I upbraided her by accusations of her being lying and deceitful ; but with Christian philosophy that I do not think her spiritual teachers could exhibit, she did not resent my abuse, but answered it with a smile that many who are beautiful might envy.

We reached Papiete about five o'clock in the afternoon, and my captors made inquiries for the captain of the whaler. Captain Hart was not to be found in the town, nor could they learn that any reward had been offered for my recovery. Evidently disappointed at this, they took me off to the ship, and there we found the skipper.

I did not believe that any great exertions would be made by the officers to have me arrested, for my interest in the proceeds of the cruise we had made was sufficient to compensate for the "advance" that had been made me ; and I was not mistaken.

Captain Hart knew for what object I had been brought back to the ship, and to defeat it pretended to be very angry at seeing me again. He told my captors that he wanted nothing to do with me, and that they must take me away again.

"Take him away," exclaimed the captain. "I don't want him. He's no good. Be off with you !"

"No, no !" cried the girl, nearly frantic with despair, "we carry him thousands of miles to-day. We give him much to eat. He much good and prettee. I want new dress !"

So earnestly did they plead for some remuneration for their trouble, that with the fear the captain would grant their request, I requested Mr. Parker, who stood near me, to tell the captain that I was willing to leave the vessel or stay, as he pleased—that I would do anything rather than see them rewarded for what they had done.

Mr. Parker consulted with the captain for a minute, and then told me that I had better go ashore, and complain of my captors to the authorities for having unjustly deprived me of liberty.

No sooner were these words uttered than the two *murtois* tumbled over the side of the ship, followed by their interesting sister, and pulled with great energy for the shore. An hour afterwards probably found them travelling the Broom Road for Aowa.

That night I only had to listen to a little bantering from my messmates about my attempt to escape, for the officers said nothing; but the next morning, when the watch to which I belonged was getting ready to go ashore, Mr. Parker, observing me, said, "Young man, don't you want to go ashore with the others?"

"Yes," I answered; "I had rather go, of course, than stop here."

"Do you wish to go very much?"

"Yes!"

"I'm pleased to hear you say so," said the officer, "because you can't go; but I'll tell you what you may do. Go to Mr. Jenkins, and ask him if he will *please* to set you at some job that will keep you employed for the day. Ask him handsomely now, in as respectful a manner as you can, and perhaps he'll be kind enough to grant your request."

I thought these the most ironical words I had ever heard; however, I had to obey them, and passed the day in polishing brass, while my companions were amusing themselves ashore.

I was told the next day by Twist that I was fortunate in having a friend in the captain; and on being asked to explain, he said that the captain certainly wished me well, or he would have given the natives something for returning me to the ship, and would have punished me in some way for leaving, besides making me pay for the reward given for my recovery.

I did not think the captain's goodwill worth much, for it had not protected me the day before from Mr. Parker's humorous remarks, which had made me more than ever anxious to leave the ship.

The required forty-eight hours' notice of our intended departure having been given, we left Papiete harbour on the fourth day after entering it.

Some of my companions congratulated me on the narrow escape I had had of being left behind, and I was told that nearly every sailor running from a ship, and living on the islands, generally became more degraded than the natives with whom he must associate, but the failure of my first attempt only increased my desire to leave, which I determined to do at the next opportunity.

I made another determination ; it was never to make a conquest of another island beauty who was anxious for a new dress, and had brothers who were *murtois* ; and with the fear that I might not be always able to tell on first acquaintance whether one was thus afflicted or not, I resolved to beware of those who could talk English, sing hymns, and pray with eloquence.

CHAPTER XIII.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN BOAT.

Two days after my return to the ship we were again at sea, and I had resumed my duties with the others, but those duties were much less now than they had previously been, for we were not required to do unnecessary labour, and all had plenty of time for “scrimshoning.”

“Scrimshoning” is designing and working with whalebone ; and aboard of most American whalers there is a little turning lathe, and a set of tools for the use of the crew in this harmless amusement. I have heard of a sailor working four hours a day for more than three years to make a model of a ship with whalebone.

This time, industry, and perseverance, if properly expended, might have enabled him to make a draft on the bank of fame that would have been duly honoured ; but, like the majority of mankind, his energies and ambition were misguided.

The highest order of human intellect is never guilty of

imitation, but distinguishes its possessor by the originality of its action; and the facility with which I acquired the language, habits, and appearance of a sailor, plainly told me that I could never become a great man, as my parents had desired; and that I had acted wisely in seeking my proper sphere.

I believe it was my faculty for imitation that soon enabled me to do the duties of an able seaman.

What I saw others do I could do myself, and easily won the praise of the officers for the ready manner in which my duty was learnt and performed.

I was the first one of the "greenhorns" who learnt the ropes, who learnt to wear and use a sheath-knife properly, and to wear my shirt collar "all abroad;" but all this was evidence to me that I had done right in leaving home—that I could never become a great man, for I believed that the mind that is by imitation great on little things, will ever be found wanting in real power. A brainless fop, and a rascal, can learn to go through the mazes of a quadrille by seeing others do it once. Sir Isaac Newton or Benjamin Franklin could not.

A few days after leaving Taheiti, we were again aroused to activity by the cry of "There she blows!"

Two whales were in sight, and three boats were lowered. As usual I went in the boat with Mr. Jenkins, Fury, and five others. The two whales were seen about half a mile apart, and Mr. Jenkins steered for the one furthest from the ship.

We had a long pull before we came near the whale, which did not seem to be journeying in any particular direction, but roving anywhere for nothing, and finding plenty of it. Before coming up to it, we saw that Mr. Parker's boat had fastened to the whale it was pursuing, and was being towed to a greater distance from us.

Just as we were coming up with the eccentric monster we were after, Mr. Jenkins exclaimed, "Look out, Fury! Mind what you are at—'tis a cow. I see the calf."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Fury, in a tone that showed he was in an incipient state of excitement.

We gave a few more strokes with the oars, and then Jinkins sprang to his feet, with a lance, exclaiming, "Look out, Fury! she means mischief! Here she comes."

Instinctively we turned, and saw the whale coming towards us with its jaws far extended. It had seen us and was alarmed for its young. Had its fear been for itself we should have been in no danger, and would have had but little trouble in taking it while striving to avoid us; but it was acting under a stronger instinct than selfishness, and the danger was mostly on our side.

Fury was standing in the bow of the boat with his iron uplifted. A satanic expression was on his face, and he shook like an unbraced spar in a gale. Fury and the mate both hove their irons at the same instant. I knew not at the time whether they struck or not, but the next second there was a crash, and I found myself in the water. I seemed forced down and pressed under the water to dark and unmeasured depths by the whale's body passing over me, and it would not have been a great flight of fancy to have imagined that I had been swallowed and engulfed in the huge cavern formed by the wide opened mouth of the monster rushing towards us.

Soon after I rose to the surface of a sea of blood.

The whale had been struck by the irons, but in place of trying to rush miles away from the scene of its misfortune, it was held to the spot by its maternal love and fear, perhaps aided by a spirit of revenge.

I was home-sick, world-sick, weary and disgusted with life and everything else while struggling in that crimson sea of unpleasant sickening odour.

The whale in its rage was crunching fragments of the boat into smaller pieces. I had learnt to swim in a mill-dam on my father's farm, but I had not much confidence in my abilities for supporting myself long on the broad heaving bosom of the ocean.

Contrary to my expectations I handled myself with greater ease in this hour of danger than I ever remembered doing in the water before. Seeing that the whale was about two hundred feet from me, and busily engaged with

a piece of the boat, I looked about for my companions. Not far from me, but in different directions, were three or four heads rising and falling with the sea.

Mr. Jenkins was striding a piece of the boat, and shouting in a loud voice what I could only interpret into a prayer for us all to be drowned. His peculiar combination of mental faculties undoubtedly attached blame to all but himself for the misfortune that had befallen us.

I was on the deck without my boots when the order was given to man the boats, and fortunately had no time or inclination to go after them.

The clothing I had on only consisted of a light shirt and a pair of "dungaree" trousers; and thus slightly encumbered I thought there would be but little difficulty in keeping myself above water until picked up by one of the other boats. I was mistaken.

A danger wholly unexpected was awaiting me, and it made but little delay in the disorder of its coming.

CHAPTER XIV.

CUTTING AN ACQUAINTANCE.

Rising upon the top of a sea, I saw that the third boat which had been lowered, was not making towards us, but was apparently following the wake of Mr. Parker's boat that had fastened to a whale; but, glancing towards the ship, I saw a red shirt flying from the rigging. It told me that our accident had been observed on the ship, and that the attention of those in the other boats, by that signal, would soon be directed towards us.

Again hearing the voice of Mr. Jenkins, the idea was suggested to my mind that the whale was amusing itself with the wrong piece of the boat, and at that instant I felt something seize me by one leg.

I was not two seconds in turning to learn something of the nature of this assault, but in that brief period of time many thoughts flashed across my mind—that of a shark being the most vivid.

It was not a shark, but something which under the circumstances was nearly as bad. It was Twist, my mess-mate and friend.

“Twist! Twist!” I exclaimed, trying to kick him off, “don’t catch hold of me. I can’t help you!”

My words were unheeded, and he kept his hold in spite of the efforts I made to make him let go.

He had lost all presence of mind, and was struggling wild and violently. His struggles pulled me under, and just as I succeeded in getting my head again above water to breathe, a sea rolled over us, and I was prevented from inhaling the air that nature imperatively demanded. I became alarmed, and conscious that I must become disincumbered of Twist or die.

It was impossible for me to assist him, for he had lost all command of himself, and every move was a wild, involuntary struggle against death. Had there been the remotest possibility of saving him, I should have endangered my own existence in making the attempt; but with a drowning man clinging to me, my own life was in too much danger for me to think of aiding another without hope of saving him.

Twist had a firm grasp on the leg of my trousers; and pulling my knife from its sheath by my side, I tried to sever that part of the garment, in order to get away from him. He appeared to have sufficient intellect left for comprehending this attempt, and defeating it by clinging to my leg with both hands. He could do nothing towards saving himself, but everything towards taking me with him. From his actions one might imagine that he was not unwilling to die, but not alone, and that he was only struggling that we might die together.

Again was I buried under the water, until, unable to refrain from an attempt at respiration, I was nearly suffocated by a draught of the briny sea. In an agony of

pain and fear, with which an hour seemed to have passed in violent struggles, I again rose to the surface.

Something must be done to relieve me of the encumbrance of the friend apparently so determined on my destruction. When Twist first seized me with one hand he had hold of an oar with the other; but he had now relinquished the oar, which had assisted him a little, and if properly used would have aided him much more, and was clinging to me with both hands in a manner that made me nearly as helpless in the water as himself.

What should I do? There was no use in speaking to him, for entreaties or commands would have been alike unheeded. I might as well have remonstrated with the sea, that threatened to smother me in its soft embrace. Why should two die when one might be saved? I thought of my mother and my once happy home, and God commanded me to live. I began hacking with my knife at the hands of poor Twist with the hope that he would take them off me. The only result of this seemed to be that of strengthening his grasp. He clung to me as though I was the life he feared to lose.

Again we were buried under the water, but this time I was somewhat prepared to meet the submersion, and arose without suffering the former sense of strangulation. Before being encumbered with Twist, I could rise on the seas as they passed, and obtain a view of what was going on around me, but I could not now, for every sea rolled over us.

I called for assistance, but was unheeded or unheard. No one could aid me, and I must save myself if possible. Twist was one of my best friends. I entertained for him much respect; and it was a cruel emergency demanding from me the act of cutting him clear from me with the knife, but that divine command to live must be obeyed. I first made an insane attempt at cutting off one of his arms, and was only stopped by another taste of suffocation. In the agony of this horrible sensation I plunged the knife again and again into the body of poor Twist, but he still retained his hold, if possible more firmly than before.

Once more we rose to the surface, and I breathed again. I did not wish to make another visit below, for the last was too much like death for me to submit to another, could it be avoided. I plunged the knife into the throat of my friend. Yes, I cut the throat of a drowning man!

In his dying struggles his hold on me relaxed, and for an instant I was free, but before I could get away, one of his large powerful hands closed with a firm gripe, and I was fettered once more. He had seized hold of a part of my clothing with a death-gripe; but the part he grasped was easily detached with the knife, and again I was free.

A wave rolled over the body, and I saw it no more.

That was a blessing, but its disappearance did not take the thought from my mind that poor Twist, ere sinking to rest in the dark sea-grave, had been horribly mutilated in my efforts to cut all further acquaintance between us.

My attention was now directed to the ship and boats. The third boat lowered had observed the signal, and was rapidly approaching.

The ship was also standing towards us. I had but a few minutes to wait for aid; but the knowledge that assistance was near did not assist me in waiting for its approach. Despair had given me physical strength, but hope diminished it.

Had the boat been moving away from me I should have tried to overtake it. I should have been strong, and fought against death with a resolution and strength which that king of terrors would not easily have conquered; but the sight of aid so near, and the almost certainty that I would be saved, unnerved my frame, and it was with the utmost exertion that I was able to raise my head above water for breath.

Each succeeding sea that rolled over me seemed to bury me deeper than the last, and I was but half conscious of what was transpiring when lifted from the water and placed in the belly of the boat.

Mr. Jenkins, Fury, and two others, were picked up; but two others besides Twist, who were unable to swim, were lost.

We were taken aboard of the ship, where I had to listen to many regrets for the loss of Twist, who was much respected by all.

I had saved myself from death, but not from much mental anguish; for I could not keep my thoughts from dwelling on the fact that Twist did not die by drowning, but that the direct cause of his death was the injuries I had inflicted with the knife, in trying to part company with him.

I was young then—so young that I knew no better than to be made unhappy by having performed the greatest duty nature has enjoined upon man—the duty of defending and protecting his own existence.

That portion of the soul whereon can be written the sensitive impression of youth and innocence, the easily-excited fear of wrong, and warm regret for what cannot be avoided, has long been worn away by the wear and tear of worldly war.

CHAPTER XV.

KURIA ISLE.

THE success of the first officer's boat gave us more work at "boiling out," an employment at which I worked with much reluctance, for I was more than ever anxious to leave the ship.

I was disgusted with whaling, and unable to forget some of the scenes in which I had been lately engaged. The danger, escaped or survived, of being run down by a whale, was not much heeded, but other scenes resulting from that accident were often brought unpleasantly to my recollection.

I could not forget the disagreeable sensation that came over me, when first rising to the surface, and finding myself in the warm blood of the whale, and sickening with

its offensive smell. I could not forget that scene of indescribable horror while struggling in the water with poor Twist.

I did not wish to continue longer in a business where I was liable to be subjected to the necessity of cutting the throat of a dying friend.

We had been fortunate thus far in our cruise, in taking whales ; and I thought an arrangement might be made with the captain for my discharge from the ship, without my having to leave it by absconding unprovided with the means of commanding the respect of the natives amongst whom I should seek a home.

Three weeks after leaving Taheiti, we cast anchor in a small cove at Woodle's Island, one of the Kingsmill group, and I determined to go in the ship no further.

Circumstances favoured me ; for soon after we came to anchor, amongst others that came off to the ship were four Kanakas, natives of the Sandwich Islands, who were anxious to return to their native country. They had arrived at the island in a whaler, were good seamen, and wished to join the ship.

After their services were accepted, I asked the captain for a discharge, which, after some hesitation, he consented to grant. "I don't want any unwilling or dissatisfied hands aboard my ship," said he, "for I can do better than to keep them against their will ; but you had better be contented where you are. You will soon be tired of a life here, and wish yourself back on the ship again."

The captain's arguments had no influence in changing my resolution, and I commenced preparations for leaving.

Amongst the natives that came off to the ship was a white man, who told me that he had been residing on the island more than a year, and was not yet willing to leave it.

I told him that I was going to leave the ship and stop on the island.

"Very well," said he ; "but you must not live with the same tribe that owns me."

"Why not ?" I asked.

"Because you will injure me, and do no good for yourself."

I asked him to explain.

"Why, don't you see," said he, "that one white man in a tribe has a good deal of influence? He acts as interpreter when a ship calls and brings trade to the tribe. When there are two white men in a tribe they are rivals. I'll introduce you to a chief who has no white man, and you can live with him; then we shall not quarrel."

Woodle Island, or Kuria, as it is called by the natives, is about five miles in length, and at the widest or south end about two and a half miles broad, and is not more than one degree from the equator.

After having a run on shore and taking a look at the island, and the manner the people were living, I returned to the ship to settle with Captain Hart.

A few dollars were due to me for my interest in the cargo, but he would give me no money, nor did I want it.

I succeeded in getting from him an old musket, one pound of powder, four pounds of shot, and two shirts. The carpenter made me a present of an old axe, the cooper gave me an adze, and the steward also gave me an iron kettle.

The white resident of the island was an Englishman, called Dave by the natives, and had, as he informed me, escaped from a Sydney whaler, and been living on the islands for several years.

He kept his promise in introducing me to a chief, and making the arrangements for the protection of myself and property. He told the chief that I was not to be robbed of the gun, axe, or anything belonging to me, and explained to him that as long as he protected me he would have the use of my property.

The chief was a large, powerful man, about forty years of age. His name was Vonolu, and he claimed authority over about seven hundred people, including five petty chiefs and their dependants. He seemed quite elated at the prospect of owning a white man, and promised that I should have all the protection that his influence could give.

The treaty being made, I departed with the chief for his village, which was on the shore, about a mile and a half north of the cove where the ship was lying.

My property was taken along at the same time, and carried by his attendants.

From what I was told by Dave, and from the conduct of the natives on the ship, I learnt that they were great thieves ; but as they could steal nothing from me without incurring the anger of the chief, my outfit for the island was safe in their hands, though they had to be constantly watched on the ship, to keep them from passing over the side into the canoes everything they could handle. As the ship was to remain at the island for two or three days, I did not bid my messmates good-bye on first leaving it.

On arriving at the village with Vonolu, every inhabitant gathered to see me, and for awhile I was a lion.

The chief took me into his own house to live until a new one should be built for my residence, and orders were issued the same day for the work to be commenced immediately. The houses were built of bamboo poles, and covered with palm-leaves, and the materials being abundant and near, a comfortable dwelling for the clime is soon made.

Dave was kind enough to pass the greater part of the first day with me, to get me initiated into island life, and, amongst the many questions I was required to answer was, whether I could soon make a canoe with the utensils brought from the ship.

Of course I answered in the affirmative.

Vonolu was greatly pleased, and made a speech, which Dave interpreted. From it I learnt that the three or four canoes owned by the tribe were small and of but little use.

The chief wanted a canoe for war, and required it in a few days. He had not commenced building one, for the reason that eight natives would have to work for six moons in completing it, and it was wanted immediately. This had been the reason why they had deferred building one since Vonolu's war canoe was lost in battle three years before. There was no time to make another before it

would be wanted, and no canoe had been made, for the reason that it could not be finished by the time it was required.

There are many people claiming more intelligence than the natives of Kuria who are often guided by similar reasoning.

The next day I went back to the ship to see my mess-mates, and bid them good bye, as they were to sail the next morning.

Before I came away Captain Hart gave me a line and half a dozen fish-hooks.

"You will be taking a wife, I suppose," said Mr. Parker, "and I must give you something for her."

He gave me the curtain that hung around his bunk. It was cheap calico, but printed in gay colours, such as a female savage must admire.

Mr. Jinkins also gave me something when I left. It was an unpleasant lock, and I returned it.

CHAPTER XVI.

HONGDI.

THE next morning I commenced the work of making a canoe, and before the day was over "astonished the natives," by the amount of work performed.

The tools used by them in making canoes were hatchets, and a tool used like an adze, both of which were made either of stone or shells—generally of the latter.

In one day, with my axe and adze, I did more work towards making the canoe than six of the natives working with their rude implements could do in a week.

The noble Vonolu, my chief, was highly delighted at the progress I made, and passed the day going backwards and forwards from where I was working to where the natives were building my house.

He seemed nearly as anxious for the latter to be com-

pleted as for the former, and was continually urging those who were employed in building it to greater exertions in their work.

I was threatened with a wife.

Dave, who came over to see me in the evening, told me, at the request of the chief, that when my residence was complete and furnished, I should have a wife to look after it.

I told him to tell Vonolu that I was too young to marry, and the chief's answer to this was that I was too young to form an opinion on a subject so important. He said that I must have a wife to prepare and cook *pandanus* and *taro*, their principal articles of food. He told me that although I was the greatest man in all the universe at making a canoe, I was very ignorant, and must have a wife to teach me the native language and how to catch fish. I was informed that unless subjected to the civilizing influence of a matrimonial life, I should ever be on the island a poor wretched ignorant being, unable to talk, or to provide myself with food, and that my house would be robbed as often as it could be supplied with anything worth taking away.

Vonolu had a brother who was a very remarkable specimen of the *genus homo*—not "one in a thousand," but one of millions. One of his peculiarities consisted in his being the nearest like a brute of anything I had ever seen somewhat resembling the human form. The quantity of food he consumed each day would soon have made a famine in the land, had not the natural fertility of the island produced food in great abundance all the year round.

Five wives were constantly employed in preparing and cooking his food.

When he sat down to a feast, which was as often as the wives could prepare one, he set to work with all the energy of a starving shark at a dead whale. The wives who waited on him at his meals performed their duties with fear and trembling. When placing anything before him, the hands would be quickly withdrawn, like a timid girl offering a small crumb to a ferocious-looking bulldog. I believe

they had the fear that in gratifying his voracious appetite, they might, from the ravenous manner in which he seized his food, accidentally lose an arm or a leg.

On the second day I was engaged in working on the canoe, this thing, who was, owing to his relationship to Vonolu, an inferior chief, devoted much of his time to superintending my work.

To all appearance he was anxiously expecting to see the canoe finished any minute, and he was constantly interrupting my labours by his attempts to make me understand his opinion on things in general.

This animal, who was called Hongdi, was hardly gifted with the faculty of speech, and had great difficulty in communicating the simple ideas of the faint spark of intellect that animated his huge ill-shaped body.

I should have believed that his inability to talk arose from the want of an idea, had I not always observed that those most gifted with speech generally know the least.

I have heard that there is beauty in everything Nature has designed and produced; and if this be true, the beauty of Hongdi consisted in the perfection of ugliness, which was complete, leaving nothing for imagination to suggest.

So great was his difficulty in talking, that when striving to deliver a conception of his little soul, his agony was terrible to witness. The contortions of his features while trying to talk to me were frightful; and I believe would have inspired an empty alligator with the wholesome fear that, in an encounter, the wrong animal might make a dinner.

His attempt to make me comprehend what he wished to communicate, and the exhibition of violent rage at his want of success, were so annoying, that I could not work while he was thus interrupting me; and leaving my tools with Vonolu, I went off to pay a visit to Dave. It was impossible to work while the creature was raving so wildly near me.

The next day my house was finished; and the chief ordered a contribution of necessaries from the tribe, to furnish me with the means of housekeeping; and I was

informed that in two days I was to be married. I was to be relieved of all anxiety and trouble of wooing and winning a bride ; but this evidence of my exalted position did not prevent me from being anxious to see the person who was to own me.

My solicitations to have the future Mrs. Brock pointed out were politely refused ; and I had to wait with mingled hope and fear of seeing her some time.

The tree selected for me to work into a canoe was a little over half a mile from the place where Dave was residing, and about the same distance from the village of the tribe to which I belonged.

Being so much of the time near each other, I used to leave my work every day and visit the man with whom I could converse, and he often used to call on me.

I could see that these visits were not very agreeable to Vonolu and some others of the tribe, for the reason, as I suppose, that they did not wish that a man belonging to another tribe should have any control or influence over me.

On the day before I was to be married, the animal Hongdi came to the place where I was working on the canoe. He was in a state of great excitement, and bore evidence of having run all the way from the village. Something unusual had happened ; and the agony he suffered in trying to communicate what had occurred was so intense, that I could almost pity him. He pointed to himself and towards the village ; while the few words he managed to articulate, with horrible contortions of his features, were uttered in a loud voice ; and from his whole appearance it seemed that all he loved most dearly, all he hoped for here or hereafter, depended on making me immediately understand the purpose of his visit.

His eyes threatened to roll out of his head. He foamed at the mouth, and went raving mad over his inability to make me understand the momentous communication he had come to make.

What could have occurred ? What important revelation was he trying to give ? He had come in great haste, as

though I was immediately wanted for some purpose of great emergency.

What could it be ?

Vonolu was preparing for a war with a tribe on a neighbouring island.

Had his enemies arrived ; and was I wanted to aid in repelling them ? Or had my intended bride demanded an immediate marriage ?

Something of immense interest to the tribe or to a fraction of it had transpired, or was about to do so ; and despairing of learning anything from the frantic brute raving and gesticulating before me, I started for the village, to which he had several times pointed.

I was immediately stopped by Hongdi, who then shouted "Davee ! Davee !" and pointed in the direction where that person resided.

I could then understand that the purpose for which I was wanted required an interpreter. The frantic biped seemed in danger of dying in the agony of vainly trying to make his communication ; and anxious to know what it could be about, to cause such wild excitement, I hastened off for Dave.

The display of intense interest and powerful emotions are infectious ; and so strong became my desire to learn the cause of Hongdi's extreme agitation, that I ran the most part of the distance to Dave's residence.

CHAPTER XVII.

DAVE.

I FOUND Dave in a sound slumber after his mid-day meal, but made no hesitation in waking him up.

"Come with me immediately, Dave !" I exclaimed ; "something important has occurred, and you are wanted to make me understand what it is."

"What a nuisance," said Dave, as he partly arose. "Have you no idea what is up?"

"Not the least; but the chief's brother, Hongdi, came to me in great haste, and has nearly killed himself in trying to make me understand what he has to say. There is something wrong at the village, but he would not let me go there without first coming for you."

"All right, my lad," said Dave; "I suppose that I'll have to go, but I'd much rather sleep awhile longer."

I entreated Dave to follow me immediately, and told him that I was afraid to return without him.

He instantly arose, and we started for the place where I had left Hongdi; and, urged by the belief that we could not reach the village a minute too soon, I walked at a rapid pace.

When we came in sight of Hongdi, he hastened forward to meet us. His excitement had partly subsided, but still was so great as to create much difficulty in his efforts to speak. No longer enraged at the utter inability of his audience to understand, he at last succeeded in making his communication, and the features of Dave assumed an expression of the most profound astonishment. What could have happened? No woman could have experienced a more lively curiosity than was mine.

I could understand from the appearance of both that Dave required a repetition of what he had heard, as though it was too strange to be readily believed, and that the statement of Hongdi was repeated.

"My God!" exclaimed Dave, "have I been brought all this distance in haste to hear that? What do you think he has to say?" he asked, turning to me.

I could not tell, but begged of him to relieve my curiosity immediately.

"He wants me to tell you," said Dave, "that he has just eaten a whole pig and a large dish of poi-poi."

"Is that all he has to say?" I asked.

"Yes!"

Every man is anxious to excel others in something, and it seems that Hongdi was vain of his abilities for gormandiz-

ing. He was evidently anxious that I should have a high opinion of him for something ; and the feat he had performed was, in his own opinion, so wonderful, that he had hastened to me for the purpose of filling my soul with wonder and admiration at his achievement.

It would have taken many people, under the same circumstances, a minute or two for realizing the full extent of the imposition that had been played upon me by that swinish idiot, but it was not so with me.

My alarm at the idea of some fearful calamity having occurred—my anxiety to learn what he had wished to tell me—the neglect of my work—the hastily-made journey for Dave, and all the fear and trouble I had encountered in learning what I already knew—that Hongdi was an idiotic glutton—was too much for me to patiently bear. I closed my hand, and adding the whole weight of my body to the blow, I launched it upon Hongdi's nose.

Dave was unwilling to be aroused from a sleep and hurried away from his home for nothing, and knowing the principle (and interest) upon which a scientific blow should be given, he gave Hongdi a jar under one ear that laid him sprawling on the ground.

My feet were armed with heavy boots, and I proceeded to use them on his prostrate body in a manner the most effectual for educating fools. Dave being barefoot, could not do this, but he caught up a stick, and we beat and kicked the brute until he was quite insensible.

"Hold, hold!" exclaimed Dave, at last ; "we must not kill him."

I desisted ; and for a moment had some fear that the lesson we had given him would be lost—that the creature would not live to profit by it—but I was somewhat reassured by the thought that such a being could with difficulty be killed by any human efforts.

"You will have to leave the tribe now," said Dave. "I'll take home your tools, and do you hasten to the village and get your musket, before any of 'em finds out what is up. When you have got the gun, come to me, and I'll get my chief to protect you."

I started off for the village, went to Vonolu's house, and taking the gun, started away to join Dave.

Several of the natives followed me, to see what I was going to kill, and to enjoy the childish amusement of hearing the report of the gun. To avoid their seeing Hongdi, I had to lead them around through a grove. On the way to where Dave was living, I shot two pigeons, and sent them by my companions to Vonolu. They followed me to Dave's house, where he told them that I would not return that night, and sent them home.

That evening Dave had an interview with his chief; and after his return told me that we should be protected for what we had done, even at the expense of a war with Vonolu and his tribe.

During the evening, Dave gave me a brief history of his life.

He had been transported from England to New South Wales for being one of the ringleaders of a machine-breaking riot; and from his story, and the manner it was told, I was confident that his crime was committed through the best intentions, and that he had been punished for his ignorance.

His story was a good illustration of the fact that a people should be educated to be easily governed, and that a man of a noble spirit, jealous of his rights, and with courage to maintain them, may be, if with a mind unlit by knowledge, a more dangerous citizen, and a greater enemy to himself and others, than the soulless thing who will tamely submit to injustice and oppression.

The same daring spirit roused to action by patriotism and hatred of wrong that distinguishes a Garibaldi, may, when unguided by intelligence, make another guilty of folly and crime. In the crime for which he was banished from his native country, Dave was probably inspired by some of the best attributes of the human mind; but they were unguided by wisdom, and in place of leading him to fame, had brought him to a convict's fate.

He had seen others besides himself suffering what he fancied to be tyranny, injustice, and oppression. That

fancy to him was a certainty ; and when placed under such circumstances nature's noblemen will act. Dave had acted, and was afterwards thought to be no longer worthy of a residence in his native country. He did not appear to regret this, but seemed quite contented under the idea that the old country was no longer worthy of being his home.

He had a native woman for a wife ; and to all appearance they were living very happily. Her soul was untroubled by the vanities that worry the sex in a civilized society, and her domestic duties seemed a source of happiness, and not of care.

Dave had much to say to me in praise of an island life.

"I like to live where I'm some one," said he ; "where I can have some influence over others. I'm a man amongst men here, but in the old country I was a thing like a horse, to be worked by others. In place of obeying others, I now command."

"That may be," said I ; "but your power only arises from a change of place. You are no stronger or better now than when you left home."

"You insinuate," he answered, "that I am only great because I am amongst an inferior people ; but I will not admit that. The men here are independent of each other for employment, food, and clothing ; and in this respect each is in a position that in the old country makes a gentleman."

"I thought that intelligence and morality have something to do with the formation of a gentleman."

"Nonsense !" he exclaimed. "Those are the most intelligent and moral who are the happiest. The most moral often do wrong, and the wisest sometimes commit the greatest follies."

I was young then ; and by such arguments as these Dave convinced me that I had done well in leaving the ship, and in having "*Ran away from Home.*"

CHAPTER XVIII.

MILI

THE next morning, Vonolu made a demand on Dave's chief for the delivery of the two white men who had assaulted and beaten his brother.

From what we were told, Hongdi, on returning to the village, must have succeeded in giving what for him was an eloquent account of the cruel manner in which he had been treated. He had represented to his brother and others that he had given no reason or provocation for his ill-usage, but that, on the contrary, he had condescended to be very agreeable. I have no doubt that to the peculiar formation of his wonderfully sensitive soul, he had been very cruelly used. He had made what he thought to be an important and interesting communication. He was vain and ambitious of being thought a great and wonderful man ; and on giving us some evidence of his superiority to others, we had tried to kill him.

Perhaps he thought we were jealous of his greatness ; but this is doubtful, for such a belief would have required a mental effort greater than he usually displayed.

Dave's chief refused to give us up, but proposed that a council of the principal members of each tribe should be held to talk over the misunderstanding, and determine whether there should be war or not.

To this Vonolu agreed, and a conference was held at the place where I had been working at the canoe.

Dave and I were allowed to attend ; and when all were assembled, the business of the occasion was begun by Vonolu, who made a long speech.

This noble chief was very unlike his brother. Calm and dignified as became his high position among men, he made his statement of our crime, and my ingratitude. He stated that a house had been built and furnished for

me, and that at the hour he was speaking, it had been arranged that I should be married to Hongdi's daughter.

He told the assembly that only a few hours before this honour was to be conferred upon me, I had, without the least provocation, attempted to kill his brother, the father of my intended bride. For this atrocity he demanded that we should be given up to him to be punished.

When Dave interpreted this part of his speech, I was truly grateful for the event that had saved me from the awful fate of becoming a son-in-law of the monster Hongdi.

Vonolu represented the injuries of his brother to be so great that he required the constant care of his wives ; and he asserted that justice and public safety demanded our surrender to him for punishment.

Dave was called upon by his chief to answer the speech, which he did by giving a true account of the affair that led to Hongdi's misfortune. He represented me as being busily engaged on a work of great importance to the noble chief Vonolu, and as being anxious to complete my work as soon as possible. He tried to give them an idea of my annoyance at being interrupted in my labour by Hongdi, who had sent me away from my work to bring an interpreter, in order to learn that he had eaten a whole pig. He described his own just anger at being awakened out of a sleep and hurried from his home to learn that one hog had eaten another.

All the natives seemed to have a keen sense for the ridiculous ; and the most of them, including Vonolu, were greatly amused at our having taken so much trouble to learn so little.

Hongdi was no favourite with the other petty chiefs of Vonolu's tribe, and they declared that he deserved all the punishment he had received. Seeing that he could not depend on the cordial assistance of his tribe, Vonolu had to relinquish the idea of having me punished, and the council was broken up.

Other events soon occurred, that made him anxious for me to return to his tribe.

Another cause for hostilities had arisen against the tribe with whom he was preparing for war; and he was more than ever anxious that the canoe should be completed immediately.

Three days after my leaving him, Vonolu came and entreated me to return. He told me that Hongdi should molest me no more; but with much apparent regret, he added that his brother would not now allow me to marry the daughter that had been chosen for my wife. This was the greatest argument he could have used in inducing me to return; and I consented to live with him again.

The next morning I again commenced working on the canoe, and at the end of four days, had done towards it all that I could do; and the natives of the tribe then set to work at polishing, painting, and rigging it, a work they could do far better than I could.

During this time I was unmolested by Hongdi, and, in fact, I saw nothing of him, but learnt that there was another in the tribe besides himself, who was much dissatisfied with late events. It was Mili, Hongdi's daughter, who was disappointed in her bright anticipations of marrying a white man. She was pointed out to me amongst a band of other girls; and I saw her eyes fixed upon me with an expression which I translated into love, and after events proved that my interpretation was correct.

She was not a good-looking girl, compared with the others; yet considering that she was the daughter of Hongdi, Nature had been very kind to her.

In vain Mili entreated her father to give his consent to the proposed marriage, but the creature would not; and this opposition to her wishes was the only thing I found in his conduct that met with my approbation. His objection to the match was no doubt caused by the desire of giving me some annoyance, but had he known how well pleased I was with his conduct in this respect, he would have insisted on the marriage taking place immediately.

Mili seemed to follow me with her eyes all day. I was watched with the wild, strong passion of a female savage in love, till her attentions, in time, became extremely

annoying. Whenever in the evening I heard a rustling amongst the pandanus leaves near my house, I knew that Mili was near me. In the morning, when first coming out of my house, by closely observing the surrounding palm trees, a glimpse of Mili could ever be obtained, as she glided hastily away. She had seen me, and learnt that I had safely passed the night.

Several days passed, during which great preparations were made for war.

New spears and armour were made, and old ones repaired. The spears were light beams of wood, armed with shark's teeth, or fragments of coral. Another weapon which engaged much of their attention, was a wooden sword, serrated with a row of shark's teeth, giving it an appearance something like a saw.

The armour consisted of matting cut and sewn to fit the body. It was made of strips of tough bark, close and firmly woven.

I was informed by Dave that great reliance was placed on my assistance in the coming war; and my own observation told me that amongst the majority of the tribe I was an object of considerable interest and importance.

During the time these preparations were being made, Hongdi was so kind as to keep as much as possible out of my way.

Whenever he saw me approaching, he always retreated; and I had reason to believe that the lesson he had received had made a great improvement in his manners.

The annoyance caused by the anxious regard of Mili, his daughter, became more unpleasant to bear each day, and I began to dislike her nearly as much as I did her father. She never spoke to me; she never came very near me to admire my dress, as many of the others did; but wherever I went, by looking around, I could always detect her presence not far away, and would often see her eyes fixed upon me with an expression of something besides love.

I did not like this constant watch upon my actions, and began to hate her for the annoyance her attentions gave.

I have often since then bitterly reproached myself for this ; for the time she devoted in gaining my displeasure was not an unsuccessful watch in guarding me from threatened danger.

Poor Mili ! Sadly now does my memory rest on her unselfish love and devotion to me, who only returned that holy regard with scorn and dislike.

CHAPTER XIX.

LOWANE.

AGAIN I was told that preparations were being made for my marriage, and my intended bride was this time produced before me.

She was the daughter of an inferior chief, and was a beautiful-looking girl about fourteen years of age. Since being with the tribe, I had often observed her with some admiration, and therefore had no particular objections to the union.

In fact, there was one reason why I was anxious for the ceremony to take place. I thought that after my marriage to another, Mili would no longer persecute me with her undesired regard.

I believe that Vonolu was anxious for me to marry, in order that I should be more interested in the welfare of the tribe, and assist with a greater will in fighting its battles. Dave advised me to marry, for the reason that the native men were jealous, deceitful, and very treacherous, and that a wife was a safeguard against danger.

"No native girl of the islands," said he, "will betray a man with whom she lives, and if any danger threatens him from others, she will find it out and give him warning to escape it."

I told him how I had been deceived and sold at Taheiti.

"That's a different affair," said he ; "she was not your

wife; and, besides, she was partly civilized, and should not have been trusted."

The day appointed for the wedding came; and thinking that Dave would be needed as interpreter, I invited him to witness the ceremony. Soon after noon, the bride, conducted by her friends, arrived at my house.

Her dress consisted of the "irceree," a fringe made of cocoa-nut leaves.

In making this dress, which is graceful in appearance, the leaves are cut into thin strips about fifteen inches in length, and are tied to a band which is fastened around the body.

Around her neck was a wreath suspending a white ovula shell, which rested on her breast. This completed her costume.

When all was ready for the ceremony, a new mat was placed on the floor, in the centre of the room, and I was seated upon it with the girl by my side.

A man who officiated as priest then came up and gave our heads a violent knock, each against the other.

Had this been repeated the second time I should have been unable to give my readers a further account of the ceremony.

The man then dipped a small bough of a tree in some water, and with it sprinkled our faces. Some food, consisting of fish, bread-fruit, and taro, was then placed before us, and we were told to eat.

Dave then informed me that the ceremony was over.

There was one subject upon which I felt much uneasiness; it was about the propriety of my joining in the war, for which all preparations were now completed.

The natives were expecting great results from my aid with the musket, and I had no desire to gain glory with its use in shooting others in a conflict of which I could know nothing of its cause, and with those against whom I bore no ill-will.

I was no coward, but I did not like to take life in a cause which might be a wrong one. The fancies and misunderstandings of the natives had nothing to do with

me, and there was no reason why I should join in their battles, and take life or lose my own.

I told Dave to tell Vonolu, that in case his tribe was attacked by another, I would do all in my power to repel and destroy the aggressors, but that I should not leave the village to aid in killing those who had never harmed me.

When this communication was made known to the tribe, I fell very much in the estimation of all.

They acknowledged that I was very good at making a canoe, but said that I was no warrior—that I had a weak heart, and was inferior to their women, any one of whom would willingly go to the war if allowed to do so. These taunts produced no effect in changing my resolution; and four days after Vonolu sailed in his canoe, with thirty-five warriors, on an expedition against a tribe residing on a small island about twenty miles away. Vonolu's house was not well-furnished with the skulls of foes slain in battle, and he was going for a fresh supply.

His enemies did not think that he had a war canoe; and he was going to surprise them in the night—do all the damage he could, and return before their whole force could be brought against him. I was made to understand that this was a clever piece of strategy, that must bring some success.

He started about five o'clock in the afternoon, and soon after I left the village on a visit to Dave.

I had walked about a quarter of a mile from home, when hearing a noise, I turned, and saw two women engaged in a conflict.

It was Mili, the daughter of Hongdi, and my wife, the young and beautiful Lowane. They were waging war after the manner of women and cats.

No explanation was necessary for me to understand the cause of the scene before me. My wife was aware of the partiality Hongdi's daughter had for myself, and had probably watched her following me from the village. Lowane had followed, and was now trying to convince her rival of the folly of indulging any longer in an affection for one who belonged to another, and that other herself.

Hastening to them, I succeeded with much difficulty in separating them from each other, and then started Mili off for the village, in rather a rude manner.

While doing this she seemed trying to make to me some communication, but I was unable to understand her, and my young wife kept up such a clamour with her own tongue, that she could not heed the words of another.

Having succeeded in driving Mili back, I proceeded to Dave's residence, accompanied by Lowane, who took a wife's liberty of scolding me all the way.

Not being able to understand a word she said, I allowed her to continue the lecture uninterrupted; for I would not prevent her from indulging in the innocent amusement of listening to her own eloquence, which could do me no harm, and relieved her soul of unpleasant thought.

This was a piece of wisdom learned from observing the conduct of my father; and I recommend it to all men afflicted with matrimony.

After passing an hour or two with Dave, I returned home with Lowane early in the evening.

Soon after our return I heard the sound of heavy blows, and the voice of a woman screaming.

"Mili! Hongdi!" exclaimed my wife, in a tone which I thought expressed joyful surprise.

I went out of the door, but could see nothing. The shade of night and the shrubbery about the house completely hid from my view the persons from whom the sounds we had heard proceeded.

No more blows were heard, and the screams subsided into low moans, that fell more painfully on the ear than the screams preceding them.

I believed that the infatuated Mili, for some strange reason I could not comprehend, was, as usual, lingering about my house, and had been detected by her father, who, angry at her regard for his enemy, had been punishing her for it, after the manner of savages.

Had that punishment been longer continued, I should have gone to the spot and stopped him from inflicting it; but soon every sound was hushed, and I heard the moaning

no more. I believed that Hongdi had become weary with the exercise of beating his daughter, for I would not give him credit for possessing discretion or mercy.

Not even Vonolu, had he been present, had the right to punish or reprove Hongdi for his conduct towards any member of his own family.

He had over them the power of inflicting death, and no one could call him to an account for the act. His wish, concerning the members of his household, was law from which there was no appeal.

It was not my business to punish him for his cruelty. If his daughter strayed from her home, kept late hours, and ran after a man he disliked, he had the right to look after her, and teach her better conduct; and from what I had just heard, I believed that he had some abilities for teaching, and hoped that she would not prove too wise or silly to learn.

I entered the house, hoping that Mili's chastisement had done her no particular harm, and yet hoped that it had been so effectual as to induce her to persecute me with her watchfulness no longer.

My wife Lowane seemed highly delighted at what had happened, and I could understand that she had much to say in praise of the "Omata Hongdi."

CHAPTER XX.

THE DEATH OF MILI.

WEARY at last of expressing her satisfaction at poor Mili's misfortune to one who could not understand, my wife slept, and, with the sense of hearing relieved from the clatter of her tongue, I soon followed her example.

When I had been for about two hours bound by "slumber's chains," its fetters were suddenly broken by one of the most demoniac yells that ever stunned the ear of man.

This was followed by the breaking down of the door of my house with a loud crash—another yell—screams from Lowane, mingled with English oaths and a call of “Bill! Bill! help me! Quick!”—more fearful yells—screams *à la Lowane*—and the sounds of a violent struggle on my doorstep.

For a moment I thought that the infernal regions and earth must have been dashed together.

Springing to my feet I seized the axe, which, with the gun, I ever kept during the night within my reach.

The moon was up, and by its light shining in the doorway, I saw two human beings struggling with each other on the ground.

In my confusion I was just lifting my axe for a blow at either or both of the combatants, when my friend Dave exclaimed, “All right! he’s done for now.”

As these words were uttered he rose to his feet, with a long knife in his hand, and on the ground I recognized Hongdi, writhing violently in the agonies of death, and throwing his arms violently about, and clenching his hands as though trying to catch his departing spirit.

“Hook it! hook it! come on!” exclaimed Dave, starting away from the house.

Not a moment was to be lost, for we could hear voices in all directions.

Following a little path leading through the grove in the direction of the village where Dave resided, we hastened away, followed by Lowane.

When about a quarter of a mile on our way, we heard the loud sound produced by the blowing of a conch shell. It was an alarm—a call to arms.

Hongdi had been discovered, and we were to be pursued.

Dave increased his speed, and I followed, trying to comprehend the mystery of the strange scene that had caused our flight. Why was Hongdi at the door of my house? That question was easily answered. He had come to seek my life. He had taken advantage of the absence of Vonolu to seek revenge, which he had not

dared to take before. Before the canoe was finished, and while it was unknown that I would refuse to go to the war, he was afraid to harm me, knowing that he would incur the displeasure of the whole tribe.

The canoe was finished. I would not fight. Vonolu was away ; and what little danger he might meet in trying to destroy me he was willing to encounter.

But what had brought Dave to my assistance? This was a question I could not answer.

On reaching the village Dave proceeded to the residence of his chief, and roused him up. A conch shell was blown, and several warriors soon after assembled.

I afterwards learnt that we were pursued by several warriors from the village we had left, but they returned when they heard the alarm sounded by Dave's chief. The best men of the tribe had gone with Vonolu, and those remaining would not risk an encounter for capturing us.

Dave took Lowane and me to his house ; and, on entering it, I beheld a scene I shall never forget, and often behold with painful memory.

On the floor of the room lay poor Mili. She was dying.

Her body had been beaten with a club until it could retain her spirit but little longer. One of her arms was knocked out, and her skull seemed broken by blows on the back of her head.

A few words from Dave explained all. Two hours before, Mili had reached the house in the state in which I saw her, and had told him to hasten away and save me from her father, who was going to kill me that night.

It was to guard me from harm that she had watched me so long. It was to warn me of my danger that she had followed me from the village the afternoon before. It was her screams and moans I had heard in the evening near my house. Hongdi, who was probably reconnoitring to learn whether I had returned, had found her, and suspecting the purpose of her presence, had given the blows I had heard—the blows producing the injuries of which Mili was now dying.

Notwithstanding the intense agony she must have been,

suffering, Mili had reached Dave's house, and warned him of my danger.

She could not communicate that danger to me, and had taken the only means she could devise of saving me.

But for her, Hongdi would have effected a quiet entrance into my room, and I should have been killed ; for Dave had arrived just in time to see the wretch stealing up to the door, and, coming silently forward, had attacked him just as he was going to enter the house.

Lowane, on seeing the sad condition of her rival, stood looking at her for more than two minutes in silent contemplation of the soul-sickening scene.

Suddenly a revelation of the whole truth seemed to fall upon her mind, and, uttering a howl of anguish, she threw herself upon the floor by the side of the dying girl, moaning frantically in the agony of profound mental woe. This conduct was a mystery to me at the time, but I afterwards learnt that it was caused by an accusing conscience—a sense of injustice towards her rival.

In the afternoon before, when I had parted the two girls, and was driving Mili back to the village, she said several times in her native language, "My father will kill you to-night."

Lowane, in the violence of her rage, had understood these words as a threat, and not as a warning ; and this misunderstanding had led to the unfortunate state in which she now found Mili.

A few words that Lowane repeated, at least fifty times in her anguish, were interpreted to me by Dave.

The translation he gave them was—

"I laughed last night when your father beat you, and now I want to die."

When gazing upon Mili I saw that the expression of intense physical pain on her features would sometimes give way to one of joy or satisfaction, as I believed, at seeing me unharmed ; and as I beheld her, Lowane was not the only one condemned by a self-accusing conscience. I, too, was stung by the regret of having done injustice to poor Mili

Dave's wife did all in her power to soothe the sufferings of the dying girl, and to calm the anguish of Lowane.

Those girls were female savages ; but from the conduct of each that night, I formed a stronger respect for angelic woman than I had previously known—a respect which I trust death will not remove. The spirit of Mili departed with the shade of night. As the light of day became stronger, life became weaker, and at sunrise she died.

I was not sorry when I saw that the mortal agony of her dying hours was over—or when her face, so horribly disfigured by the brutal violence of her father, was hidden from my gaze by a piece of matting. I regretted her fate, but not the death that brought relief to her sufferings.

The three hours preceding the death of Mili disgusted me with a life on the islands, and had the *Mary Hart* been lying at anchor in the cove, I would willingly have placed myself again under the command of Mr. Jenkins.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CHANGE OF OWNERS.

THE next day we heard nothing from Vonolu's tribe, or rather we were unmolested by it. They were waiting for the return of the chief and warriors.

Scouts that we sent out reported on their return that Hongdi's wives were howling over his body. As in civilized society, custom required them to exhibit grief for his loss, even at the expense of much exertion in manufacturing it.

In the evening we heard that Vonolu had returned—that he was highly elated over the success of the expedition, and very indignant about the death of his brother, the unlovely Hongdi.

That night we took much precaution in guarding against a surprise, but were unmolested.

The next morning Vonolu made another formal demand for the white men. He wished for no council, no parley, but the white men, or war. He informed Dave's chief that he had just returned from a war, bringing the heads of nine of his enemies, the skulls of which would soon be ornamental trophies of his valour; and that his house was capable of holding many more.

The chief, who had formerly promised us protection, was in great trouble. He was old, and wholly unprepared for war, yet was unwilling to give us up to be killed. The grief of the old chief was so great, that I proposed to Dave that we should leave the island in a canoe.

I told him that there seemed but two ways of preventing war and bloodshed between the two tribes. One was for us to surrender to Vonolu, and the other was to escape from the island, and thus remove the cause of dispute between them. The first course was immediately decided unworthy of further consideration; and Dave finally agreed to adopt the last, although with much reluctance.

Dave owned a small fishing canoe, and we began making preparation for a voyage.

I did not inform Lowane of my intentions, but sent her back to her tribe with instructions to obtain an interview with Vonolu, and tell him under what circumstances Hongli had been killed, and to solicit forgiveness for the act. Inspired by the hope of making a reconciliation, Lowane departed, and Dave persuaded his wife to accompany her.

Immediately after their departure, Dave told the old chief what we proposed doing.

He made no opposition to our leaving, but, on the contrary, seemed pleased at being so easily relieved of the difficulty in which we had placed him; and his apparent pleasure at our intended departure wholly reconciled Dave to leaving, for he saw that his influence in the tribe was much less than he had supposed. Dave's vanity was wounded nearly as much as mine had been by the girl who betrayed me in Tahiti.

The chief called several native men, gave them some orders, and Dave's canoe was provisioned with about fifty cocoanuts, some karapapa, kamoimoi, and manam.

When these preparations were completed, we went down to the shore to embark, and were followed by a crowd, amongst which was the old chief. He invited us to come and live with him again in about fifty years, when he thought that Vonolu would probably be dead of old age. He was about eighty years of age, and Vonolu about forty. We parted with him without learning when he expected to die of old age himself.

There was nothing peculiar in the old chief's apparent belief in his own immortality, for every man seems more impressed with the knowledge that others must die, than he is with the certain conviction that he is himself but mortal, and may be the next one called to learn what we most fear to know.

When we got into the canoe to push off, we saw that several articles, amongst which was my axe, which the natives had volunteered to carry from Dave's house to the canoe, were missing.

We had been robbed. They were unwilling we should leave the island with anything they wished themselves, and knowing that any resistance to this treatment would be unavailing, we pushed off, glad to get clear of them on any terms.

It was very kind in them on our departure to conduct themselves in such a way as to prevent us from suffering any regret at having to leave them.

After getting out of the cove we set a little sail, and bore away from the island in a southerly direction. As the huts, trees, and hills became more indistinct in form on that fair land I expected to see no more, I could not help thinking with some regret of the young Lowane whom I had sent away to avoid the scene of parting. Perhaps she would learn with pleasure that I was gone. She might be no better than the deceitful girl who had tried to sell me at Taheiti. She might be afflicted with the same selfish nature possessed by those who had long

professed friendship for Dave, and then robbed him when they never expected to see him again.

"They are all alike," thought I "selfish, treacherous, and deceitful, and there is not a woman or a girl amongst them but would sell a husband or lover for a brass ring."

A flash of burning memory came over my soul contradicting this. It was of Mili—the girl who had lost her life in saving mine—the girl who had walked a long distance when dying to save me, and I had left her unburied. My soul had not then become indurated by frequent collision with disagreeable subjects, and such events as the death of Mili and Twist, under the circumstances under which they had occurred, were unpleasant themes for contemplation.

Night came and extinguished our view of the fair island of Kuria.

Each of us took a watch during the night in keeping the canoe on its course, and before noon the next day land was seen ahead of us. About sunset we ran the canoe into a little cove, on the shore of which about fifty natives were waiting to receive us.

They appeared friendly, yet for some reason, unknown to me, Dave hesitated about landing.

Keeping the canoe off about thirty yards from the shore, he talked with them for some time, and at last, as though his fears were removed, he commenced pulling ashore.

Just as we were going to beach the canoe, he called out, "Push her off! Get her away, or we are dead men."

I knew not what had caused this sudden change in his mind, but exerted myself to the utmost in obeying him.

We were too late. About twenty of the natives ran into the water, caught hold of the canoe, and dragged it ashore.

I was seized by five or six of them, and, notwithstanding all the resistance I could make, was stripped of all my clothing, and as soon as one garment was taken off me, one of them was ready to put it on; and by the time I was undressed, this man, who was a chief, was arrayed in my clothing.

The only article of dress worn by Dave they cared to appropriate, was a shirt, of which he was divested, and led away before they had done with the work of robbing me.

When the chief was arrayed in my clothing, I was handed an old grass mat which he had thrown off, and one of them was so kind as to initiate me into the art of fastening it around my body.

I was then led away in the direction I had seen others conducting Dave. After walking about half a mile, we reached a village scattered through a grove on the west side of the cove.

Darkness had now come over the island, and knowing that the natives of the Kingsmill group never keep late hours, I knew that I had not long to wait before learning something interesting. I was not mistaken, for on reaching the village I was taken to a large tree growing beside the *mariapa* or council-house. This tree my arms and legs were made to embrace, and my feet and hands were tied around it. In this manner I was left a prisoner—the natives apparently retiring to their dwellings for the night.

For more than an hour I summoned all the philosophy at my command, and employed it in the vain attempt of trying to become contented with my lodgings.

It was no use. Circumstances were too much against the success of the experiment, and I had to devise other sources of amusement.

What had become of Dave? and why could they not have tied us up near each other so that we could be company, and assist each other in cursing them, and in otherwise bearing the tortures of an unpleasant confinement?

For the want of something better to divert myself, I commenced shouting, "Dave! Dave!" at the top of my voice. I wished to learn if he was in the same neighbourhood, and if so, what he thought of present circumstances, and their relation to the future.

I could hear no response from my companion, but my calls produced a reply from another. One of the natives

came from a house near me, bringing in his hand something like an angling rod.

With this implement he gave me several thwacks on the back, that made me quite willing to disturb his repose no more.

This native had a full set of large and very white teeth, which were frightfully conspicuous in the dark night. They gave a light by which I thought I should know him again. Having succeeded in making me quiet, he turned away, and all was darkness again, but I heard him retiring to the house.

The night passed on the *Mary Hart* with my hands pinioned, was nothing to the agony I suffered tied to that tree.

I could not lie down or stand up, but sat for more than seven hours with my legs and arms extended. I seemed to have reached a place of eternal night and misery, and often in the agony of that long dreary night I thought seriously of trying to gnaw down the tree, with the hope of obtaining my liberty by doing so.

CHAPTER XXII.

I REGAIN SELF-POSSESSION.

NATURE had not deserted me, as I had begun to fear was the case, for the light of day came at last. The sun arose, and so did the natives.

One of them came to me, untied my feet and hands, and I was free, but having been so long remaining in one position, it was with much difficulty that I succeeded in rising to my feet.

One invariable custom of the natives of the Pacific islands is that of going down to the shore and bathing immediately after rising in the morning.

The man who released me from the tree made a sign for

me to follow him, and we went to the cove accompanied by all the members of his family.

While we were in the water, we were joined by several other families, till in a few minutes nearly all the inhabitants of the village had assembled. Amongst the others I saw a man, who with his lips could not possibly hide a prodigious display of ivory.

"He is the one," thought I, "who in the night thrashed me into silence."

I was right, for, on returning from the cove, I saw him enter the house near the tree to which I had been bound.

I was then invited into a house, and some fish and baked taro was placed before me.

While eating my breakfast, I was also busily engaged in recollecting and arranging into questions what few words I had learnt of the native language while on Kuria, and, after finishing the meal and commencing a conversation, I was surprised at the progress I had made under Lowane at learning the language.

When I commenced my inquiries, five men were present, and amongst them the chief dressed in my clothes.

I asked them for my companion Dave, and at first the inquiry caused them to look at each other, and then at me with expressions of surprise. Thinking that I was not understood, I did all I possibly could by words and signs to make them understand that I had reached the island with another man, and that I wished to know where he was.

They did understand me, and I could not have been mistaken in their meaning when they tried to make me believe that I came to the island alone, and that they had seen no other white man but myself for a long time—not for three moons. Thinking there must still be some misunderstanding, I left them and accosted a boy about twelve years of age, who had not been listening to our conversation. He was a bright-eyed, sharp-looking little fellow, and I remembered having seen him the evening before, when Dave and I were captured. I made him understand what I wished, and understood him to say that I came to the island alone.

This system of dealing with my desire for information nearly drove me mad.

No minister of a government could balk an inquiry more effectually than those natives thwarted my wish to learn something of Dave.

A week passed, during which I was well fed and well treated in every way, yet saw that there was a constant watch on my actions, as though they fancied I wished to steal myself or something from them.

One day there was a great excitement amongst the members of the tribe, and nearly all of them left the village.

I wished to accompany them, but was not allowed to do so. About fifty old men, women, and children were apparently left to guard me.

Towards evening the most of those who had left in the morning returned. Three or four of them were wearing old shirts, and many of them were provided with pipes and tobacco. All was plain to me then.

A ship was somewhere on the coast, and they had been to it for the purpose of trading. I must reach that ship ; but, knowing that I was watched, did not undervalue the difficulty of the task to be accomplished.

The ship was probably at anchor four or five miles away, and I should have much trouble in finding my way to it by crossing the island ; for to find the ship in that way, I should have to encounter or pass another tribe of natives.

My best plan was to steal off unobserved, in the night if possible, push off a canoe, and with it go around the island, until I found the ship. In the direction to start, I could be guided by the way the natives had taken in the morning, and returned at night.

Since the night passed with the tree in my arms, I had slept in a house with four bachelors of the tribe, who generally slept very soundly.

They turned in early, and soon after were sleeping. The paddles by which the canoes are propelled are never left in the canoes by the shore, but are, when not in use, kept in the houses. There was one in the corner of the room in which we were lying.

Silently rising from the mat, I reached the paddle, the position of which I had noticed before lying down. So stealthily did I move, that had either of those in the room been awake, I might not have been heard.

Passing the piece of matting suspended for a door, I found myself outside the house, and took a path leading to the cove. In following it, I had to pass close to the house occupied by the principal chief, and I saw that he had a fire burning within it.

He was undoubtedly having a feast, and drinking *karaca*, or toddy made from the cocoanut-tree.

I had to avoid going too near the house, and turned to do so. Suddenly I was confronted by a man who was approaching from the chief's house, some one of the inferior chiefs who had been partaking of the hospitality of his more aristocratic neighbour. By the long, broad patch of shining bones before me, I recognized the native who had beat me into silence on the night I was tied to the tree.

The native made a rush towards me, and fortunately without shouting for the assistance of others.

Retreating two paces, I gave the paddle a horizontal sweep, and astonished the man with the extensive ivory plantation by a blow on the side of the head, that placed him on the earth as quiet as the fear of him had made me, on the night he flogged me with the fishing-rod.

Without stopping to apologize, I hastened on, and reached the cove. I would have taken the largest war canoe on the shore, had I been able to launch one, but as the one in which Dave and I had reached the island was small, and the easiest handled, I dragged it into the water, and started out of the cove.

I turned round the point of land forming one side of the cove, and keeping inside the reef, in smooth water, commenced pulling round the island. After working for several hours very industriously, the morning light showed me a low narrow point of land ahead of me, and rising above and beyond it, the spars of a ship.

Another hour's work with the paddle placed me alongside of the vessel.

A line was thrown over, to which I secured the canoe, and then ascended to the deck. The ship was a whaler, the *Eliza Kellick*, from Nantucket, and on placing my feet on her decks, I seemed much nearer home than I did a few hours before.

While with the tribe just left, I had learnt that the native name of the island was Taputeunwa, and from the sailors I learnt that it was one of the Kingsmill group, and marked on the charts as Drummond's Island.

In justice to the natives of other groups in the Pacific, I should state, that I have since heard and read, that the natives of the Kingsmill Islands are the most treacherous, thievish, and dishonest of any people inhabiting the Pacific islands, the Fijians not excepted.

My own experience of life on the islands confirms this opinion ; yet, bad as they are, I believe that any man, under favourable circumstances, could live happily with them. Dave could do so on one of the islands when without me to lead him into difficulty ; and I might have succeeded as well as he, had I not been so unfortunate as to meet with the thing called Hongdi.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANOTHER LESSON IN HUMAN NATURE.

THE sailors furnished me with some clothing ; and when the captain made an appearance on deck I went up to him, and requested his assistance in learning something of the fate of my companion Dave.

"What sort of a looking fellow is he?" asked the captain when I had told my story, and I gave him a description of Dave's general appearance.

"Are you much concerned about him?" asked the captain.

"Yes," I answered, "and I have some fears that he has been killed."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because I've seen nothing of him since we landed."

"That might be because he wanted no more trouble with you," replied the captain.

There was something in these words and the tone in which they were spoken that made me weary of the world, and I turned away with the belief that no assistance from the captain would be given in behalf of my companion.

Soon after three canoes were seen coming off to the ship, and several native men and girls not long after were chatting on the deck. Amongst them I was astonished at seeing Dave.

"Ah, my lad," said he when he saw me, "I'm glad to see you all right. I spoke to the captain about you yesterday, and he promised to try and get you aboard and take you from the island, and I'm glad that you are here with so little trouble to him."

He then turned away and immediately after was busily engaged, acting as interpreter for the natives, who had brought off fruit and shells as articles of trade.

I could see that he was a person of considerable importance amongst the natives, that he had made his way from a prisoner to the general manager of a tribe; but why had he deserted me? Why had he been living near me so long, without coming to see me?

I sat down and in the confusion raging around me tried to think.

Dave had fallen into the hands of a different tribe from the one that captured me, and having been forced from one home by being acquainted with me, he had determined to let me look after myself. This was the only interpretation I could give to his conduct, and it was undoubtedly a correct one. When I told him on the *Mary Hart*, off Kuria, that I intended to live on the island, he had informed me that we must not live with the same tribe. He had explained to me that two white men amongst the natives formed a distinct community of

whom the natives were jealous, but that one living with them became one of the tribe, and would be well treated.

On Kuria Island he had killed Hongdi to save me, and in consequence had been driven from a wife and good home. My acquaintance was worth nothing to him, but, on the contrary, was injurious to his welfare, and he had resolved to have nothing more to do with me.

This conclusion to a long reverie was not an agreeable one, for I was young then, and unused to the ways of strong-souled men of worldly wisdom who have ever "roughed it" through the vale of life. At first his conduct seemed another rude lesson for teaching me how to contend with human nature strongly developed; but after summoning to my aid the philosophy of indifference, I began to consider his conduct worthy of imitation. I learnt from it that I must be self-reliant, and push my way through the world alone, without depending for assistance upon others who have their own welfare to look after.

About an hour after Dave's arrival, two or three other canoes came off to the ship, and in one of them was the chief of the tribe from which I had escaped the evening before. He was accompanied by three or four others, whose features were familiar to me.

None of them appeared to recognize me.

Remembering the manner they had put off my inquiries about Dave, I had the curiosity of learning what they would now have to say about him, when properly examined in their own language by Dave himself.

I called Dave and requested him to ask the chief if he knew anything of the man who came with me in the canoe on the day I fell into his hands. The old chief threw his features into an expression of profound surprise, and the question had to be repeated.

In answer to the question, the chief emphatically declared that he had never before seen me.

He was then wearing the clothes which he had taken from me with his own hands, guided by the sight of his own eyes. His answer was evidence to me of the exist-

ence of a prince of darkness, for nothing but an inspiration from some great and eternal power could have dictated it. A further examination of this wonderful being might have been amusing, but I had heard enough. The light of his genius was too brilliant. It was dangerous, and I troubled him no more.

Having been all night without sleep, I was allowed by the second officer to go below, and have a nap; and so long did my slumber continue, that the sun was low in the west when I awoke, and came on deck.

The natives were just leaving the ship, and I saw that the first canoe that had started for the shore was the one in which I had reached the vessel.

It was manned by Dave and a native woman. My former companion had undoubtedly taken another wife, and had certainly taken his own canoe. It was his own, and I could have made no reasonable objection to his taking it, for he had lost the canoe in assisting me; but why did he not speak to me about it? Then came the reflection that it was my duty to have offered it to him, but I had forgotten to do so, and such being the case, he had a right to act for himself.

The fact was Dave had lived so long on the islands, that he had acquired much of the rude common sense of the natives, and in a few years more of such experience, I thought he would be able to succeed as a politician, should he ever turn statesman in any enlightened land.

Early the next morning we hove the anchor, got the ship under way, and left the island of Taputeunwa, which I hoped never to see again.

The *Eliza Kellick* had been about two years in the Pacific, and was nearly ready to go home, having in nearly a full cargo. We sailed north, and met with but few incidents giving interest to slow-moving time.

The real life of a sailor had not so many attractions as I once fancied it to possess.

I did not like getting up at four o'clock in the morning, and never being at any time, night or day, able to have but four hours' sleep at one time. I did not like washing down decks or "tarring down rigging."

The harsh voice of command was not music, and too often my meditations in the broiling sun; when in the "bird's-nest," were far from being of that calm and peaceful nature that fills the soul with happiness.

I was fast acquiring a discontented mind. I had been anxious to leave Drummond's Island, yet before being a week at sea, regretted having done so, and was as anxious to try an island life once more.

I fancied that a home was to be found on some island where happiness would certainly be with the present, and not in the future—where I should find a companion lovely as Lowane, as loving as Mili, and where no such a being as Hongdi would bring me misfortune.

At Kuria Dave had been a person of considerable importance, and was living a life that the majority of mankind might envy. Such also seemed the case with him on the island we had just left. Why could I not live like him? His life was far more agreeable than that of a sailor, or of any distinguished individual, such as my parents once wished to make of me.

I deem it necessary for the reader to be informed of some of the fickle fancies that filled my mind, or otherwise he will be unable to understand the cause of my wanderings and the real nature of my discontent.

My troubles were caused by the want of some fixed purpose to accomplish.

Without this our time and energies are squandered, and our thoughts become vagrant for the want of some proper employment.

Such was the case with mine, and this is the only explanation I can give of actions inconsistent with common sense.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CAPTAIN COOK, ETC.

ABOUT two weeks after leaving Drummond's Island, we ran into Karakahua Bay, in the island of Hawaii. Hawaii, or Owhyee, as it was called by Cook, is the largest of the Hawaiian or Sandwich Island group.

It is eighty-eight miles long, and seventy-three miles in breadth—containing about four thousand square miles.

The Sandwich Islands were so called by Captain Cook in honour of the Earl of Sandwich, First Lord of the Admiralty at the time they were visited by that renowned navigator.

There is much evidence to believe that these islands had been visited by other European people, before their so-called discovery by Captain Cook.

It is unreasonable to believe that Cook was unprovided with Anson's charts, in which a cluster of islands, with their Spanish names, were delineated, which, from their position on the charts, must represent the Hawaiian group; yet Cook in his journal has not acknowledged any assistance from the labours of others.

I had not signed articles on the *Eliza Kettick*, and was therefore free to leave the vessel whenever I pleased, but after landing in Karakahua Bay I saw that Hawaii was not such a home as I required. The people had a circulating medium of silver, written laws, and a constitution. Many of them spoke English. They were too civilized, and I saw the necessity of moving on.

The day after anchoring in the bay, I went with some of my companions to see the place where Captain Cook was killed. Some of the natives pointed out the spot where it is said that he fell, and near by it was the stump of a cocoa-nut tree under which the captain died. I have heard that a portion of the top of this tree is now to be

seen in the museum of Greenwich Hospital. On the stump of the tree is the following inscription :—



Near this spot
Fell
Captain James Cook, R.N.,
the
Renowned Circumnavigator,
who
Discovered these Islands,
A.D. 1778.
His Majesty's Ship
IMOGENE,
October, 17th, 1837.

The native historians of the island do not agree with the English account of the affray that led to the death of Captain Cook. The commonly received opinion amongst Englishmen is that Captain Cook was murdered, but justice to the natives forbids so strong an expression for the unfortunate affair that led to his death.

Admiration for his many noble qualities, and pity for his fate, amongst his countrymen and other commercial nations, have prevented the many faults of Captain Cook from appearing before the majority of the reading public. The death of Cook gave the people of Europe and America, for many years, a very bad opinion of the Hawaiians ; but it was undeserved, for they had acted under provocation such as human nature could not withstand.

Thieving or insolence was punished by Cook without the slightest distinction between the guilty and innocent.

No attention was paid to the complaints of the natives for the treatment of their women.

The natives were not paid for the greater part of the food they were required to supply.

Their religion, and its priests, were insulted, and their temples desecrated.

An attempt was made, without a shadow of justice, for carrying off and imprisoning their king, but all this might not have led to any serious disturbance with these peaceful and much-forgiving people, had not one of their principal chiefs been wantonly murdered by some men in one of the English boats.

They suffered much and long, for they were under the belief that Cook was *Lono*, a god, but they were at last driven to that point where "forbearance ceases to be a virtue."

The greatest crime of the islanders at the time of Cook's visit was that of pilfering, and for this he punished the guilty and innocent.

For the loss of some property, an officer under Cook, when unable to recover it, or catch the thief, took a canoe belonging to a chief named Palea, who justly denied all knowledge of the robbery from the whites. In trying to recover this canoe the chief was knocked down by one of the men in the boats. In revenge for the blow and loss of his canoe, Palea, in the night, took a cutter belonging to the ship *Discovery*.

This led to the affray in which the captain lost his life.

The native account says that "the captain demanded that the king should obtain and restore the boat, but this could not be done, for it had been demolished by the natives for the sake of its iron. Captain Cook went on shore with a party of armed men to fetch the king on board his ship, and detain him there until the boat should be restored. While he was endeavouring to accomplish this object, Kekuhaupio crossed the bay from Keeia to Kaawaloa, accompanied by Kalimu, another chief, in a separate canoe. They were fired upon from the ship, and Kalimu was killed."

For this wanton outrage the natives very naturally sought revenge, and a *mêlée* ensued, in which Cook was killed by a native named Kalaimano Kahoowaha, a chief, who stabbed the captain with a dagger that he had purchased on the ship. The weapon entered the back, close to a shoulder-blade, and passed through the body.

A translation from the Hawaiian history further states that "the king then presented the body of the captain in sacrifice, and after that ceremony was performed, proceeded to remove the flesh from the bones, to preserve them. The flesh was consumed with fire. The heart was eaten by some children, who had mistaken it for that of a

dog. Some of the bones of the captain were returned to the ship, and the rest preserved by the priests and worshipped."

In the Karakahua district, as well as in all other parts of the Hawaiian islands, Government schools are established, and nearly all the inhabitants, old and young, have received some education. Accidentally meeting with a teacher of one of these schools, I learnt that he was from my town, and his family name was familiar to me. He gave me much information concerning the labours of the missionaries and other affairs of the island which I was somewhat surprised to hear.

He told me that nearly four hundred public schools had been established in the kingdom, and that half the population were able to read. The Old and New Testament, besides about seventy other works, had been translated into, and published in, the Hawaiian language. He informed me the language is copious and expressive, although its alphabet contains but twelve letters.

Four days after our anchor was dropped in Karakahua bay it was again heaved, and the *Eliza Kellick* again danced on the bosom of the sea.

I left the bay in the vessel, and, like all the rest aboard, had some object in doing so. The others were following an employment for money, but I was in the ship for the purpose of going somewhere for something—I knew not what, but had bright hopes of finding it.

The ship was now put on the course for Honolulu, and as soon as this became known amongst the crew, there was much growling at the delay a visit to that port would make. They were anxious to complete the lading of the ship and go home without more cruising about from one civilized port to another for the purpose of the captain obtaining letters from his wife. In the afternoon of the day after leaving Hawaii, we saw the barren mountains of Oahu, and the next morning, when I turned out at eight bells, the town of Honolulu was before me.

I went ashore and was surprised to find myself in a fine city, with neat and clean streets. In place of a collection of bamboo huts I saw many fine buildings of coral.

There were other sights telling me that I had again reached a land of supposed civilization. White women, supposed to be intelligent and refined, were seen in the streets with parasols, gloves, ribbons, flounces, and a thousand other evidences of vanity.

So far as good sense and taste were concerned these gaudily dressed creatures contrasted unfavourably with the native belles, many of whom were strolling leisurely through the streets—decently yet sensibly dressed to suit the clime. The one article of dress enclosing their bodies was loose and comfortable, and in place of wearing useless ridiculous-looking bonnets, some of them were wearing wreaths of fragrant flowers, and others Panama hats.

There was not in all cases a pecuniary cause for this difference of “headgear” between the native girls and the English, French, and American women, for I noticed that many of the Panama hats worn by the former were of very fine material, and must have cost much more money than the gaudy, flimsy, useless bonnets, seen in the shop windows and on the heads of the white women.

CHAPTER XXV.

I MEET AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

CONSISTENT in my inconstancy of purpose, I did not return to the *Eliza Kellick*, but allowed her to sail, leaving me in Honolulu. That city was so abominably civilized that food and clothing could not be obtained in it without something in consideration. This state of society being too unpleasant and inconvenient to be long endured, I left the city for the purpose of exploring, developing, and consuming the natural resources of the country. My journey was towards Nuanu Valley, and was continued for about five hours, by which time I became weary, and wished it had never been begun. A

brief conflict then took place between my mental and physical organizations. A change of will or purpose (the curse of my existence) urged me to return to the city and find a ship, but having walked many miles, I was physically indisposed for indulging that fancy for the present, and averse to further locomotion in any direction.

Near me was a field in which an old man and three women had been working, but were resting from their toil for the purpose of forming an acquaintance with my appearance.

Two of them—the man and woman—appeared too old for any laborious occupation, and the other women too young, vain, beautiful, and lazy. They all seemed grateful that my advent had given them an excuse for suspending their labour.

It was a favourable opportunity for an introduction, and I seized it by entering the field and going up to them.

The sun was just disappearing behind the hills at the time, and the old man and woman gave me the same salutation that a London snob would have done at the same hour. They said, "Good morning."

They could all talk a little English, and seemed disposed to make as much of that little as possible. I was invited to the house, which was near by, and on reaching it was refreshed by a cocoanut and a pleasant look from the young lady who gave it to me.

While the girls were engaged in preparing supper, I was asked what sort of poi I preferred, and, not knowing, confessed my ignorance like a youth of wisdom.

A large dish of poi was placed in the centre of the room, and we all gathered around it. I was informed that, out of consideration to me, they had prepared "one-finger poi;" two-finger and three-finger poi being more difficult to manage for those who have not acquired the art of poi eating after the manner of Hawaiians. One-finger poi is like thick stirabout, and with a little skill a mouthful may be huddled with one finger. Two-finger poi is more diluted with water, and is generally preferred. Three-finger poi should properly be called five-fingered, for it is so thin

that the whole hand is required in eating it. Poi is made of taro (*Arum esculentum*), by being beat to a paste, and then cooked with water.

At the dish of poi I sat between the two young ladies, and one of them, saying to me, "I show you," dipped the forefinger of her right hand (which in the Sandwich Islands is called the poi finger) into the dish, and with a quick revolving motion of the hand transferred about a spoonful of the poi to her mouth.

After making two or three unsuccessful attempts at imitating her, I succeeded to the admiration of all, and made a hearty supper.

The two young ladies were daughters of the old couple, and children of their old age. The old man during the evening told me with a sigh that they wished to marry and leave him, and from the appearance of the young ladies I was not the least surprised at the communication.

The next morning, when they turned out to work at the taro patch, I took the old lady's hoe and made her stay at home. For three days I studied native character and habits, and that branch of agriculture relating to the cultivation of taro. Having acquired all the knowledge of these subjects I was likely to attain, and having obtained a greater command of skill in the eating of poi than what I had of appetite, I was ready to leave.

The desire to go was greatly augmented by a wish of the old gentleman, which was at first delicately implied, and afterwards plainly expressed.

He offered me my choice of the girls for a wife, on condition that I should make his house my home.

I had heard of fathers who would not give their daughters to any man unable to provide them with a home, but this man's greatest trouble was that his daughters would marry some one able to support them, and that they would be kept from his society.

This peculiarity of my host told me that although he could talk English and read a little in his Bible—that notwithstanding his knowledge and practice of Christian principles, he was but a savage—an uncivilized and unen-

lightened being. Unlike many others, I neglected the opportunity of teaching him wisdom, and early the next morning, after receiving a pressing invitation from him and the old woman to make a choice of the two girls and commit matrimony, I started for Honolulu.

The day after reaching the city I became unwell of a disease that threatened me with death unless something was soon administered for my relief. My complaint was hunger, and having often heard and read of its fatal consequences if neglected, I exerted myself in seeking a remedy.

I saw the "Hôtel de France," a comfortable building with a cool verandah and a yard full of shade trees, and several other places where persons afflicted with my disease could have their wants supplied, but the proprietors of those places required money from those who patronized them, and I had none to give.

The slightest exertion of the intellect induced me to look for a ship, and I went to a shipping office.

A small brig was to sail the next day on a trading voyage to the west, and I came out of the office highly delighted at having left an autograph on the articles, wherein I was enrolled as an able seaman.

The vessel was owned and commanded by a man named Morse, formerly from New York, but now a cosmopolite with one idea, and that the determination to make money.

The brig was to sail early the next morning, and I went off to it about nine o'clock in the evening. Before being ten minutes aboard I learnt that I had entered a school where some knowledge of the language and peculiarities of every people on earth could be learnt. From the appearance of the crew, I formed the opinion that each of the vessels of different nations that had called at Honolulu for the last six months had left behind some one of the crew whose society would no longer be endured by his messmates, and that those thus left had all shipped aboard the brig. To such a crew were added two Kanakas, or Hawaiians, who from their appearance were leaving their country from the patriotic motive of improving its

moral and social condition. The next morning we were roused up early to get the brig under way, and the first orders I heard were given in a familiar voice.

I turned round, and before me stood Mr. Jenkins ; and from the duty he was performing I saw that he was first officer.

He had given me an unpleasant look at parting, on the *Mary Hart*, but he seemed delighted at seeing me now ; and I well understood the cause of his plainly apparent joy. Neither of us spoke.

I glanced from Mr. Jenkins to the shore, and the wish to escape was followed by a twinge of despair. I must sail with him again. The anchor was weighed, but it was no heavier than seemed my heart.

The sails were set, and the brig moved out.

“ Away, away, it onward flies
O'er coral groves—'neath summer skies.”

CHAPTER XXVI.

A SINGULAR DEATH.

FROM Mr. Jenkins I had no explanation of his appearance on the brig (which was called the *Wedding Ring*), and I could only surmise that the *Mary Hart* had called at Hawaii before me, and that he, through some misunderstanding with Captain Hart, had left the ship. This supposition I afterwards learned to be correct, and that the misunderstanding between them was partly caused by the captain's suspicions that his mate had made an attempt to kill or injure me. This was more fuel to Mr. Jenkins's animosity ; and although I did not know this at the time, I felt my situation on the brig a very unpleasant one, for he was now first officer of a crew of bad men, on a vessel bound to ports where legal redress for any wrong would be difficult to attain.

One of the men in the watch to which I belonged was a native of Portugal, and was one of the least ruffianly men in the ship. I formed a better opinion of him than of any of the others, for the reason that he quietly performed his duties; and at his meals, and on all other occasions, he was not constantly amusing or annoying his companions by the loud utterance of obscene and profane language, like most of the others. He was a melancholy man, apparently suffering under the infliction of some great sorrow. His thoughts were never with the present, and no one knew where they were, for he never said enough to give us any information on the subject. Judging from his appearance, he was ever contemplating the horrors of future punishment, with a vivid imagination of what the punishment might consist of.

The second night we were out, the watch to which I belonged turned in at twelve o'clock, and the Portuguese, whom we called Anto, sought repose with the rest of us, but for some reason did not find it. I had noticed the night before that he was very restless in his sleep—moaning, sighing, and throwing his hands about in a manner that prevented me from getting more than half an hour of sleep out of the four to which I was entitled.

The second night, on falling into a slumber, he behaved a little better, and I went to sleep with the hope of being no more disturbed by him.

I had been sleeping, perhaps, half an hour, when I was suddenly awakened by one of the most horrid shrieks that ever broke the silence of deep repose. The yells uttered by old Fury in the height of his passion; the screams of Mili when suffering the brutal beating that caused her death; or any of the ear-splitting, soul-startling sounds I ever heard—were mild and soothing compared with the yell that broke my slumber that night.

Instinctively I sprang up in my bunk, and staring wildly around, saw my messmates in a similar position and equally alarmed with myself.

"What is up, you yelling idiot?" exclaimed one of the men, speaking to Anto, who was sitting up in his bunk,

with his eyes rolling wildly, and his hair trying to escape from his head.

"Nothing," exclaimed Anto, slowly recovering from his fright; "I was only dreaming."

"Yes, only dreaming that old Nick was taking him away by the hair," said one of the crew.

"An if iver I pray, it shall be for ould Nick, as ye politely call him, to do that same," exclaimed an Irishman; "and if he wud do it now, we might arterward's have a little slape."

"The scoundrel has killed his mother, and pawned her clothes for grog," said another, "and he can't sleep now for a guilty conscience."

After Anto had expressed much regret for having disturbed us, he was told that he would be thrown overboard if he awoke us again, and all once more tried to sleep.

Anto's regrets could not have been very sincere—at least they did not trouble him long—for, in less than five minutes after, he commenced talking in his mother tongue.

We knew that he was sleeping, for when awake he was ever silent.

At first, from the tones of his voice, he seemed uttering threats and maledictions—then would come a moment of silence, followed by a deep moan—then his hands and feet would be thrown about as though he was in the centre of a "free fight." This performance was followed by more moans and supplications.

Hissing a horrible oath, the Irishman got out of his bunk, and was followed by three or four others.

I arose in my bunk to see what they were going to do, but was unwilling to interfere, for I believed they would not harm the man; and moreover, wishing to sleep, I was willing that something should be done to make him quiet.

The first thing the Irishman did was to get hold of Anto's knife, which was lying by his pillow, and throw it on the floor.

Anto was then seized by two or three of them. Then came another yell, loud and prolonged.

It was a combination of sounds—a triple-twisted chord

of sound—like the mingling of a steam whistle, the yell of a peacock, and the scream of a cockatoo.

Anto awoke from his sleep, and I could see nearly the entire orbs of his eyes as they projected from his head.

He saw his assailants, but evidently did not recognize them in his fright, for the scream was reproduced with stunning effect.

Anto was dragged on deck, and I followed, expecting to see a row with the officers and men.

As I reached the deck, the captain and Mr. Jenkins were demanding an explanation of the tumult.

"This divil scrames so in his slape," answered the Irishman, "that he kapes us all awake. We won't have him below, at all, at all. He wud kape awake a wax figure of the Slaping Beauty."

"He seems quiet enough now, anyhow," said the captain, bending over Anto, who was lying on the deck. "What have you been doing to him?"

"Nothing but bringing him up handsomely, and laying him down gently," answered one of the crew.

The captain took hold of one of Anto's hands, and felt his pulse. He then placed his hand over the man's heart, and, after holding it there for a moment, exclaimed,—

"The man is dead! You have killed him!"

The men declared that they had used no more violence than was necessary to bring him up, and that he had made no resistance.

The captain then called for a light, and, with the assistance of Mr. Jenkins, proceeded to examine the body for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the man's death.

They took hold of his head and learnt that his neck was not broken, and could find no marks of violence on his body.

"I can till ye why he died," said the Irishman, "He scramed himself to death. I know he nearly killed me, and I'm stronger than him."

This explanation was apparently satisfactory, for no further investigation of the man's death was made.

The watch was then ordered below, and a few minutes after all seemed sleeping except myself.

The next morning we threw Anto overboard. Ever since then I have had a prejudice against people who cannot sleep quietly, for this incident awoke in my mind a spirit of inquiry that led me to investigate, or make observations on, the philosophy of sleep.

The result of my investigations I shall not give here, for the reason that I am writing a history of my life, and not a treatise on any philosophical subject.

It is enough for me to say that I have learnt to respect those to whom sleep is a period of calm and sweet repose, and to beware of those to whom it is but a "vile unrest."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE STOLEN DINNER.

SEVERAL days had passed and nothing interesting transpired.

Every one, including Mr. Jenkins, behaved much better than from their first appearance seemed possible.

The fact was, being bad men, they were all cowardly, and were instinctively afraid of each other.

I could see that Mr. Jenkins was only amusing himself with the anticipation of troubling me some time. He was keeping his revenge, on the same principle that he would "cherry bounce"—to improve its quality and enjoy it the more when it should be taken.

Aware of this, I kept on my best behaviour, with the determination that when a row did take place between us, I could act in self-defence with a clear conscience.

If every one would do this, there would be but very little wisdom required in governing a nation.

Notwithstanding the determination of Captain Morse to make money, he evidently did not intend to acquire it at the expense of self-denial.

Every luxury to be procured in Honolulu was placed each day on his table, and he freely indulged in the use of them all. Some of the crew declared that he was living well at their expense—that too much of the money paid out for ship stores had been expended for the cabin, to the injury or prejudice of the crew.

With such a crew and on such a voyage, this belief could not exist without a row.

The ship seemed to be bound anywhere ; and the prospect of a prison at the end of the passage had no fear for them.

The officers were not many, and could be prevented from murdering all hands, should the men act together, and assist each other.

On one subject they could think and act in concert, and that was in procuring more and better food than they were allowed.

One day they managed to awaken sufficient courage to form a procession and march aft.

The Irishman, whose name was Cassidy, led the way, bearing in his hands a kid of rice that had been a little burnt in cooking.

“Avast, there !” shouted Mr. Jenkins, as he saw the men starting aft. “Go forward, or I’ll thrash every soul of you with a capstan bar !”

The men paused, and the mate coming forward to the waist, demanded what they wanted.

“Something to ate,” answered Cassidy. “Do you call this food for Christians ?”

“Yes.”

“Then we are bastes that must have something else,” said the Irishman, as he threw the kid and its contents into the sea.

For this act the man should have been knocked down, but Mr. Jenkins merely smiled, and exclaimed, “You have been served with a dinner—all you will get, and I don’t care a d—— what you do with it.”

Captain Morse then made his appearance on the deck, and the men were ordered to their duty.

"Give us some dinner!" cried one.

"We can't work without food," said another.

"No, nor we won't, whether we can or not!" said one of the men amongst the group.

"Who was that? Who spoke last?"

"I!" "I!" "I!" exclaimed several.

"Mutiny, by ——!" roared the captain, producing a Colt's revolver from beneath his linen jacket. "Mr. Jinkins, call the roll of the watch, and the first one who refuses to answer his name by stepping aside from the others, I'll shoot him!"

"John Fisher!" called out Mr. Jinkins.

One of the worst of the crew obeyed the summons by leaving the others and moving to the weather side.

"Williams!"

"Here, sir."

"Sutphen!"

"Ya, zar."

"Miranda!"

"Si, senor," answered a Chilean; and three more took their places by the side of Fisher.

"Cassidy!" "Brock!"

I took my place with the others, followed by the Irishman.

"Those two are the ringleaders," observed Mr. Jinkins to the captain, as we stepped forward to join our mess-mates. "The young one has been driven from one ship to my certain knowledge."

"Yes, and by your villany!" I indignantly exclaimed.

"Silence!" roared Captain Morse. "Another word, and I'll make the sun shine through you!"

Knowing that all accusations, explanations, and arguments at that time were worse than folly, I remained silent; but in my soul there was fast gathering a hatred for the man who had tried to injure me by telling a lie.

Guarding myself against the animosity of Jinkins, I had not joined the others in going aft with the kid of rice, nor had I made one word of complaint concerning it.

In place of being a ringleader of what the captain was

pleased to call a mutiny, I had not by word or deed taken any part in the affair.

After the cook had listened to a few oaths for having spoilt the men's dinner, and Cassidy and I had received a few words of warning from the captain, we were set to work.

During the day, I was much amused at hearing each one of the mutineers declare that had he been seconded by any of the others, he would not have given in, but that it was no use for one man to contend with half a dozen, all well armed.

A few days after this, the captain's dinner was stolen from the galley, during the momentary absence of the cook. This feat was performed by Cassidy, who, I believe, had a little more pluck than the others.

I was near the galley when this theft was committed, and to avoid having to give evidence against a shipmate, I tried to steal away unperceived by others.

Immediately on returning to the galley, the cook gave the alarm, and the whole deck, fore and aft, was in an uproar.

The dinner was in the hands of several of the crew, some of whom had run below to eat what they had been able to snatch unobserved by the officers. Captain Morse rushed on deck with a revolver in his hand, and the command for all hands to appear on deck was loudly given by Mr. Jenkins.

The crew were not mustered until the second officer had gone into the fore-castle and driven some of the men up.

Several of them made their appearance before the officers with their hands full of fruit-pie, which they continued eating in a defiant "what-do-we-care-for-you" manner, that nearly drove the captain frantic with rage.

The appearance of the officers and men gave warning of a wild fierce storm, not of the elements of water and air, but of human passions—a storm where life might not be wrecked in the white foam of breakers, but in the crimson flow of blood.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A STORM.

By the side of the captain stood Mr. Jenkins and the second officer.

The steward, who did not like scenes of excitement, made urgent business below and deserted them.

The captain and Mr. Jenkins would have been pleased to have seen the whole crew in irons, and then have had them well flogged ; but each of them had the discretion to know that there would be some difficulty in the accomplishment of their wishes.

Not wishing to rival the Eastern monarch who once ordered every one of his subjects, executive, civil, and military, to be beheaded, they had the wisdom not to undertake too much at once.

The captain, in his rage, spoke as though he had a knife in his throat, and asked if some one would tell him who stole the dinner from the galley.

"A hungry man," whispered Cassidy.

"A hungry man !" cried four or five of the crew simultaneously.

"Cassidy, step forward here," yelled the captain.

The man only moved his jaws in masticating his last piece of pie.

"Come forward, or, by —— ! I'll shoot you down !" shouted the captain, cocking the revolver.

Cassidy dodged behind two or three of his companions, and bolted into the fore-castle.

Uttering a horrible oath, the skipper was starting forward, when he was stopped by Mr. Jenkins with the words "Call Brock !" and my heart began kicking my ribs violently.

I knew that some serious trouble awaited me.

"Brock, come this way !" exclaimed the captain.

I walked aft, but not boldly, and I have pride in the

fact that, under the circumstances, I had the sense to feel much alarmed.

"Brock," said Captain Morse, when I had advanced to within two paces of where he was standing, "do you know who stole my dinner?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"Who was it?"

"I cannot tell you, sir."

"Do not say that, for you *can* tell me. Tell the truth, like a good boy, and say that you *will* not."

The captain's anger seemed to have suddenly subsided. His tone was like that of a father, "more in sorrow than in anger" reproving a favourite child. It frightened me.

"Say you *will* not tell me!" he continued; "do, now—there's a good fellow!"

I remained silent.

On each of the captain's cheeks was a white spot, about the size of a Spanish dollar. They grew lighter in colour as he said, in a tone soft and mild as a lover could use to the object of his folly, "Speak, will you!"

"I cannot tell you, sir," I again said.

I saw one of the captain's hands in motion, and then

* * * * *

I heard Mr. Jenkins say, "I am quite certain he is the thief, for I saw him stealing away from the galley."

"I think he's had enough, now," said the captain, "but to-morrow I'll flog him within an inch and a half of death. Let him be put under the long boat out of the way."

I was lying on the deck, and seemingly but half awake, yet I distinctly remember hearing the words above given, in voices that seemed to have travelled through much space to reach me.

I was then taken up by two or three, and carried a short distance. Had the wish that my position should be changed originated with myself, I might have got up and moved away; but as it did not, I let those who wished me removed be at the trouble attending the gratification of their wish.

I was more than half awake, for my mind was in a philosophical mood, and my memory of its ideas was perfect. While being gently laid on the deck, I congratulated myself on possessing the wisdom that enabled me to keep quiet, and let my shipmates carry me about.

When left to myself, I began making some inquiries into causes and their results.

Why was I allowed to sleep when Mr. Jenkins was on duty?

Why was I an object of care to my messmates? They were never so attentive before.

To assist the spirit of inquiry, I opened my eyes, and saw Cassidy being led out of the forecabin by Mr. Jenkins. His hands were pinioned, and he was followed by the captain, carrying the revolver.

While the second mate had guarded the deck, the other two officers had gone into the forecabin; and, rather than be shot, Cassidy had surrendered.

I could now fully understand all that had taken place. I had been knocked down by the captain, and had been nearly unconscious of what had afterwards transpired. The storm, so threatful in its gathering, had burst, and its only victim had been the one who had the least to do in creating it.

Believing that my services could be dispensed with for some time longer, I remained quiet, although perfectly able to get up and return to duty. I did not forget what the captain had said about flogging me within an inch and a half of death, and I was in no hurry to learn how he was going to do it.

Moreover, as the skipper was busy with Cassidy, I did not wish to distract his attention by forcing any other business upon it.

I was willing to suffer under the infliction of a little neglect.

"I've had my eyes on you and that youngster ever since the affair the other day," said the skipper to Cassidy, "and I'll serve you both out now; you for insolence and disobeying orders, and the other for stealing."

Mr. Jenkins now called the captain's attention to a bank of black clouds rolling up from the west.

I had before noticed that a stiff breeze was blowing, that the brig was plunging through the seas at a great speed, and that the spars were complaining of the duty they were required to perform.

"All hands reef topsails!" was then shouted by the captain.

I closed my eyes and remained quiet while my messmates went aloft to perform an unpleasant duty.

Cassidy and I were forgotten, while all others were busily employed in preparing for a violent gale, which, in a few minutes after, rushed over the rough face of the sea, throwing it into the most tumultuous excitement I had ever beheld it.

All was in a bustle and confusion for an hour, and at the end of that time darkness surrounded the brig, which was moving wildly through the sea under a close-reefed foretopsail.

Aided by the darkness, I managed to come out from under the boat and find the way to my berth undiscovered by the officers.

My head felt disagreeably heavy and strange, as though I had somehow managed to exchange my own for another much too large for me ; and putting my hand to it, I found the hair clotted with blood.

The captain had struck me with the butt of the revolver.

In the forecabin I found Cassidy, who asked me to untie his hands.

For a moment I hesitated, not liking to do anything deserving such treatment as I had received ; but then came the thought that I had been ill-treated after having made every exertion to do my duty and please the officers.

Good conduct and strict attention to duty on my part had not been appreciated ; and, resolving to act as I would be done by, I set Cassidy's hands at liberty.

After muttering a few curses about the rest of the crew, he went to sleep. I could not sleep. The angry shouts of the officers—the noise caused by the crew rushing about

on the deck, and the complaining of the timbers, as the vessel rolled and plunged through the heavy seas, told me that we were in a violent storm.

I would have gone on deck, and returned to duty, but was afraid, should the captain or Mr. Jenkins fall across me in their present humour, I might receive another blow.

Of such treatment as I had received from them "man wants but little here below;" and I remained in my bunk.

CHAPTER XXIX.

LOSS OF THE "WEDDING RING."

THE tumult above could not even keep me awake, and at last I slept.

My slumber could not have lasted more than hour, when I was awakened by hearing Cassidy exclaim, "What's that? Land on the lee?"

We both turned out, and endeavoured to crawl out of the fore-castle unobserved.

The grey light of coming day was around us, and the scene that met our gaze was fearfully majestic.

The seas were rolling high and angry, and the brig, although only under a tarpaulin, was rolling and leaping through them like a dolphin.

The deck bore the appearance of a wreck. The main-mast, longboat, and galley were gone; and Sutphen, the Hollander, whom I found clinging to the windlass, told me that Captain Morse and several of the crew had been swept over the lee bulwarks, and, of course, lost.

I would not, "with malice aforethought," be guilty of one wicked action of soul, but at hearing that the captain was gone, a brief irresistible feeling of satisfaction rushed

over my mind in shape of the thought that I had not now to obtain satisfaction for the cruel blow I had so unjustly received.

The brig was under the command of Mr. Jenkins, who, to do him justice, could act like a true sailor.

At the time I came on deck he was yelling out some orders for obtaining a little more control over the brig, evidently for the purpose of keeping it closer to the wind. We were making leeway fast, and a long low strip of land was not more than a mile from us. It extended far ahead on the lee bow, and the chances were much against our being able to weather it.

Alarmed at our position, I united my exertions with those of the weary crew, and Mr. Jenkins was obeyed more willingly than he had ever been before. All that man could do under the circumstances was done, for Jenkins proved himself a thorough seaman and a man of decision and energy.

But all our efforts were suspended by the cry of "*Land on the weather bow!*"

We had run into a cove exposed to the violence of the storm, and there was no hope of getting the brig away.

Mr. Jenkins gave orders to heave the lead and clear the cable for running out.

No good anchoring ground was found ; but, as we were fast driving on the shore, both anchors were dropped in ten fathoms of water.

As we feared, the anchors would not hold, and all hope of saving the brig was lost.

We had only to look after ourselves. As we were being driven in, a line of breakers was seen towards the shore, showing where the seas were breaking over a reef on which we must soon strike.

The distance from the reef to the shore was about one quarter of a mile, and the chances of making a safe landing were much against us. Just before reaching the reef, one of the anchors held, and the head of the brig was brought to the seaward. The chain then parted, and the next instant the brig was dashed stern foremost on the

reef, and a heavy sea broke over us, crushing the ship as easily as a cat breaks the bones of a mouse.

I do not believe that a ship was ever before broken to pieces so suddenly. The hull was in a hundred pieces in less than two minutes.

Being more afraid of pieces of the wreck than of the waves, I did not cling to any of them, but strove to retain the presence of mind to allow the seas to roll over me, and only try to respire when in the trough of the seas with my head above water. I was fortunate in being able to avoid the pieces of the wreck, which were being dashed about in a manner that might have done me a serious injury had I come in contact with them. Only one of my shipmates was near me. He was one of the Kanakas; and observing that he was taking the same plan for reaching the shore that I was following, the hope of being able to save myself became stronger, for I had heard that a Sandwich Island native never drowns.

When I had swum and drifted near the shore, I saw that the surf was breaking over blocks of stone, and not on a smooth sandy beach. Against the edges and points of these blocks there was every prospect of my being repeatedly dashed, until every bone in my body was broken—until I should be worn away.

We were close upon the shore, the Kanaka a little in advance; and I determined, if possible, to observe the manner in which he would try to land, in order to follow the same plan myself.

After a high wave had rolled over me, I saw the Hawaiian rising upon it, and then for a minute he was lost to my sight. When next I saw him he was by my side, having been brought back by the underflow, a corpse. He had been dashed against a rock, and blood and brains were flowing from his head. Another sea rolled over me, my feet touched bottom, and I plunged forward. Back came the flood that had rushed to the shore, and my efforts to resist it were not wholly unsuccessful; for after the force of the underflow had passed, I found my feet again on a rock, from which I sprang upwards, knowing that another wave must then be rolling up.

The wave was a high one, and I was carried upon its crest between two large boulders not more than four feet apart. The force of the wave was broken ; and as the water receded, I was gently laid on a large smooth rock, from which I hastily arose, and moved beyond the reach of another sea.

By presence of mind and strength of body, aided by great good fortune, I had safely reached the shore.

The Kanaka, without my good fortune, had probably been dashed against one of the boulders that had broken the force of the waves for me.

I trust there is no one who will accuse me of being afflicted with the curse of superstition, when I state that, mingled with gratitude to God for my deliverance, there was a belief that Providence had granted me a special dispensation of His mercy as some compensation for having been the "best abused man" aboard the *Wedding Ring*.

I had been an ill-treated boy aboard of that vessel ; and having a bad opinion of my shipmates, and a good opinion of myself, there was nothing strange in my thinking that Fortune had dealt out a little justice in enabling me to be the first one to reach the shore.

CHAPTER XXX.

GOING ASHORE.

PORTIONS of the wreck were drifting towards the shore, and clinging to them, I could see some of the crew as they rose on the crest of the waves.

As the darkest hour is said to be just before day, so their most dark and fearful moment was to come just as their hopes of being saved would be brightest—when near the shore.

There was but little difficulty in reaching the beach. The danger lay in landing—in keeping from being dashed against the rocks.

On a spar that was gradually approaching the shore I recognized Fisher and Sutphen. By each wave they were hurled nearer the place where their fate for life or death was to be decided.

I went as near them as I could, without danger of being carried away, and stood waiting to receive them: they were unfortunate in meeting each sea too soon, and were overwhelmed by the wave upon which they should have been thrown ashore. Being far enough in to be borne back by the underflow, they were again and again buried—the force of the back current bringing them under each sea as it broke on the shore; and I saw them drowned without being able to assist them.

Seeing several other men drowning near the shore, some distance to my right, I went to meet and give them assistance if possible.

The one nearest to the shore was Cassidy, floating on the bowsprit. He was drifting towards some rocks where to land would have been impossible; and to keep from being dashed against them he had to leave his support and struggle manfully with the waves. He had only to swim a distance of eight or ten feet to reach a point where he might be thrown upon a low and level shore; but, short as this distance was, great exertions had to be made in reaching it.

More fortunate than Fisher and Sutphen, he came in on the top of a wave, and was cast well on to the shore.

As the volume of water on which he came in was immense, he certainly would have been carried back, had I not run forward and seized hold of him.

By the time another wave came, I had dragged him six or eight feet from the place where he first struck.

The next wave was a low one, and Cassidy was safe.

He had received no injury, and, after shaking himself like a dog, was ready to assist me in saving others.

Lying among some driftwood and weeds, at high water-mark, was the body of a cocoa-nut tree that had died when young. It was about twenty feet in length, and, being light and easy to handle, we could use it in assisting others without endangering ourselves.

By using it we succeeded in saving Miranda the native of Chili, when for us to have seized hold of him would probably have resulted in our own destruction.

Near the same place where Miranda and Cassidy landed we saw three of the crew lost.

One of them was killed by being dashed against the rocks, and the other two were rolled over and over in the surf, being too much exhausted to help themselves when we tried to assist them.

We now had to go some distance along the beach to the left, where we saw three or four persons drifting ashore on pieces of the wreck.

These people we were unable to save, for the sea was dashing against perpendicular rocks, where it was impossible for them to land. It was a cruel painful sight to see the angry roaring waves hurl them against the rocks but a few feet beneath us, while we were powerless to aid them.

From the place where we were standing many pieces of the wreck could be seen, but on none of them could we distinguish any of our shipmates; and we sat down in silence, gazing on a scene beautiful, majestic, and horrible.

There was beauty in the verdant groves, awe-inspiring grandeur in the angry floods that came thundering on the shore, and horror in the knowledge that they were dashing three of our companions against the rock on which we were sitting.

Above the loud roaring of the sea we heard a shout beneath us. It was not a cry of despair, a wild call for mercy from above, or a frantic yell of fear at the near approach of the King of Terrors, but a demand for aid.

We had thought that the three men were dead; but, looking over the brink, we saw one of the crew, Williams, a Welshman, still struggling beneath us.

Never shall I forget the sight. Blood was flowing from his mangled body as fast as the flowing sea could wash it away. We could only catch a glance of him but for a moment, when he would again be buried from our sight in the mist and spray of a shattered wave, that would dash

itself into millions of fragments against the unyielding wall that blocked its way.

Williams was a wonderful man, or the combination of circumstances that allowed him to live so long in that boiling seething sea, when crushed and mangled as he must have been by being often hurled against the rock, was something very remarkable.

For three or four times when a flood of water would retire from the rock, as though for the purpose of gathering body and strength for another assault, we could see Williams still struggling. He sank at last, but I believe not until both arms and legs were broken, and he could move no more.

In place of being filled with gratitude for the manner I had escaped a death as fearful as I had witnessed with some of my companions, my soul was again filled with thoughts such as man should never know.

The idea that I should never meet Mr. Jenkins again in life was not displeasing ; but, on the contrary, I had the shameful cowardly satisfaction of thinking—even hoping—that he would never have an opportunity of displaying his ill-will towards me again.

“It is all right now,” thought I ; “for I never could have been happy while that man was living. I should always have been under the curse of knowing that there was due to him a debt that never would be paid. I should ever have been tempted by the desire to commit a murder.”

I wished to live in peace and goodwill towards all men, but could not do so while Mr. Jenkins was living ; for he had injured me, and I could not forget. If he was dead the account was settled, and I felt relieved from **the** weight of a heavy obligation.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NOT DEAD YET !

AFTER we had sat for more than an hour watching pieces of the wreck, with the hope that we might see some one to assist, I proposed to my companions that we should walk along the shore on the west side of the cove, where we might find some one or something to save.

They consented, and we proceeded along the shore, passing the places where I had been thrown ashore and where I had saved Cassidy.

The gale had now subsided, and the sun was shining brightly as it rose to its meridian height.

We passed around the curve of the shore to the western side of the cove, and on the way dragged from the surf a maintopsail, but slightly attached to a yard.

This we spread on some rocks to dry, and passed on.

Soon after we heard a human voice over the cliff, and beneath us, and gazing over the brink, we saw—Mr. Jinkins.

He had landed on a narrow ledge wholly surrounded by the sea, and a wall about ten feet high, and nearly perpendicular. The face of the wall was not smooth, and its inequalities had given him the hope of climbing it.

This hope had not been easily relinquished, for I saw that the ends of his fingers were raw and bleeding with his efforts to climb the side of the wall.

“For God’s sake, boys, help me out of this as soon as possible!” exclaimed Mr. Jinkins, “I shall go mad if I have to stay here much longer?”

“Caramba!” hissed Miranda. “Come out you shall when the birds take you ; I help you nothing !”

“Is that the bould Mr. Jinkins, the plisint jintlemanly first mate?” asked Cassidy. “You wud not tie my hands now, wud ye, whin no wan is hauldin’ a pistal ta me head, and thin give me a kick far lettin’ ye do so quietly ?

It's a big stone I'd like to be afther dhroppin' on yer head now !”

“I dislike him as much as either of you,” said I : “but we must not leave him there. How shall we get him out ?”

Miranda declared that he would not assist in getting the man out at all ; that Jenkins had struck him the night before without the slightest reason for doing so ; and that to assist in rescuing the man now would be acting in opposition to the will of God, who had placed him there. He stated that he had prayed to the Holy Virgin that the first mate might be visited by some unmistakable evidence of God's displeasure at his conduct.

The Chileno declared that, as the Virgin had granted his prayer, he would do nothing to counteract its result.

Cassidy then told me that if I would go and get a rope, he would assist me in getting the mate out of his prison.

I hurried away to the place where we had found the sail, and obtained a piece of rope without any difficulty.

Had Mr. Jenkins been my dearest friend I could have made no greater haste in getting back ; yet, on returning, I had to listen to a few curses from him for being so long away. I did not blame him for this, for I could make much allowance for impatience in his position ; since, added to many other slight injuries, he told us that one of his legs was broken.

Cassidy held one end of the rope, while I went down on the other.

After bending the line in a close bowline under Mr. Jenkins's arms, I went up to assist Cassidy in drawing him up. The broken limb was very painful, and while we were hoisting him up, he uttered many curses and complaints.

These so exasperated the Irishman that he threatened to kick Mr. Jenkins over the brink, and there let him starve.

After we had placed the wounded man under the shade of a tree, we proceeded to examine him, and found that one of his legs was certainly broken a little above the

knee ; and, at his urgent request, Cassidy undertook the task of "setting" it.

We placed Mr. Jenkins fairly on his back, and then noticed that the broken leg was about three inches shorter than the other.

"I'll tell ye my only plan," said Cassidy, "an' if ye think it will do, I'll thry it. I shall haul on the broken leg until it is as long as the other ; make it straight, and thin lave it. Will that do ?"

"Yes, yes ; do the best you can, but be d — d quick about it?" exclaimed the mate. "Don't torture me longer than necessary."

Cassidy then directed me to sit down at the back of the mate's head, and hold him by the shoulders.

I complied, and he then sat down, and taking hold of the broken leg by the ankle, began to pull.

Cassidy was a strong man, and Jenkins and myself were both dragged forward without the leg being stretched to its proper length.

This plan having failed, Cassidy adopted another. He took the rope, aud, making one end fast around Mr. Jenkins's body, close under his arms, he fastened the other, after taking up all the slack, to the tree that was sheltering us from the sun.

Both of us then took hold of the broken leg, and pulled until it was stretched to the proper length, and we then actually heard the fractured bone assume its natural position. Cassidy then kept Mr. Jenkins quiet until I ran to the place where we found the sail. There I picked up some pieces of a broken box, and another piece of sail.

With these we bandaged up the leg, and then, at Mr. Jenkins's urgent request, went in search of water, as he was suffering from a raging thirst.

During the time we were engaged with the mates, Miranda sat in sullen silence near by, and never offered us the least assistance.

He accompanied us in our search for water, and as we had already crossed the lowest part of the valley, and seen no running stream, we started to cross a range of high

hills to the west, with the hope of finding fresh water in the valley beyond. Before going two hundred yards, we found a small grove of cocoanut-trees.

Miranda ascended one of them, and before we had been gone ten minutes, I had returned to Mr. Jenkins with two cocoanuts.

While I was removing the husk from one of them for him, he was again cursing me for my long absence.

Cassidy and the Chileno did not return with me, but went on over the hill in search of water. They did not return until near sunset, and then gave a glowing description of the place they had visited on the other side of the island. They had seen a beautiful valley, crossed by a stream of clear cool water, and clothed by many varieties of fruit trees.

During the time they were absent, I had passed the time in gathering some dry leaves for the purpose of making a bed for Mr. Jenkins. These I had spread on the ground near where he was lying, and over them, on two studding-sail booms picked up from the wreck, I had spread the maintopsail, which had thoroughly dried in the hot sun, where we had spread it on the rocks.

I had fashioned the sail into a very comfortable little tent, and on the return of my companions, I asked Cassidy to assist me in placing the mate on the bed prepared for him.

After some real or well-feigned reluctance, he complied and, with much difficulty, we succeeded in moving Jenkins into the tent without injuring the broken limb.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VISIT TO THE WRECK.

AFTER we had removed Mr. Jenkins, Cassidy and Miranda set about preparing a lodging for themselves for the night ; and while they were thus employed, I went again to the cocoanut grove, knowing that the mate, in his feverish state, would be thirsty during the night.

By the time I had succeeded in obtaining three or four nuts it was quite dark, and, short as was the distance to the tent, I had some difficulty in finding it. Cassidy and Miranda had turned down for the night in a little grove about a hundred yards away.

After telling Jenkins whenever he wished for a drink to call me, I lay down under a tree near the tent, and, weary with the excitement and fatigue of the day, soon fell into a refreshing slumber.

Three times during the night I was awakened by the mate, and supplied his wants without making any reply to his curses for having to call two or three times before he could awaken me.

The next morning Cassidy and Miranda, after looking along the beach, and picking up a few little articles that had been washed ashore, declared their intention of taking up their abode on the other side of the island, and asked me to accompany them.

"But what shall we do with Jenkins?" I asked.

"Let him look after himself!" answered Cassidy. "Do you think he would trouble himself about you?"

I did not believe that Mr. Jenkins would, but, for all that, I was not willing to desert him.

Cassidy and Miranda were both bad men, and yet I will do them the justice to state that neither of them would probably have left the mate, had I not been there to remain with him. They would not have left him alone to starve, but did not hesitate leaving him in my care.

When Jenkins learnt that they were going to leave him, he ordered me to go with them.

"Go to —— with them!" he exclaimed, "I don't want you here! I hate the sight of you, and you know it! Why don't you leave me?"

"I shall not stay here through any friendship for you," I answered; "for I know that you are a bad man—that you once made a cowardly attempt to kill me, and that you tried to make Captain Morse believe that I stole his dinner! Had you really seen me leaving the galley at the time the dinner was stolen, as you told the captain you did, you should have been a witness in my favour, for you knew that I was innocent! Although knowing you to be a very bad man, I cannot leave you in this helpless condition! I do not promise to make any great exertions for making you as comfortable as even our limited means will allow, and therefore I shall not claim from you any gratitude. You are welcome to retain your ill-will towards me, for I'd rather have a bad man my enemy than my friend!"

He made no reply to this speech, but I could see that the mistaken pride in his soul was wounded at being placed by circumstances under any obligation to one whom he had tried to injure.

I could easily believe that the more I might do for him, the more he would hate me for extending or enlarging the obligation.

Before Cassidy and Miranda left me, we found the bodies of Fisher, Sutphen, and two Kanakas, and buried them.

After inviting me to cross the mountains and see them when I was weary of being servant to a man who should have been allowed to die on the rock where we found him, they departed.

I could not blame them much: and bad men as they were, I believe that had Mr. Jenkins ever treated them with the common civility that even the first officer of a vessel owes to the crew, they would not have deserted him.

Cassidy would certainly not have been entitled to the name of an Irishman had he acted as he did towards a man who had ever spoken to him in a proper manner.

At the time the brig had been driven into the cove, the storm and tide had been hurling sea after sea into its narrow basin, until the water within it was much higher than usual.

The sea was quiet now: the water had receded, and some of the points of the reef on which the brig had struck were plainly seen from the shore.

Most of the material that had once constituted *The Wedding Ring* was now lying high and dry on the shore. One fragment of the brig was a portion of the deck about fourteen feet in length and eight feet wide. With a little repair it would make a good raft, and with it I determined to visit the reef on which the brig had struck. I passed the afternoon in collecting topyards to lash around the edges of the raft, and in gathering light boards to strengthen and make it more buoyant. Determined on not neglecting my duty to Mr. Jinkins, I occasionally left my work and went to learn if he was in want of anything; and when I returned to him at sunset, I took him a nice soft pillow which had belonged to the captain.

I had picked it up early in the day, and placed it in the sun to dry.

Early the next morning I gave the mate a breakfast of breadfruit and cocoanut milk; and leaving a cocoanut by his side, I started for the shore, determined to visit the reef before my return.

The water in the cove was smooth, and without taking any trouble of strengthening the raft, I dragged it into water and set off. Ten minutes' work with an oar took me to the place where the brig had struck.

I found the reef to be about sixty feet broad, and in no place over it was the water more than ten feet deep, while points of rocks were to be seen out of the water from shore to shore across the cove.

I had no trouble in finding where the brig had gone to pieces, for a large portion of the bottom, containing the

stone ballast, was hanging on the points of the rocks where it had struck, and so clear and shallow was the water that many boxes and other things too heavy to float could be seen lying in the pockets and wells of the rock.

When the vessel had broken up, all that could float had drifted away, and what could not, had sunk under the lee of the portion of hulk containing the ballast, and protected by it from the rolling waves, had remained on the rocks. All across the reefs I could see at a depth of not more than ten or twelve feet, many articles which I resolved to obtain, and amongst them was the carpenter's tool chest.

Lying on some of the ballast that had been hove out of the bottom, I saw a box which I knew contained tins of preserved beef. I believed such to be its contents from having only a week before assisted the steward in getting a similar box out of the hold, and had learnt at the time what it contained. This box I determined to take ashore with me, and making a running bowline on the end of a rope, I went down and made it fast to the box, which, with some difficulty, I succeeded in landing on the raft.

Satisfied for the time with this prize, I started for the shore, where I broke open the box and found thirty-six hermetically sealed tin cans, each containing two pounds of preserved meat and vegetables. Reserving two for present use, I buried the rest in some loose sand by the side of a large rock, and then returned to the tent.

With the aid of my sheath knife and a stone, I opened one of the tins, and, with Mr. Jenkins, had a good dinner.

In the afternoon I was visited by Cassidy and Miranda.

They had crossed the mountain for the purpose of seeing if they could pick up anything along the shore that would be of any use to them; but an old "stun-sail," and a pair of blankets were all they found that in their opinion was worth taking away.

I proposed to them that we should try to recover some of the carpenter's tools, make a boat out of the wreck, and with it leave the island; but they declared that they were safer ashore than at sea in a bad boat without provisions;

and that they would stay on the island till taken off in some ship.

I was intending to tell them about my visit to the wreck, and share with them the tins of preserved meat, as well as my hopes of obtaining something more ; but I was prevented from doing so by the conduct of Miranda. He had lost his knife in coming ashore, and, under the pretence of wishing to use one for a moment, borrowed mine.

Immediately after getting it in his possession, he expressed himself as ready to go.

The idea then struck me that the man intended to walk off with my knife, and I refrained from saying or doing anything that might cause him to relinquish his intention.

As they were starting off I asked him if he intended to keep the knife, and he coolly informed me that he had borrowed it for that very purpose.

Had I not known that I could probably obtain a knife on the reef, that I could obtain the carpenter's tool chest, and many other things from the same place, and that I had already got some food that they would much like to have, I would have taken my knife from Miranda, or lost my life in the attempt.

The secret satisfaction of knowing, that for their villainy, I could punish them in a way they little dreamed of, made me willing that they should give me an excuse for withholding any communication I should otherwise have made them.

They departed, leaving me happy with the thought that they had lost far more in our interview than I had done, and that they had only themselves to blame for anything they might lose for not treating me as they should do.

I blamed Cassidy about the knife nearly as much as the other, for he seemed to think his companion had done a very clever feat in getting it.

I did not think so, for I had been taught to believe that nothing was ever gained by bad conduct ; and the belief that only fools are guilty of mean and dishonest actions, has since been strengthened by much experience with human nature where " life is earnest."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

PREPARATIONS FOR A VOYAGE.

THE next morning early, I again went off to the reef ; and being most anxious to obtain the carpenter's box, my attention was first devoted to that object. Prepared with a strong iron hook attached to a line, I was confident of being able to secure it. I found the box without any difficulty, and then went down, and put the hook on one of the beckets.

There was no trouble in drawing the box to the surface ; but, being unable to get it aboard the raft, I made fast the line and left it hanging astern, till I reached the shore. At this visit I passed nearly two hours on the reef, and amongst other things found a knife. I returned to the shore with a little cask of salt fish, a case of French brandy, and a small compass, which I thought might possibly be useful some time in leaving the island.

The tool box was taken with the raft to shallow water, and then dragged ashore by the line.

Fearing another visit from Cassidy and Miranda, I knocked the tool chest in pieces, for the purpose of obtaining the tools and hiding them.

I found in the box axes, saws, augers, and other tools that had the appearance of never having been used.

Believing that Cassidy and his companion would take from me anything they saw in my possession that they required, I wrapped the tools in a piece of canvas, and buried them in the sand with the case of brandy and cask of fish.

The remainder of the day, when not attending to Mr. Jenkins, I passed in collecting boards and timber along the shore.

Two or three days passed, in which I had but little to do. I feared to commence the work of building a boat, for the reason that the two bad men on the other side of

the island might receive more benefit from the work than I should do myself.

In one of my visits to the wreck I found, partly concealed by the ballast, two square boxes, with thongs of green bullock hide around them.

These were two of half a dozen boxes of money which I had heard were on the brig. Each contained two thousand Mexican dollars, and were to have been expended in obtaining a cargo.

Dollars were of no use to me then, but they might be some time ; and, as the work of getting the boxes ashore afforded me amusement, I performed it.

The care devoted to Mr. Jinkins—the pleasant tone in which I ever spoke to him, I fancied were producing some effect in subduing his enmity. Was I obtaining revenge—a noble Christian-like revenge—for the wrongs I had suffered ? Time would tell.

One day I walked over the mountain to see how Cassidy and Miranda were living ; but in making the visit, took nothing with me that I was unwilling to lose.

The two men were not to be found, but there was evidence for believing that they had left the island. On the banks of the running stream were many footprints, evidently made by native islanders. The cocoanut-trees had been stripped, and near the shore was a large pile of husks. The natives had come from some neighbouring island to gather nuts, and Cassidy and his companion had left the island with them. But why had they not given me an opportunity of escaping also ? The only reason I could give for this was, that they wished no trouble with Mr. Jinkins.

It was true they might have been taken away by force ; and if so, they would have been unable to give me warning of their departure.

I had some reasons for not being displeased at learning they were gone ; and, hoping never to see them again, I returned to the other side of the island.

The next day I commenced the work of building a boat. The two men whom I had feared were gone, and

there was no one left to rob me of my work when completed, or to take from me the tools with which I laboured.

Mr. Jenkins became tired of drinking cocoa-nut milk, and insisted on having water. The former was the most cool and refreshing, and should have been more agreeable to his taste than the latter; but he had learnt that no water could be procured without crossing the mountain, and the knowledge that the water cost me an hour and a half of hard work in going over the mountain to get it, made it taste sweet.

For eight weeks I was busy working at the boat and attending to Mr. Jenkins. I was busy from the first appearance of day until the darkness of night compelled me to leave off.

At the end of that time the boat was finished. It was not a beauty, but I liked it none the less for that.

A few days before it was finished, I made for Mr. Jenkins a pair of crutches, and each day he took a little exercise with them, as a preparation for a departure from the island. He had taken to pieces the little compass picked up on the reef, and by polishing the needle and oiling the pivot, had made it work well.

Two or three times since we had been on the island I had asked him where we were, and the only answer he had given was, that we were "close upon h—l."

Believing that he did not know where we were, or in which direction to go after leaving the island, I troubled him on this point no more.

The crew of the brig had been kept in ignorance of its position ever since leaving Honolulu; and I only knew that nearly all the time since leaving there its course had been west.

I determined that on getting to sea with Mr. Jenkins in the boat, I would be master and owner; and that, unless receiving from him some satisfactory reasons for doing otherwise, I would sail west, with hope of soon reaching one of the Philippine Islands.

My next work was laying in a supply of food and water

for the voyage. All the brandy bottles were emptied but two; and putting the empty bottles in a canvas bag, I went over the mountain and filled them with water. These were the lightest vessels I could find for bringing the water from so great a distance, for an iron kettle picked up on the reef, weighed about fifteen pounds when empty, and not more than twenty when filled. I would not carry that to and fro over the mountain.

Having obtained a supply of water, and gathered a quantity of fruit and cocoa-nuts, I told Mr. Jenkins that we would start the next day.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DESERTED.

THE next morning we were up early, and I went down to the boat—launched and moored it.

After putting in the two boxes of dollars for ballast, I put in the water, fruit, a sail, lines, and oars, and then went after Mr. Jenkins. I met him on the way down, and assisting him the rest of the way, helped him into the boat.

I then dug up the tins of preserved meat that I had been keeping for the voyage, and put them into the boat, as well as the two bottles of brandy and the axe. I then got in myself, and was just pushing off, when Mr. Jenkins exclaimed, "Stop! I've forgotten the compass."

"Where have you left it?" I asked, not the least annoyed at his carelessness. "I'll go and get it."

"It is wrapped in a piece of canvas, and under the pillow. I'm sorry to cause you so much trouble, and for my stupidity in forgetting it, I'll go for it myself."

The distance to where he had camped was about one quarter of a mile—a long distance to him on his crutches, but nothing to me, and without waiting to hear any more, I started off on a run for the compass.

I turned over the pillow, but could see no piece of can-

vas or compass. I turned over the leaves ; looked every where, but could not find the object of my search.

Could Mr. Jinkins have deceived me ? I glanced towards the boat. The mate had pushed off, and was pulling away from the shore.

For a moment I was nearly senseless with astonishment at the man's Satanic villany, and then rushed with all speed towards the place where he had embarked.

I reached the shore, but of course too late. Any attempt to overtake him would have been folly—even greater than that which allowed him the chance of deceiving me.

I was mad—wild and furiously mad—with disappointment and rage. The weeks of severe and patient toil I had endured in making the boat, had been so much time expended in the service of a base ungrateful villain.

How horrible were my sufferings, as I thought of the pleasure Mr. Jinkins would enjoy in contemplating the trick he had played me.

Whenever he would broach a cocoa-nut, he would smile at the idea that an enemy had gathered it for his especial benefit. Whenever he would take a drop of water, he would grin with satisfaction at the knowledge that I had procured it for him by a toilsome journey over a high mountain. Whenever he would take a drink of the brandy, of which he was very fond, I would be remembered with a smile. God only knows what mental anguish I suffered that day, not at having done wrong, for there is a pleasure in suffering from a guilty conscience. We know then that we deserve our punishment—that it is “physic to the soul,” and will do us good. But I was suffering from having done what I thought my duty. I had been as attentive to Mr. Jinkins as was possible under the circumstances.

During the long weeks he was lying helpless on his back, I had spoken to him in tones of kindness and friendship. If I had left him much alone, while engaged at building the boat, it was for his benefit as well as mine, and not against his wishes that I had done so.

I had tried to conquer him by kindness and attention, and had failed. I had placed him under some obligation to one he disliked, and had increased his hatred towards me. Cassidy and Miranda had neglected and deserted him, yet it is doubtful if he could have served them in the heartless manner he had treated me. I believe now, that he respected them for having left him, and despised me for not knowing how to treat an enemy.

If ever I sinned in thought, it was on that day.

All I wished for here, or hereafter, was the pleasure of meeting Mr. Jenkins once more.

If in the violent storm of human passions so vehemently awakened, I made an earnest appeal for Heaven to grant me the joy of meeting him again, I trust that the cause of my sin may not be forgotten.

I had thought that Cassidy and Miranda were bad men, but they were not, when compared with Jenkins. They would have been true to those who had acted well towards them. They would not have been guilty of the fiendish ingratitude displayed by Mr. Jenkins.

The ruffian Miranda had robbed me of my knife, but I could find some excuse for his conduct.

It was an article he needed, but there was no excuse for the conduct of Jenkins.

The agony I suffered on the day he left me, was un-mixed with any despair at my now lone and hopeless position. It was caused by pure disappointment and rage, creating burning thirst and gnawing hunger in the soul—a wild raging desire for revenge.

CHAPTER XXXV.

“ONCE MORE UPON THE WATER.”

THE opposite side of the island was sometimes visited by those who were able to leave it again. Cassidy and Miranda had been taken from it in some way, either dead or alive ; and the day after the departure of Mr. Jenkins, I crossed over the mountain to reside there, with the hope that I might be as fortunate as they.

Every time my vision was directed seawards, it was with the hope that it might fall on a ship ; and on the third day after changing my dwelling-place that hope was gratified.

I saw a vessel bearing down upon the island, and the sight filled my soul with surprise and joy.

I was surprised at the fact that my strongest hope was realized. Hundreds of ships were ploughing the waters of the Pacific, yet I was astonished at seeing one, and only for the reason that I had hoped and prayed that one might come. Perhaps there *was* something wonderful in the fact that my prayer was so soon granted, and so overjoyed was I at the sight of the vessel, that I was willing to accept it as a special dispensation of Providence in my favour.

The vessel was passing to the leeward of the island ; and running on to what a schoolboy would call a small “promontory,” I waived a piece of sail.

My signal was observed—the mainsail was backed, and a boat lowered.

The ship was the *Dos Amigos* of Valparaiso, homeward bound from Manilla. One of the crew was an Irishman, who spoke Spanish fluently, and when I reached the deck he acted as interpreter, while the officers, sailors, and passengers all gathered around me to learn my story.

I noticed among the others two bright-eyed girls answering the descriptions of some of whom I had read, but never before had seen.

They kept partly concealed behind a man and woman, whom I conjectured to be their parents ; but while their bright eyes were on me, I would not undervalue myself in the story I told.

I gave a true account of the loss of the brig, and of the manner I had been deserted by my companion, but did not tell them that I had been a seaman of the brig.

There was something so extraordinary in the manner I had been deserted by Mr. Jinkins, that some strong reason for his conduct had to be given, in order to have my story believed. To have said merely that we disliked each other, would have been in their opinion no reason why he should have left me in the manner he did, and I told them that he took with him four thousand dollars of my money.

If there was anything wrong in this story, there was some excuse for telling it, for I did not care about making a long explanation that would not have been believed.

I did not remember at the instant of telling this story, that one false representation is the father or mother of many ; and to make a "straight yarn," I had to pass for a merchant, or rather the son of a merchant engaged in business for his father ; for I was too young to pass for an island trader on my own account, knocking about the Pacific with boxes of Spanish dollars.

Then, to make my story consistent with my appearance, I incidentally stated that in escaping from the wreck I had divested myself of clothing, and had afterwards dressed in what I could get.

After my story was finished, and I had answered several questions put by the captain and the man who was partly shielding one of the girls from my admiring gaze, I was told by the interpreter that they doubted the truth of my tale.

"The devil a word of your story do they belave," said the Irishman ; "and neither do I myself."

I made no answer to this, but tried to assume an air of perfect indifference as to whether I was believed or not. I could see that the captain was undetermined what to do

with me ; for during the first twenty-four hours I was on the ship, I was not required to take my meals with the crew nor invited to the captain's table, but was served with food in a mess by myself.

The night being disagreeably warm, I slept on the deck, the most comfortable, if not the most respectable lodging-place on the vessel.

During the evening, I held a long conversation with the Irishman who was second officer of the ship, and from him learnt that I had been taken from one of the Pelew islands.

The ship had a light cargo of tobacco, cordage, clothes, and rice. The only passengers were a merchant, his wife, and two daughters.

The merchant had made a fortune in Manilla, where he had been residing for fifteen years, having been established in business there by his father. He was now on his way to Chili to spend the remainder of his days in his native land.

The Irishman further told me that he had a wife in Valparaiso ; and that he would never again sail in a ship where the English language was spoken, for in them the sailors were used more like brutes than men.

He concluded by advising me to forget my story about being an island trader, and in the morning take my proper place with the crew.

This might have been good advice, but it was wholly wasted on me. Pride caused me to adhere to the story first told.

I would not allow one of the girls seen that day to watch me with her beautiful eyes, as I moved about the deck under the command of others.

The next morning the captain, by using the Irishman as interpreter, invited me to perform some duty as compensation for a passage to Valparaiso. This I indignantly refused to do. The captain, merely saying "bueno," left me, and my only business was to amuse myself. This I should have no difficulty in doing when the girls came on deck, for I could look at them.

In warm, fair weather at sea, the mornings are too pleasant to remain below, and the young ladies were early on deck. One of them, the youngest, was astonishingly lovely.

I had seen two or three young ladies whom I thought beautiful. One of them had a fine head of dark hair, but it could not be favourably compared in quality and quantity with that of the young girl before me.

I had seen another young lady with large, bright, and beautiful eyes, but those that I now saw turned towards me were larger, brighter, and more beautiful. They were much of the time shaded by long lashes ; but when suddenly unmasked, the effect to me was something like a flash of lightning, and seemed to give my soul and body an electric shock.

Each feature was perfect, and seemed incapable of forming an unpleasant expression.

She was to me the concentration of human perfection—a perfection that had been created and completed in less than fifteen years. It was wonderful !

The sight of that girl awoke in my mind a strong love for earth, and a greater reverence for the all-wise Power who had created it.

I became frightened ; and not without a cause. I had heard and read of people who became hopelessly affected and afflicted with love. What if such a misfortune should befall me while far from home and friends ; clothed with rags, and without one red cent of money ?

The effect of that girl's beauty was to cause me often to forget, for two or three minutes at a time, the manner I had been treated by Mr. Jenkins.

If she, in so short a time, could divert my thoughts from him, where would my soul be by the time we reached Valparaiso ?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OTHER HOPE REALIZED.

PEOPLE well advanced in years often, or generally, complain of the rapid flight of time.

They see but a brief period of time left them, and that passing away apparently much faster than it should.

If such people wish occasion to complain of time's slow pace, let them seek an opportunity of being on a ship becalmed on a tropical sea. They will be waiting for time then, and will complain of its slow progress.

The second day I was on the ship *Dos Amigos*, not a breath of air moved over the water, and the sails hung from the yards without a flutter. The officers and men had but little to do besides smoking cigarettes, and calling upon their saints for a breeze.

The only notice taken of me through the day was by the steward, who twice brought me something to eat.

The day passed, so did the night, and morning came without a breeze.

At noon the officers took an observation, and I learnt that we had moved four miles and a half in the last twenty-four hours.

In the afternoon I crawled under the long boat, for the double purpose of having a siesta in the shade and keeping out of sight of the two young ladies, who were under an awning over the after part of the deck.

After sleeping about two hours I awoke, and lay for an hour or more in a dull painful reverie, trying to forget myself and everything else in another sleep ; but some confusion on the deck prevented me from doing so.

My object might have been accomplished some time, had I not been diverted from it by a visit from the captain, accompanied by the Irishman for an interpreter.

The Irishman asked me to describe the man who had

robbed me of my boat and money, and left me on the island alone.

The idea instantly occurred to me that we had fallen in with Mr. Jenkins, and I started to rise up.

I was prevented from doing this by the two officers, who demanded an answer to their question ; and I described Mr. Jenkins as a man of average size, with brandy-coloured hair, a red face, and large ears and mouth.

I was then told to describe the boat in which he had left, and the articles it contained. When I had done this, the mate told me to follow him.

I arose, and looking over the main chains, saw the boat I had been so long in building ; and in it were two of the crew making arrangements to send up Mr. Jenkins, who was lying in the bottom of the boat.

Another moment of joy ! The villain had not escaped me yet, unless by death.

No ! he was not dead, for I could hear him muttering, and could see him moving his hands. Another prayer had been granted. I had met him again in life.

No great care was taken in hoisting him up gently, and he was soon lying on the deck, apparently unconscious of what he was saying, and of where he was.

My rage had been four days in subsiding, or, helpless as he seemed to be, I would have strangled him ; but I would not injure him now, until he had seen and recognized me.

The mystery regarding his condition was soon explained. The two bottles that once contained brandy were empty.

Mr. Jenkins had been lying in the open boat in the hot sun dead drunk, and was sun-struck.

The two boxes of dollars were passed up to the deck, and everything in the boat examined.

All they found corresponded with the description I had given ; and, after the examination was concluded, I heard the captain exclaim "esta bueno."

He then came up to me, and taking my hand, shook it warmly, while he uttered several sentences which the

mate translated. The Irishman said that the captain was sorry for having doubted my word, but having many times been deceived by sailors, he could no longer believe any story one might tell him. He wished me to pardon him for having been again deceived by doubting the story I had told him, which he now saw was true.

I was then invited to the captain's cabin, where, after having a thorough wash, I was clothed in a new Spanish Manilla suit of the latest fashion.

When examining myself in a glass after this change was completed, I fancied that the dress set me off to the best advantage, and that I returned the same obligation to it.

I then went on deck, and was presented by the captain to his passengers—the merchant, Senor Jose Maria Conalez, Senora Conalez, and “las Senoritas Engracia and Librada.”

Librada was the youngest—the one who had caused my alarm.

The old merchant, his wife, and the captain could recognize me now as being some one entitled to some attention, and pity for my misfortunes. They could not before, when they believed me to be only a sailor.

When I returned to Mr. Jenkins, he had just been bled by the steward, who had been a Manilla barber, and one of the men had been constantly pouring cold water on his head to cool his burning brain.

While his arm was being bandaged, he ceased his incoherent mutterings, and was silent.

For some time I stood by his side, and could see presently that he was gazing forward with something like a look of intelligence. He was apparently trying to form an opinion on the position in which he found himself placed.

With the intention of assisting his memory by giving him a view of a familiar face, I stepped in front of him, and exclaimed, “Oh! Jenkins, my boy! On what *lay* have you shipped here?”

Fixing his eyes upon my features with a wild expression, he stared for nearly a minute. Then, with

the words, "Mad! mad! O God, I'm mad!" he fell back on the deck.

When I awoke in the morning, Mr. Jenkins was dead.

The enmity between us had ceased; but the lesson I learnt from his acquaintance has never been forgotten.

I learnt from it never to ridicule another for his ignorance, which, in this enlightened age, is no longer thought a misfortune, but a crime. Had Mr. Jenkins never persecuted me about the *lay*, he might have finished the voyage in the *Mary Hart*. We should never have been friends, but we might not have been enemies.

The only regret I felt at seeing him thrown over, was that he had not lived long enough after seeing me to fully understand that villany like his was only folly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

TO VALPARAISO.

A HAMMOCK was slung for me in the first officer's room, my meals were taken at the captain's table. I was Senor Brockley, who passed the day under the awning over the quarter deck, engaged in learning Spanish. Librada and her sister were my teachers.

Much of the time I was happy; but often there would sweep over my soul a little gale of unpleasant thoughts.

I was in a false position on the ship, having deceived those with whom I was associating; and the knowledge that such was the case was the fountain of many disagreeable emotions.

I strove to remove this cause of uneasiness by the aid of reason.

"I am the son of an honest American farmer," thought I, "and no one on earth can justly claim a higher social position."

The people I had deceived were probably no more intelligent or moral than myself.

I disliked merchants. My father had taught me to do so. They were low, scheming, trafficking people, ever striving to take some advantage of each other and others by trickery and deception.

Their hands may be clean, but their souls are soiled in the strife of buying cheap and selling dear. They lose manliness of character in their business, and I had degraded myself in claiming to be a merchant, or the son of a merchant, and in trying to deceive others.

The only thing that aided in making me reconciled to the false position in which I had placed myself, was the society of Librada. There was a charm in her beauty and manners that drew my thoughts from other themes and hung them on herself.

My Spanish lessons continued for fifty-two days, and were then terminated by our arrival at Valparaiso. The captain delivered to me the two boxes of dollars, and refused to take anything for my passage, or for the clothing he had given me.

He declared that as I had been shipwrecked, and had met with other misfortunes, he was thankful that it had been in his power to assist me.

He further said, that should he accept of any reward for what he had done, he should deserve every misfortune that I had suffered. That, as poor Twist used to say, was "good speaking;" but I should have had a far better opinion of the captain's generosity, had it been exhibited at the time he believed me to be a sailor.

A shipwrecked sailor is as much an object of pity as an unfortunate merchant; but the captain of the *Dos Amigos*, like most skippers of every nation, did not think so. He was not unlike a majority of mankind, and consequently my gratitude for the service he had rendered me was not so warm as it might have been, had he shown a little less prejudice in rendering it.

As long as people form their opinions of a man's respectability from false reasons, and not from his intelligence

and good conduct, they must expect to be imposed upon.

The merchant with his family went to reside in a hotel, until he should look about and find a permanent home.

I was invited to visit them daily, and did so, as long as I remained in the city. I called once.

The day after landing, I forgot Librada for a moment, and thought of business. I was not quite certain that the four thousand dollars I had brought ashore from the wreck were mine.

Captain Morse might have left a wife and family in New York, and if so, was it not my duty to give the money to them. If such was my duty, I must not stay in Valparaiso, spending what was not my own.

Why should I stay longer in the city than was necessary for getting away? To see Librada. I could give no other reason, and a little reflection told me that that one reason was a very silly one.

I was but eighteen years old, and had ran a long way from home.

Why should I remain even one day in the city on account of a lovely girl? I must exhibit some self-control and resolution, or I was lost; and having decided that duty and common sense commanded me to leave Valparaiso, I immediately sought the means of getting away.

A large ship was to sail for New York the next day, and it not being fully manned, my services were accepted for the run, for which I was to receive but fifteen dollars.

I had broached one of the boxes of dollars, and taken from it twenty pieces. After paying my bill at the "fonda," I purchased some blanket and clothing necessary for the voyage, and embarked—placing the boxes of money in the care of the captain.

I would not make a farewell visit to Librada and her parents, for they might ask in what vessel I was going to depart; and perhaps her father would have insisted on seeing me off, and learn that I was leaving as a common sailor. I was not ashamed of being an honest sailor, or I would not have placed myself in a position to be classed

as a seaman, but I was guided by the prejudices and folly of others.

It required a strong effort to break the fetters that bound me to Valparaiso for the temptation to remain was strong. It was overcome ; and while doing my duty in getting the ship out of the harbour, within my soul were mingled thoughts of regret and pride—regret that I was leaving Librada, and pride that I had commanded the resolution to go.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

EDUCATING A PARROT.

THERE was nothing wonderful, and very little that I thought interesting in the passage to New York.

The sailors were not ill-treated, and this, perhaps, is the most remarkable statement to be made concerning the voyage. This, however, did not prevent them from growling, for nothing but death will.

The officers seemed to have a very good opinion of themselves, but they were by Nature entitled to do so—not that Nature had done more for them than others, but for the reason that it is natural for each to think well of himself.

There were but seven passengers, and only one interesting person amongst them. She was an old maid, who had gone with a brother and his wife to some missionary station on the islands.

Having remained there a year or two without accomplishing the wonders she expected to perform, she had become dissatisfied, and was now returning to her native land—Connecticut.

She was not a beauty, and there was some evidence for believing that she never had been one.

The old maid had for a travelling companion a noisv

parrot, that, in her opinion, was the most important passenger on the ship.

This bird had some opinions as well as words, although its ideas and language did not always correspond with each other.

One of its opinions was, that every one on the ship should wake up at four o'clock in the morning, and sleep no more for the day.

Every morning all the passengers and officers art, were awakened by its whistling and screaming, and were, thereafter, prevented from obtaining any more sleep in the hours when it was the most desired.

The nuisance was endured with much patience for about three weeks, and then were heard threats of wringing the bird's neck, or cutting its throat, with the hope that such an operation would have the effect of making it quiet.

One morning the captain threatened to part company with the parrot, by putting it over the side of the ship, with its cage for a boat.

That day the old lady tried to make arrangements with some of the crew, for having it kept forward, but none of the men would have it in the fore-castle. No one was willing to be disturbed in the watch below.

An agreement was finally made with the boatswain and carpenter for the parrot to lodge with them—the boatswain's mate agreeing to look after it.

Going round the Horn, we had cold rough weather, and the bird was kept below, where the old lady dared not venture to see it. Her affectionate soul was obliged to be contented every day with inquiries about its welfare, and hearing the answer, "She's all right, mum."

When we reached the tropics, on the Atlantic side, and the weather was warm, the cage containing the bird would be brought on deck, and hung over the long boat.

The old lady could then have a sight of the "darling creature;" but after the first day it was brought up, she refrained from visiting it, for the reason that, on that day when she came to talk to it, she was driven away by some

remark made by one of the men, which she thought very improper.

She was afraid to have the bird brought aft, fearing it would be killed; and during the long voyage she had no conversation with it.

On the morning of the day she was expecting to land in New York in the afternoon, the old maid asked for the parrot, and the cage was taken aft.

"Polly! my poor Polly," she exclaimed, putting her long beak along side that of the parrot, "are you not glad to see your mistress?"

"Go to h——, you old fool," answered "poor Polly."

"The Lord save us," exclaimed the old maid, starting back, and throwing up both hands.

"You be d——d," said the parrot, gazing earnestly at her, without an expression of surprise.

"Captain! captain, come here!" screamed the old woman. "This bad man has taught my parrot to swear."

The captain came up, and the old lady, very noisy in her complaints, declared that the bird had better be dead than ruined in the manner it had been.

"Learnt the thing to swear, have they?" said the captain, with a pleasant expression on his features. "What does it say?"

"Oh! it's language is awful. I can't repeat it. The poor thing is not fit to be taken into any Christian house. That man should be severely punished."

"Dry up," said parrot.

"What does this mean, Thompson?" asked the skipper, turning to the boatswain's mate. "Have you been teaching the parrot improper words?"

"No, sartinly not," answered the man. "I guess it's been listenin to some of the boys. They do use some strong words occasionally, but of course a bosun don't."

"You be d——d," again exclaimed the subject of the controversy.

"Take it away, take it away," cried the old maid, "I never wish to see it again."

Thompson was to have had four dollars for taking care

of the bird, but this sum its mistress now refused to pay, and the man was left with the parrot on his hands.

"It will do for a present for my old woman," said Thompson, after he had brought the parrot forward, "She's *some* at scolding herself, and the two of 'em can have it out with each other."

After receiving a discharge in New York, I deposited in a bank all the money I had found on the reef except thirty dollars, and the twenty I had taken from it in Chili.

I then made arrangements for having advertisements published in three papers, *The New York Herald, Tribune*, and *Sun*, for the next of kin of Captain John Morse, formerly of New York, and late of Honolulu. Communications concerning this advertisement were to be addressed to me at the town of —, in Massachusetts, my native place.

This business being completed, I started for home.

So many strange scenes and adventures had met me since leaving home, that I had not found time for any strong desires to return ; but the wish to see my mother and other relatives once more became stronger as I drew nearer home.

Even my regret at having to leave Librada was for awhile forgotten, in the anticipation of meeting old friends and familiar scenes again.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MY BROTHER JOHN.

THERE is a pleasure in meeting friends, relatives, and long loved familiar scenes, that greatly assists in affording compensation for the unpleasant thoughts arising from a long absence from them. I found it so.

The joy which my father, mother, brothers, and sisters

seemed to feel at my return, was pleasing to witness ; and so different from the manner they had greeted me on my return from school, that I could not on meeting them, regret having run away from home.

Although the whole family were overjoyed at my unexpected return, there was sorrow and anxiety in the house—anxiety which I had only to witness ere sharing with the others.

My brother John was its cause. He, who had never been five miles from the farm since my departure, had met with more serious harm than had befallen me in sixteen months of a wild, adventurous life.

About a month before my return, John for a few minutes had neglected his bean-growing for the purpose of breaking a young horse to work in the harness.

While thus engaged, the horse had given him a violent kick on the knee of the right leg. The bone had been injured by the blow, and at the time I returned, the leg was much inflamed, discoloured, and painful ; yet John was patient, and showed us all that he could “suffer, and be strong.”

I passed much of the time at his bed side, and tried to amuse him by describing all the scenes and adventures I had met while away.

He may have been amused, but certainly was not inspired with the desire of witnessing similar scenes himself. His only wish was to recover from the wound he had received, and resume the occupation of growing beans.

Our minds were differently constituted.

While he and my father expressed the hope that I had now seen enough of the world to learn that there was no place like home, and that hereafter I would pass my time at some respectable occupation in my native land, I was conscious that the adventures I had seen, had only given me an appetite for more.

They seemed to think that it had been necessary for me to leave home as I did, in order to learn by real experience what they had long known themselves. They could not understand, that in the sixteen months I had

been away, I had seen more of the world, lived longer, and learnt more than they ever would, while cultivating bean fields.

I could only pity their simplicity ; while, in return, they were thankful for the wisdom which had preserved them from the wish to wander.

Every morning a surgeon came from a neighbouring village, about three miles away, for the purpose of visiting John.

One morning, after I had been at home about two weeks, he came as usual, and unbandaged the leg. It was more inflamed, and darker in colour than when he had seen it last.

The day before, he had given a hint that the leg might have to be taken off ; and, on seeing it this morning, he hastily put on the bandage, and, after saying that he would be back in an hour, hurried out of the house, jumped into his "buggy," and drove rapidly away.

An hour before his arrival I had started off, with a rod and line, to a large brook about a mile from the house. After reaching the brook, I wandered for some distance along its banks, occasionally dropping my line in some well-remembered pool, where I had caught little "chubs" and "shiners" in boyish days.

My peaceful reveries along the brook were disturbed by the arrival of my little sister Cynthia, who reached me completely exhausted, and out of breath by the rapid pace in which she had been moving.

She tried to tell me something ; but all she could say was "John ! John !" Cynthia was a serious, sensible child—one who could not give a false alarm ; and, knowing that she was nothing like Hongdi, I knew there must be something wrong.

I was certain that for some reason my presence at home was required immediately ; and, throwing down my rod, I started off on the run, leaving Cynthia trying to recover the breath expended in her unusual exertion.

On reaching the house, I rushed into the room ~~where~~ John was lying, and found my mother weeping bitterly,

and my father with his features wearing their Sun-expression.

He was silent and gloomy ; and, knowing no explanation could be obtained from him, I turned towards John.

"Thank God you've come," he exclaimed ; "I sent after you, for I knew you would help me. They are going to take off my leg. The doctor has gone to town for his meat axe and butcher knife, and for some one to help him. They shan't take it off. I'll die first. Bill, will you stand by me ? We'll beat them off."

For a moment I was puzzled how to act, and remained silent.

If it were really necessary for the leg to be taken off to save his life, I would be doing wrong to aid him in resisting the performance of the operation.

Seeing my hesitation, John became nearly wild with fear and despair.

"Bill ! Bill ! don't forsake me," he exclaimed in a supplicating tone, "for I can do nothing alone. They will tie me down and take it off. I don't feel as though I ought to lose that leg, and I won't—not yet anyhow. Give me something to fight them with—the fire poker or anything that will break an arm or a head. Bill, if you don't help me you are not a brother. I'd stand by you in a time like this. Don't let me go about on a wooden leg cursing you to the day of my death. When the butchers come—drive them out of the house, and when I die, if tomorrow or fifty years from now, it shall be with a prayer for your happiness."

There was no withstanding an entreaty like this.

"If I am wrong, John, I hope to be forgiven," said I, "but I will assist you. Your leg shall not be taken off."

"That's right, Bill," he answered in a joyful tone, "I thought you would not desert me."

"William, my son," exclaimed my father with a quivering lip, "the doctor knows best. You must not interfere with his will."

I made no answer to these words, but my poor mother did. Her expressions of grief became louder.

CHAPTER XL.

DISAPPOINTED SURGEONS.

WE had not long to wait, for soon after my return to the house, a carriage was driven up to the door, and out stepped three surgeons and two young students.

In country villages, a surgical operation does not often have to be performed, and the occasion is ever one of some excitement and interest amongst the faculty.

They seem pleased at the opportunity of enlarging their experience.

Before they could enter the house, I ran out of the room and returned with the fire poker and a large carving knife.

The latter I placed in the hands of John, who received it with an expression of gratitude, that neither of the surgeons would have been pleased to witness.

The surgeons and students had come some distance to perform an operation, and they would not be easily disappointed.

I was certain of that, and knew that my task in defeating their object would be in proportion to their desire for doing a little business.

My sister Jane, who had been standing in the room listening to John's entreaties to me, went to the door, as we supposed, to admit them, but I was soon undeceived.

She had locked the door, and I heard her tell the surgeons from the parlour window that they should not be admitted. I was pleased at the thought of having her assistance, which promised to be of much service.

She was a better general than I, for the idea of keeping them out of the house entirely had never entered my head.

I had only thought about standing by the side of John and keeping any one from coming near him.

Jane's efforts to assist me were defeated by my father,

who went to the door—unlocked it, and conducted the men into the room.

One of the surgeons immediately on entering the room laid down a large leather case, and commenced rubbing his hands.

I hated him at first sight.

One of the students, after bowing to my mother, and then to Jane, who had entered the room, commenced smelling the end of a walking-stick.

I disliked him also.

They immediately commenced preparations for business, and two of them advanced towards the bed where John was lying. "Stand back, gentlemen, if you please," said I, stepping before them, and brandishing the poker. "If either of you attempt to reach that young man, I'll knock you as flat as a flounder."

One of the surgeons, fixing a sharp gaze upon my eyes, saw that I was in earnest, and stepped back.

"William," exclaimed my father, "I command you to leave the room."

I pretended not to hear this, and stood my ground between the surgeons and John.

My father advanced towards me, and I believe would have taken me by the collar and thrown me out of the room, had he not been prevented by Jane.

She rushed between us and seized him with a grasp he could not shake off. Jane was generally right in everything she did. She was one of the best girls that ever lived; and my father, knowing this, was somewhat shaken in his intention of expelling me from the room.

At this instant, the surgeon who had been attending on John—the one who had left him that morning, came to our aid by requesting a parley.

He proposed that the other two surgeons should be allowed to examine the leg.

They might not agree with him in the necessity for having it taken off.

To this proposal I could make no reasonable objection, and they were permitted to see it.

Their opinion was, that the leg should be taken off, and that if the operation was not performed within twenty-four hours it would then probably be too late to save life.

My resolution to "stand by" John as he expressed it, became considerably weaker at learning that three surgeons agreed on the necessity of amputation.

"John," said I, "had you not better give in and let them do as they think best? If not, you may die."

"That I'm more willing to do than to lose a leg," he answered. "You have promised to help me, and I expect you to do it. I shall fight them to the last minute, and even if they succeed in taking off my leg, I'll murder them afterwards."

The surgeons said, that as the leg must be taken off, it had better be done then, while they were already there and prepared for the work.

This was also the opinion of my father.

Had I thought that John's objections to the operation arose from fear, I would not have sided with him; but as he seemed to think there was no necessity for it, I resolved to fulfil my promise, and do all in my power to keep the surgeons away from him.

Pushing them away from the bed-side, I told them they should not come near him again that day without first walking over my body.

John brandished his knife and swore more emphatically than I had ever heard him speak before, that he would put the knife through the heart of any human butcher that came within his reach.

I pitied the grief of my father and mother. John was their eldest child, and had ever been kind and obedient.

They feared that he would die.

Our poor mother went down on her knees and prayed.

My father, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed "William! I know the goodness of your heart, but your brotherly affection for John is mistaken in its zeal. Let your feeling for his suffering be guided by wisdom. Come with me."

He again advanced towards me, and was again met by Jane, who clung to him. She was assisted by little

Cynthia, who had returned, and by my young brother Tom, who came in with her.

It was never in my father's nature to shake them off rudely, and he was now too much affected with grief to indulge in anger.

Knowing that when my father placed a hand on me, my resistance to his wishes must cease, I resolved to act while he was encumbered by the others. A lesson or two received from old Fury had not been forgotten ; and uttering one of the old man's frightful yells, I advanced towards the surgeons, flourishing the poker horizontally in a rapid manner.

They evidently thought me mad, and two of them, with the two students, bolted out of the room.

Our old family surgeon stood his ground, and knowing that he could do nothing alone, I was satisfied with the retreat of the others, and did him no injury.

Another bright idea struck me.

It was possible that the surgeons who had retreated from the room could be offended in a manner that would prevent them from entering it again, even should I entreat them to come in.

I did not believe them to be such cowards as to be afraid of me, when their determination to act contrary to my will was fully aroused.

During my voyages, I had heard some strong, vituperative language—language that creates the desire in a respectable man to travel beyond reach of the voice of him who uses it. This language, in the emergency, I gave an airing, and the two surgeons and students, as I expected, entered the carriage, one of them declaring, as they did so, that the whole family might die crying in vain for their assistance.

The old family physician had long been a particular friend of my parents, and would not leave the house.

Knowing that he was harmless without the assistance of the others, I allowed him to remain.

The others drove back to town ; and after seeing them start off, I returned to the room where John was lying.

My father and mother were on their knees by the side

of the bed, and so was Jane. They were afraid that John would die, and while they were praying that his life might be spared to us, the old doctor was swearing at the whole family in general, and me in particular.

Under some fear that I had done wrong, I walked up to John, and took hold of his hand; but the kind pressure of that hand, as it clasped mine, gave an expression of thanks for my aid that partly reconciled me to the course I had taken.

CHAPTER XLI.

MY SECOND FLIGHT FROM HOME.

THE old doctor remained by John's bedside three days, and carefully examined the wounded leg each hour.

At the end of that time he was convinced that the limb could be saved, and in fact, from the very day he was so anxious to have it taken off, the leg began to get better.

The old fellow had the manliness to acknowledge that he had been mistaken; and within a week after the affair described in the last chapter, he shook me warmly by the hand, and told me that I had acted well in preventing the leg from being amputated, for that it would undoubtedly, in a short time, become as good as its companion.

Every day strengthened our hope in the truth of this opinion, and John was soon able to hobble about on crutches, and visit the bean fields.

When quite sure that he would soon have the use of his leg, and that my family would be out of all trouble, I became anxious to leave them.

Life on the farm was too dull, and I was sending my thoughts abroad, in search of a prospect for more exciting scenes. When thus employed, they ever sought the land where I could again meet Librada.

While undetermined what to do, a little incident occurred that suddenly drove my thoughts to a decision.

Some evil-disposed person or persons, who, as my father said, had not the fear of God in their hearts, came into our garden, and stole melons and grapes.

This offence was committed three nights in succession, and on the fourth night I determined to keep a watch, for the purpose of learning who the offenders were.

Late in the evening I entered the garden, armed with a fowling-piece, loaded with a light charge of powder, and about two ounces of salt.

I anticipated that this dose, if properly administered, would make the person who received it a wiser, and, consequently, a better man. A bad man or boy is a fool, and this fact I wished to convey to the person who had robbed our garden.

I concealed myself behind some currant bushes, in view of the "melon patch," and patiently awaited the advent of whoever deserved the charge of salt I was anxious to administer. My watch was made a little interesting by the hope that the thief might prove to be a blackguard in the neighbourhood who had given me a thrashing about three years before.

During the first hour, no first officer of a coasting vessel could, with reason, have found fault with my watch. After that, my thoughts began dwelling longer on favourite subjects of meditation.

I thought of Librada, and strove to create healthy reasons why I should again visit Valparaiso.

The life I had lived while away was one of some danger, but it was interesting and instructive.

I had left home a boy, and after being absent a few months, had returned a man. My parents once wished me to become a man of great intelligence—one commanding an influence over my fellow-men. Their wishes would certainly never be gratified should I remain at home; but by taking a few more lessons of such men as old Fury, Mr. Jinkins, and Dave, I should certainly know something.

Such thoughts, with many others, wandered through my mind for an hour or two, and then they began to move more slowly. Then I slept.

In the grey light of morning I awoke, shivering with cold, and wet with dew.

I had passed the night in the garden. My first thought on awaking was the hope that no melons had been stolen while I was sleeping, for my brothers and sisters would then learn that I had slept, and would have much amusement over the manner my watch had been kept, and I did not like ridicule.

But all concern about the melons instantly disappeared under the stunning effect of another discovery.

The gun was nowhere to be found, and I was without a hat.

What could have become of them?

I had not moved from the place during the night, but the hat and gun were certainly gone.

I arose, and, gazing about, saw on some onion beds the foot-prints of some one who, during the night, had been to visit me; and, walking towards the melon vines, I discovered that they also had been visited.

All was plain then. The thieves had come again, and had not only taken away melons, but had carried away my hat and gun.

I knew that before night the story of my misfortune would be all over the neighbourhood, and that during the day most of the neighbours would put themselves to much trouble for the purpose of seeing me, and asking in a kind, sympathizing manner if I had yet heard anything of my hat and gun; while all the young girls of my acquaintance would express the deepest concern for my misfortune.

This persecution was not to be endured by a young man who had made one voyage to the Pacific.

It would be worse than the witty remarks the late Mr. Jenkins used to make about the *lay*, and I determined to avoid it.

Not a moment was to be lost in making an escape from the neighbourhood; and entering the house quietly, I went to my room, and made up another little round bundle.

I hoped to leave the house without being observed, but

was disappointed, for on coming down stairs to leave, I found my sister Jane, who, being an early riser, had turned out.

Jane was an observing girl, and was active in jumping to correct conclusions.

"What does this mean?" she exclaimed. "Are you going to leave us again, William?"

"Yes," I answered; "and you must not arouse the others, or detain me, for I wish to get away before they are up."

"But why don't you leave in a Christian-like manner? Why don't you see Mother before you go, and bid her farewell?"

"Because I don't like a scene. She might try to prevent me from going, and I don't wish to hear her prayers and entreaties, only to resist them. Now, don't detain me any longer. Be a good girl. Good bye."

Jane then kissed me, whispered "Good bye, William," and closed the door after me without another word.

She was a sensible girl. Any other would have asked me where I was going, when I would return, and many other silly questions, which could not have been answered.

A walk of three miles took me to the village, where I took a stage-coach for New Bedford.

In this advent to that place, I was not so fortunate as to meet the right season for embarking in a whaler. No ship was to leave New Bedford for the Pacific in less than five or six weeks, and I started for Nantucket.

There I was more fortunate. A large new ship was to sail in five days, and I shipped as an able seaman.

The prospect of much disagreeable toil and many severe hardships was again before me; but my fears of these were balanced by the anticipation of exciting scenes, and the knowledge that I was going to that part of the world where I might meet Librada.

CHAPTER XLII.

PETER THE POET.

Two days after writing the name of William Brock on the articles of the ship, which some silly person had christened "*The Lovely Lizzie*," I was walking in what might be called the suburbs of Nantucket. While thus employed, my attention was called from Librada, or some other interesting subject, by the extraordinary conduct of four boys—the eldest of whom was not more than fourteen years of age.

They were running as though they were escaping from a deluge, a prairie fire, or an angry stepmother.

One was about ten paces in advance of two, who were running side by side, and the fourth, who was about ten paces behind them, seemed inspired by the demon of despair, and was making frantic efforts to overtake those in advance. They rushed by me, and under the instinct of fear, I turned about to discover the object or cause of their flight. No mad bull or any other cause for their tremendous efforts to annihilate space could be seen, and my gaze was again turned towards them.

One of the two who were running "neck and neck," with a scientific use of one foot and hand, sent the other to the earth, and then, as he continued the race, commenced shouting, "Mrs. Kellick! Mrs. Kellick!!"

At that instant I noticed that the boy in advance of the others had stopped at a gate in front of a beautiful brick house, surrounded by a little garden of flowers.

Before succeeding in opening the gate, he was joined by two others, and all commenced shouting "Mrs. Kellick."

They had run but a few paces past me, and before the struggle was over, as to who should first pass through the gateway, I came opposite them, and then saw a fine-looking woman, about thirty years of age, leave the house and hasten towards us.

"You've come! You've come back!" shouted each of the boys at the top of his voice.

I was just thinking that if I was Mrs. Kellick, I should give each of them some positive proof of my arrival, when she exclaimed, "Are you sure? I hope you are not trying to deceive me this time."

She seemed strangely excited, and so much so as to speak with difficulty.

"No! no!! I'm quite sure," answered one of the boys.

"It's a fact. I'm sartin you've come," said another.

At this moment the boy that had been thrown came up with his face covered with blood, and confirmed the statement of the others.

"If there was only one of you, I should doubt it," said the woman; "but as four of you say so, it must be true."

She then turned and ran towards the house.

I could stay no longer, and passed on my way, trying to discover whether the woman and boys were mad, or whether there was something wrong with my own mind for not being able to understand what I had heard and seen.

On entering the town, and reaching the wharf, I learnt that a returned whaler was in the "offing." It was the *Eliza Kellick*—the ship I had left in Honolulu.

In a conversation with my landlady's daughter that evening, the mystery about the conduct and words of the boys and Mrs. Kellick was fully explained.

The boy who first conveys to a captain's wife the news that her husband's ship has returned, is, by custom, entitled to a silver dollar.

I was told that sometimes bad boys, knowing that a certain ship is expected, go to the captain's wife with the story of its return several times before the news proves to be true.

From what I had heard Mrs. Kellick say, I could believe this cruel trick had often been played upon her, and in the joy of hearing of the return of a husband who had been

three years absent, she had probably paid well for the imposition.

The *Lovely Lizzie* sailed on the day appointed, but not till the officers had used much strong language in clearing the decks of women and children.

I was not a greenhorn then ; but the recollection that I had been one once, prevented me from assuming the airs of superiority I had formerly seen old sailors exhibit towards myself and others.

We had on board the usual number of those who had never been at sea before, and as most of them were about my own age, they looked upon me as being a remarkable youth. I could talk to them of the excitement and dangers of whale-fishing, of boats swamped and "stove," of life on the islands amongst the natives, and of shipwrecks and narrow escapes from drowning.

I was fortunate, in this ship, in making many friends and no enemies, and yet, before reaching what Mr. Parker had termed "the little end of the horn," I was anxious to leave it.

There was but one person of character aboard the vessel, and this man, or rather youth, distinguished himself from others without the least exertion.

He was too eccentric for successful contention with his fellow-creatures in most pursuits followed by people ashore, and in getting afloat as a green hand, he had found his proper place.

This young man, who was known on the ship as "Peter the Poet," had had an education thrown away on him, or had himself been thrown away in being partly educated.

Peter had a woman's mind—one that would ever be busy over trifling themes, and one that had no power of controlling the expression of its thoughts.

He *would* talk, and consequently could not avoid making himself frequently absurd and ridiculous. He often excited the ill-will of others without the slightest intention of doing wrong.

Every one has many silly thoughts, and the one who keeps from giving them utterance is wise.

Peter the Poet had much intelligence, and but little wisdom. The only subject upon which he would not converse was some misfortune that had sent him from a good home and placed him in our society.

He had heard and read something of life on the South Sea Islands, and had become so enslaved with the desire of living on some one of them, that, according to his own account, he had joined the ship for the sole purpose of leaving it and realizing an oft-repeated dream of happiness. He was, in his own opinion, going to seek the Eden from which his earliest ancestors had been driven.

He was going, he said, where—

“ The bread-tree, which, without the ploughshare, yields
The unreaped harvest of unfurrowed fields,
And bakes its unadulterated loaves,
Without a furnace, in unpurchased groves.”

He had a good voice for singing, and before we had been six weeks out, he became the leader of the singing, while working the vessel. He was what the men called “Shanty Major” of his watch, and in this way made himself more useful than by anything else he could do.

His eccentricities and extreme good nature made him a pleasant companion, yet, owing to his failing of thinking aloud, he failed to command respect.

During the voyage to the Pacific, Peter was guilty of one indiscretion that eventually brought him into much trouble.

In his desire to please others, he was so thoughtless—so stupidly indiscreet—as to cruelly insult the captain in a manner that could not be forgiven.

It had been whispered about amongst the crew that on Captain Baker’s return from his last voyage, he found that his wife had absconded with another man; and of this report Peter the Poet had become acquainted.

One day, when off Cape Horn, we were setting the mainsail, and Peter, as usual, was singing, to aid all hands in hauling together.

When this work was commenced, Captain Baker was

below, and Peter, intent on his duty, was hauling with the rest, and giving an extempore song to a sailor's favourite "shanty tune."

Peter commenced—

"Come haul, and spread the snowy sails,

O yes! O yes!!

We're going to catch the little whales

Upon the Southern sea.

And when we reach some sunny isles,

O yes! O yes!!

Where plantains grow and beauty smiles,

You'll see no more of me.

There's peace and rest somewhere, we know,

O yes! O yes!!"

It was now necessary for Peter to give a line in rhyme with the last, and as the words had to be given in time with the tune, he had no time for making a selection of ideas, and probably gave the first that his fancy suggested, in the words—

"And like the skipper's wife, I'll go,

And seek a better home."

Poor Peter! The captain had reached the deck, walked forward, and was standing by his side.

Captain Baker pretended not to notice Peter, or the words of his song, yet I saw that the colour of his face changed to a deeper red.

There was no necessity for telling Peter his danger. He could see it, and had the sense to act according to his knowledge.

This, however, was of but little use, for whatever his conduct might be in the future, the captain would be sure of finding some excuse for serving him out a little revenge.

CHAPTER XLIII.

TONGATABOO.

SEVERAL weeks passed, and no notice seemed to be taken by the captain of Peter.

"I don't think he heard me," said Peter, one day, "or if so, perhaps he's forgotten all about it."

I did not try to undeceive him, although quite sure that the skipper heard the allusion to his wife in the song, and that the offence would not be forgotten or forgiven.

I was in hopes that after coming around the Horn, Captain Baker would call at Valparaiso for fresh provisions, but this he certainly had no intention of doing, for our course was always west, and on making inquiries of the second mate, I learnt that we should first call at Hobart Town, Tasmania.

This was a disappointment. I had got to see much toil and many hardships before seeing Librada.

Before reaching Hobart Town, we took two whales, and initiated the greenhorns into the excitements of our business, as well as the unpleasant work of boiling out.

Peter the Poet was in the boat with me at the taking of one whale, and was in raptures over the exploit he had assisted in performing. We fastened to this whale three times, and then were more than two hours before we succeeded in killing it with the lance; but all the grandeur of the achievement, and the poetic fancies inspired by a life on the blue heaving bosom of the sea, was completely worked out of Peter by the occupation of boiling out.

In Hobart Town Peter tried to escape, but, of course, was captured by the police and returned to the ship.

It was much easier for a convict to escape from Tasmania in a ship, than for a sailor to escape from a ship and conceal himself on the island; for those in authority there at that time did not seem to care for voluntary additions to the population.

After leaving Tasmania, we passed three months of a very monotonous life.

During the time, we took several fish, but there was nothing exciting or interesting in their capture ; and life on the ship became so dull that all hands were wishing for a fight, or a funeral, or something to create a little animation.

One day, after taking a large whale, which, by allowing us to take him without any trouble, had appeared as weary of life as ourselves, the captain gave notice that, when the fish was "worked out" we should all have two weeks' run on a beautiful island.

All hands gave three cheers, and set to work with a will they had not before displayed for many weeks.

Seven days after, we dropped anchor off Tongataboo. The next day I went to the captain and asked for a discharge, which I succeeded in obtaining by losing about twenty-five dollars that should have been paid me.

I made this application, and obtained liberty to go, before consulting Peter the Poet, who had often proposed that I should leave the ship with him.

This was done under the fear that Peter's application to go would certainly be refused, and that, under a show of being impartial, the captain would not let me leave.

After obtaining permission to go, I went to Peter, and told him what I had done.

"And did you not ask for me, too?" he inquired.

"No, certainly not," I answered. "He would not listen to my application for any one else. You must speak to him yourself."

"But I am afraid he will refuse me."

"Never mind, you must try, and if he will not let you go willingly, then you will have to escape."

After much hesitation, Peter went up to the captain and made known his wishes.

"Want to leave the ship, do you?" said Captain Baker with a pleasant expression that for a moment deceived poor Peter with a bright hope of liberty.

"Yes, if you please, sir," answered Peter.

"But I do not please," said the captain, as his features assumed a more amiable look. "I could not think of parting with you, Peter ; your services here are too valuable. I fear that the ship cannot be worked without the aid of your charming voice. You are the life and soul of the ship. I cannot do without a poet. The brilliancy of your wit, the profound dignity of the grand conceptions of your soul when displayed by the light of burning satire, will keep the men alive, and the scurvy out of their bones. I cannot part with a poet of your genius."

"The old fellow remembers all about it," said Peter, on rejoining me, "and, I believe, would as soon lose the ship as part with me. I must escape."

I would not advise him ; but, at his request, took ashore some of his things with my own.

Before leaving the ship, I learnt that the first and second officers had received orders from the skipper not to allow Peter the Poet to go ashore.

To be deprived of the privilege of "sanding hoofs," was a severe punishment—one that those who have never been at sea cannot fully appreciate, and Peter, when seeing his messmates starting off for the shore to pass the day in the shade of orange-groves and cocoa-trees, was the most dejected-looking being I ever beheld.

The captain had commenced taking a cruel revenge.

The natives of Toongataboo appeared to me to have received more benefit from the teaching of the missionaries than the natives of any other islands I had visited. The natives of Taheiti and Hawaii had learnt some of the evils and advantages of civilization, but the knowledge they had acquired had not added much to their happiness.

It was different in Tongataboo, where those who had listened to the teachings of Christianity had become intelligent and moral under its influence, and presented a striking contrast in the peaceful, happy manner they were living, to the condition of the heathen tribes on the same island that had ever held aloof from the missionaries, and waged war on the tribes that had received them with favour

Several white men were living on the island, and some of them were engaged in trading, or following some occupation by which they were acquiring a little property. Nearly all of them were united to native women under bonds of matrimony sanctioned or tied by Christian missionaries.

A residence of two or three days on this island did not make me inclined to settle down into the life I saw others living ; and from what I could learn of a few white men who were living with the heathen tribes, I did not wish to join them. They were bad, dissipated men, most of whom had escaped years before from Sydney whalers, and had been living a dissolute life on the island, cursing the natives by the results of their evil example and teaching.

I heard that the *Lovely Lizzie* was going to call at one of the Fiji islands, and determined on embarking again and landing there, if allowed to do so. Intent on this purpose, I went aboard the ship to see Captain Baker.

The first thing I noticed on reaching the deck, was Peter the poet.

He was undergoing a system of punishment which I believe is a favourite one for American skippers to inflict on those under their command who are so unfortunate as to incur their ill-will.

By a line fastened around his wrists, he had been drawn up until his toes barely touched the deck. The line had then been made fast, leaving poor Peter "no rest for the sole of his foot," and with only the points of his toes to relieve the weight of his body from the tightening cord around his wrists.

Peter was undergoing this torture in a very philosophical manner.

Etiquette forbade me speaking to him, but I learnt from the others that he was being punished for a second attempt to escape.

Captain Baker was a bad man, and must have been highly pleased at the opportunity Peter had given him for displaying his revengeful spirit.

The captain was walking up and down the deck, occa-

sionally glancing at Peter, as I thought, with an expression of much satisfaction.

"That is a pleasant position you are in, poet," said he, addressing Peter, soon after I reached the deck. "Can't you give us a piece of your genius on the occasion?"

I returned to the shore without making the request for which my visit to the ship was taken, for I did not like to ask or receive a favour from a bad man.

Before leaving the ship, however, I had the satisfaction of seeing Peter once more standing properly on the deck, with his hands at liberty.

CHAPTER XLIV.

JIMMY.

I WAS informed that at Nookuolofa, a town about seven miles away, there was a trading canoe from the Fiji group that would sail in a day or two for the island of Lakemba.

I determined on trying to obtain a passage in it, and early the next morning started for Nookuolofa, taking with me a small bundle of clothing.

Travelling in Tongataboo is not so difficult as in most of the islands of the Pacific, for the highest point of land on the island is not more than seventy feet above the level of the sea.

Being anxious to reach the town while the day was young, and to avoid meeting any natives on my journey, I started before the first appearance of the sun.

When about three miles on the way, my pace was suddenly checked by the appearance of several natives advancing towards me, and the next instant I was surrounded by them.

One of them swung a heavy club over his head, and brought it down with a force that sent me to the earth

under the weight of the blow. My brains would certainly have been dashed in a shower over those around me, and my soul knocked far into another world, had not my head been protected by the bundle of clothing which I instinctively raised in trying to ward off the blow.

The feat of having knocked me down was apparently, in the opinion of my captors, one of such magnitude, that their thirst for glory was quenched, and another blow was not given. I was made to get up and move on with them, a prisoner; while the man who had knocked me down kindly relieved me of the trouble of carrying the bundle.

Meeting with me must have been an important event in their expedition, for they turned back in the direction from whence they came. Their actions seemed to show that they had received private information of my intended journey, and had come forth to meet me.

After a hurried march of about four miles, towards the interior of the island, we reached a small village, enclosed by a ditch and palisades.

On entering the town, I was met by a white man,—one of the most vile-looking wretches I had ever beheld.

His head was about the size and shape of a twenty-four pound shot. When he opened his mouth, his head was nearly separated from his body, and only seemed attached to it by a hinge, like the lid of a teapot. This thing looked so much like a brute, that I was astonished at hearing him speak.

After learning all I had to communicate, he informed me that his name was Jimmy—that he had lived on the island for nearly twenty years. The party by whom I had been taken prisoner was out on a war expedition, to attack the yam fields of the tribe I had left. They had taken a prisoner, and had all returned in safety, well pleased with the result of the campaign.

That is war *à la Tongese*.

The war they had been making was the same old religious feud that had kept the natives at strife with each other for the last ten years.

Peace had often been made, and as often broken. The small tribe into whose hands I had fallen, was a portion of the heathen, or, as the Christian natives called them, "the Devil's party;" and I could clearly understand that much of their ill-feeling against the Christianized tribes, was instigated by the fiendish-looking animal with whom I was conversing.

Jimmy informed the natives that I was not a missionary man, but a sailor, who was escaping from them; and with much difficulty persuaded them not to regard me as a prisoner of war.

All his eloquence, however, could not prevail upon them to let me continue my journey to Nookualofa.

Two or three times during the day, I made the attempt to leave the town, and was each time prevented, in a manner that convinced me there was a constant watch on my actions.

During the day, I learnt from Jimmy that he had four wives; and that he dared not venture in the neighbourhood of other white residents in the island, for fear of being shot. This danger he represented to be wholly owing to the bloodthirsty, evil dispositions of those he called enemies; yet I could plainly understand that the occasional murders committed in what the natives pleased to call war, were instigated by him; and that the sooner he ceased to live, the better it would be for the ignorant people cursed with his presence.

The day after being taken prisoner, I asked Jimmy to learn the reason why I was detained; and he promised to have a talk with the chief immediately; and left me, as he said, for that purpose.

I watched him as he went towards the chief's house, and saw that he did not enter it, but turned aside, and went into his own. The chief was at home. I saw him sitting by the door, playing with two of his children; and, as such an occupation for a chief was unusual, I formed a very good opinion of him.

In about half an hour, Jimmy returned, and made a report of the efforts he had been making on my behalf.

He said that he had just been having a talk with the chief, who would not consent to have me leave—at least, not at present.

The chief, he said, was not sure but what I was a spy, who, on my departure, would give his enemies information that might aid them in the war.

He required me to prove my ill-will towards the missionary party, by joining in the war against them.

Knowing that Jimmy had not spoken to the chief during his absence, I could understand that he was the sole cause of my detention.

Driven from the society of those who spoke his mother tongue, Jimmy would have been pleased to see another become as bad as himself.

I had to depend on him for all communication with the natives; and he was deceiving me. During the day, I was trying to concoct some plan for beating Jimmy in his own game of deception, and by it to escape from the reach of his influence; but my mental labours were interrupted by the arrival of another European.

This person was a French Roman Catholic missionary from the heathen fort of Bea, a place about five miles from Nookualofa.

From him I learnt something more of the political affairs of the island.

The Catholic missionaries had obtained some influence over what the Wesleyan missionaries and their followers called the "Devil's party;" and I asked his assistance in trying to leave those who were detaining me. The priest had heard that the tribe were again about to commence hostilities against the Protestants, and had come for the purpose of making peace.

After having a long conversation with the chief, he called upon me to accompany him, and we started away together.

Just as we were leaving the enclosure of the town, we were overtaken by the little demon, Jimmy, and several of the natives, who had followed us for the purpose of taking me back.

Jimmy reached forward and seized hold of me, and remembering the manner in which he had deceived me that morning, I gave him to understand that, had he kept a little farther back, he would not have been so far forward. It was a simple lesson, but in receiving it, Jimmy suddenly fell down.

For a moment the priest had much trouble in protecting me from the natives, who, encouraged by Jimmy, seemed inclined to kill us both. Fortunately, the chief reached the scene in time to save us.

The priest commanded his aid, which was readily given, and we were allowed to leave the village.

I had understood that King George, the reigning monarch of the Friendly, or Tongan, Islands was wholly controlled by the Wesleyan missionaries, and that they lost no opportunity of creating a prejudice in his mind against the missionaries of the Church of Rome, who were making friends of his enemies.

I must have been misinformed, for the priest threatened the chief with the wrath of his Majesty, George, should I be further molested.

When about a mile from the town, the missionary put me on a path leading to Nookualofa, and we parted.

I afterwards learnt that there were two French Catholic missionaries on the island of Tongataboo, and that one of them was M. Chevron; but to which of the two I was indebted for the timely aid so cheerfully given, I never learnt.

I reached Nookualofa just as the sun was setting, and found a lodging for the night in the house of the village blacksmith, a man who, although from the State of Massachusetts, and the father of a daughter whose voice every Sunday could be heard in a place of worship, was not Longfellow's "Village Blacksmith."

The next day I left the island in a large trading canoe for one of the Fiji islands. I have not given my readers much information about Tongataboo, and for the simple reason that, during the few days there, I learnt but very little about it.

CHAPTER XLV.

A VOYAGE TO BAU.

THE canoes of the Tongan islanders are the best sea-going vessels made by any natives of the Pacific islands.

The one in which I left Tongataboo was a double canoe, about eighty feet in length.

A stage, or platform, was built across the two, and on it were erected apartments for storing food and merchandise.

It was rigged with one tall spar and a yard, and was manned by twenty-three Tongese and one white man, who owned most of the cargo, which consisted of tortoise-shell, rolls of tapa, and a few gallons of oil.

I was the only passenger, and was taken aboard, not that they expected to derive any benefit from taking me, for I had nothing to give them, but for the reason that I wanted to go, and they were willing to oblige me.

During the passage, a man had to be in each canoe day and night, baling out the water ; and, as some compensation for my passage, I took my turn at that work with the others.

During the voyage, I had an opportunity of seeing what an island native could do in the way of swimming.

The day after leaving Tongataboo, a dispute arose amongst four or five of the natives as to which should be captain, an important point that had not been settled before starting.

Some of them appeared to think the honour should be shared in turns amongst a few of the oldest.

Amongst these was one who had not yet taken a turn at baling, and who declared that he would not until after he had been in command. What honour or benefit he expected to derive from being skipper, would certainly have puzzled him to define, for, with the exception of the two men baling, there was but little to do. The breeze was

light and steady, and the one sail spread required hardly any management.

The man's obstinacy in refusing to take his turn at baling aroused the anger of the others, and a row ensued, which ended in the would-be skipper being thrown overboard astern. We were moving very slowly through the water—just fast enough to keep away from the man as he swam after us, yet not so fast as to prevent him from having the hope of catching us, should he exert himself to the utmost.

In the distance of about half a mile, we did not gain on him more than twenty paces, but by that time the exertions he had been making so exhausted his strength, that he relinquished the attempt of overhauling us, and began looking about as though anxious to see another vessel.

So much confidence did this man seem to have in his ability for travelling through the water, that I do not think he would have despaired of reaching land had we sailed out of sight and left him, with nothing to see but the level surface of the "mariner's grave," upon which he was resting.

One of the natives took up a cocoa-nut, and, throwing it towards the man, shouted out a few words that set all the others in a roar of laughter.

On asking the white man what the native had said, he informed me that the meaning in English of the words was, "There! you may be captain of that."

Another native shouted out to him the words, "Sa teckio, sa teckio,"—by which he meant, "Good bye, good bye," although I was told that the literal translation of the words into English was, "You are staying there; you are staying there."

The sail was then lowered, and we waited some time for the man to come up, but he showed no disposition for joining our company again, and was actually swimming away from us, when we pulled the canoe up and dragged him aboard.

I have every reason to believe that, after having relin-

quished the chase, he would have been willing to die a horrible death in trying to reach land alone, rather than to have made the slightest exertion for boarding the canoe again.

During the remainder of the voyage he was sulky, and did no work.

In the evening of the second day of our voyage we were favoured by a fine breeze, and the next day, about noon, we arrived at Lakemba, and ran down the coast till we reached a small village, the name of which I have forgotten.

The white man who had come from Tongataboo with me, to all appearance, was a respectable trader, and had been about three years residing on the islands.

He was an Englishman, who had escaped from an American whaler, and, unlike the majority of runaway sailors on the islands, he seemed trying to make the best of circumstances.

He had hired the owners of the canoe to take him and his merchandise to the island of Ovulow, and to call at Lakemba on the way for a few articles he had gathered there. He advised me to go on with him to the end of the voyage, for the reason that at Ovulow I would have more opportunities of doing something than at Lakemba.

I consented, and the next day we again sailed, leaving twelve of the Tongese who came with us from Tongataboo.

The white trader, whose name was Dailey, gave me much information concerning the islands, and also much advice as to the manner of living, should I choose to make the islands my home for a few years. We were two days and a half in reaching Levuka, on the island of Ovulow. In this place I found fifteen or twenty white men—English and Americans; the most of them were married to native women, and appeared to be living very happily.

With one of them, Mr. Whippy, acting as United States Consul, I had a long conversation. The advice he gave me, after hearing my story, was to return home.

“If you had no relatives or home,” said he, “I should advise you to stay here; but as you say you have a home,

return to it, for you would not long be contented here, or anywhere else."

I could easily believe this; for the want of some excitement, and the desire of viewing new scenes was constantly urging me to move on.

I was anxious to find a vessel that would take me some time to Valparaiso, and as there was no ship at Ovulow, I accepted an invitation from Dailey to go further with him.

He was going to the little island of Bau, a distance of about thirty miles from Levuka.

We started in the morning, and reached the island early in the afternoon.

Bau is not more than a mile in length, but is the most important place of the Fiji islands, it being the place where the great chief, Thakombow, as well as several others of the Fiji aristocracy reside.

This visit to Bau was made in the latter part of July, 1849, and we reached the town on a day that Thakombow was giving a great feast to some of his subjects who had arrived from neighbouring islands to pay tribute.

Navinda, the chief of the fishermen, had been instructed by his superior to provide human flesh for this feast.

The day before, Navinda had arrived from Notho with eleven women whom he had surprised and caught on the shore, while they were gathering shell fish.

Besides these eleven women, he had also the bodies of a man and woman who had been clubbed to death.

Seven of these women were killed and eaten on the day we landed in Bau, and the screams of two of them, as they were being killed, were the first sounds we heard from the island.

On first learning what was going on, I was reluctant to land, but was assured by Dailey that there was not the least danger—that the natives of Bau were too enlightened to molest white men.

He assured me that lessons taught the Fiji natives by Captain Wilks, of the United States Exploring Expedition, and by the French commander, M. d'Urville, had

made the group a safe residence for white men, unless in the interior of some of the larger islands.

The occasional visits of ships of war, now made the punishment for outrages on white men certain, and the people of Bau were too sure of this to make them the victims of their barbarous propensities.

Near by the island of Bau is the fertile little island of Viwa, where there was a missionary station. From this station, on the day of the feast, came Mrs. Lyth and Mrs. Calvert, the wives of two missionaries, and sought an audience of Tanoa, the father of Thakombow. Their business was to save the lives of the women who had not yet been slaughtered for food. The mission of these courageous English women was one of considerable danger, but it was performed in a manner that proved them worthy of the station they filled, as wives of missionaries amongst a barbarous people. They forced themselves into the presence of Tanoa, and with presents removed his displeasure at the act; then asked that the lives of those who had not been killed should be spared.

Their request was granted, and three of the women were thus saved from being eaten, and were taken away by their deliverers.

After this affair, I was much surprised at the manner in which Dailey and other white residents on the Fiji islands spoke of the chiefs Thakombow and Navinda. I thought that they could not be otherwise than cruel, bloodthirsty savages, and was surprised at learning that they were most respected by those who knew the most about them.

I was told that they were brave, manly, and humane men, who possessed most of those natural qualities of mind that are, or should be, most admired. Such may be the case, for there are white men living on the island who do not eat human flesh, and yet are worse men than the natives who do.

Ignorance makes crimes, of which many are guilty who are not naturally bad

CHAPTER XLVI.

SAM.

I HAD an opportunity of leaving Bau in a whaler from Boston, but not being anxious to again being placed under the restraint to which a sailor is subjected, I would not embark in it.

Dailey was an industrious man, intent on making money by trading, and after remaining a week at Bau, he prepared to sail, in a small canoe of his own, for a village on the opposite side of a large island, separated from Bau by a narrow channel, quite bare at low water. Seeing nothing else to do, and at his request, I accompanied him.

Sailing along the coast, we landed the next day at a small village, containing about two hundred inhabitants, amongst which was residing one white man, called Sam.

The next day Dailey was engaged in a brisk trade. He had been at the place before, and as his present visit was expected, the natives had gathered for trade a good supply of the articles he wished to purchase. He was treated with great kindness by the chief of the tribe; and being his friend, I also received a fair share of attention.

The chief had, probably, been named by the carpenter of some ship, for he was called Mallet. Mallet had nine female slaves, such as on the Fiji Islands are supposed to be wives; but in his opinion, the greatest part of his property consisted in a double-barrel shot gun, which he had managed in some way to obtain from a whaler.

A food for this he was in great want of—"nookoo nee Bulatangi," or English sand—the name by which Fijians call powder.

Of this he obtained a good supply of Dailey, and afterwards appeared to think himself one of the most powerful rulers on earth.

The white man living with the tribe was married to the chief's niece. We saw but very little of him, for nearly

all of his time was passed in sleeping. Sleep seemed to be the sole object of his existence, and he had certainly found a place where it could be pursued, if not to much advantage, at least without much trouble. If people only live while awake, his existence, in my opinion, would be a very short one, should he remain on the islands.

For nearly a week I tried to follow his example, and at the end of that time was awakened by Dailey, who told me that he was going to his home in the island of Goro, one of the Fiji group.

Thinking that I had been under his protection long enough, and was now able to take care of myself, I refused to accompany him, and he departed with two small canoes, and three of the natives to aid him in working them.

On the evening of the third day after his departure, I was disturbed from my sleep by the loud roaring of old Mallet in a rage. He was in a tremendous fury, and seemed trying to let all the world know it, by shouting at the top of his voice, which was certainly the loudest I ever heard.

All in the village were aroused, and seemed, from their alertness, to be preparing for an attack from some dreaded enemy.

There must certainly have been a great disturbance, for even Sam, the sleeper, was aroused, and came from his house to the place where I was staying.

At the sight of him I was alarmed, for I knew that nothing less than some great emergency had kept him from his repose.

"Come away from there," he exclaimed; "we had better hide for a while, for if old Mallet sees us, he might have a good dinner to-morrow.

I followed him, and we retired to a little grove of mangrove trees, near the village, and were accompanied by Sam's wife.

"This row is all about Dailey," said Sam, when asked to explain; "yet we had better not be seen at present. Old Mallet has let the powder get damp, and now thinks he has been cheated by Dailey, who sold it to him. That is

not all. On the night Dailey went away, one of the chief's wives disappeared, and a canoe was stolen. The natives who went with Dailey have returned, and stated that the woman and canoe are at Goro."

During the time Sam was making this explanation, I could hear Mallet shouting strong Fiji invectives, that of "puaka Bulatangi" (English pig) being often repeated.

Sam's wife was sent into the village to learn what was going to be done, and in about an hour after returned with the story that Mallet was going to start for Goro early the next morning. He had given orders to have his war canoe launched, and for forty warriors to prepare for the voyage with him. He had also given orders that by the time his return might be expected, two or three ovens should be ready for cooking Dailey, who was to be made into "puaka balava," or "long pork;" and that Dailey's friend, "Billee," should not be allowed to leave the island.

I asked Sam if there was any prospect of Mallet's anger so much subsiding by morning as to cause him to relinquish his voyage after Dailey.

He declared that there was no chance for anything of the kind to happen; that Mallet had been seeking for an opportunity or excuse for an expedition for some time, and that the present was too good a chance to be lost.

"And do you really think," said I, "that he will harm Dailey?"

"Yes, of course," answered Sam. "The natives of Goro can't protect him, even if they were willing, which they will not be, for Mallet is a friend of several great chiefs. Thakombow, Navinda, and Thakonauto, or Phillips, will neither of them blame him for anything he does, and he has not sense enough to be afraid of any punishment from white people."

"But," continued I, "Dailey had nothing to do with the woman's departure from here, and Mallet may learn that such is the case."

"That has nothing to do with the case at all," said Sam, "for Mallet won't trouble himself as to whether Dailey is guilty or not."

Sam had now been so long awake that he began to exhibit signs of being sleepy. I was not pleased at this, for he had succeeded in awaking my fear for Dailey, and I was anxious to devise some plan for saving him.

"What shall we do?" I asked, as he was about to leave me.

"I am going home to sleep," he answered, "but I advise you to keep out of sight till after Mallet has sailed. He will go by sunrise—perhaps before."

"But can't we send word to Dailey, or do something to aid him?"

"How? why?" asked Sam with a yawn.

"Do you know the way to Goro?"

"Yes. Why?"

"Let us steal a canoe, and start for there to-night."

"I don't know. I never thought of that, but I'm very sleepy."

"If you will go with me, I'll work the canoe, and let you sleep. You can put me on the way, and I'll let you have as much sleep as possible."

This was enough, and Sam consented to go. I could see that he was anxious to save Dailey, but that he would have sacrificed him for the sake of a little sleep.

After sending his wife again to the village, we walked down to the shore.

The war canoe was launched, three or four of the natives were in it, and others were bringing water and food for provisions on a voyage.

We moved further along the shore, found a small fishing canoe, and launched it. As we could not find any paddles, we took two pieces of bamboo from a deserted hut, and with them pushed off.

CHAPTER XLVII.

GORO ISLAND.

AFTER getting fairly away from shore, Sam pointed to the southern cross, and then in the direction which he wished me to steer.

He then lay down in the bottom of the canoe, and two minutes after was sleeping soundly.

The bamboo sticks were awkward to use, and notwithstanding all my exertions, our progress was very slow.

Knowing that Sam would be in a very bad humour if disturbed, I allowed him to indulge in his favourite amusement.

I worked hard all night, keeping on the course he had pointed out, and did not awaken him until the first appearance of the sun.

After rising up and taking a look at the sun, and the direction I was heading the canoe, Sam gave orders for me to make a slight change in the course, and again lay down.

"Come! Come!! Sam," I exclaimed, "get up and take your turn at pulling. My hands are blistered, and I'm tired."

After much cursing and growling, Sam at last took the sticks, and I lay down for a sleep.

The sun was not more than two hours high when I was awakened by Sam, who declared that Mallet would reach Goro before us, unless we made more speed.

Not being willing that his anxiety for Dailey should be greater than mine, I arose, and taking one of the bamboos we worked together.

The sun soon began to come down very hot, and we suffered much with thirst. Having to steal away in haste, we had neglected to take with us any water or food.

By the time the sun reached its meridian, Goro was in sight, but we were in an agony of suffering.

Two or three hours' work was before us before the shore could be reached, and neither of us felt able to pull another stroke.

For the first time in his life, I think Sam was not sleepy.

Knowing that our wants could not be supplied until we reached the shore, we toiled away, inspired no longer by the hope of assisting Dailey, but of relieving our own necessities.

When we were near the shore, two canoes were seen coming after us.

There could be no doubt but what they contained Mallet and his party; and then a doubt arose in our minds as to whether we should reach the shore in time to find Dailey, and get him away from the island before he would be caught.

The canoes approaching in the distance were gaining on us rapidly.

They had sails spread, and were favoured by an active breeze from the right quarter, while we had only to depend for a propelling power on weary arms and blistered hands, working with the bamboos.

When we reached the shore, the canoes were not more than a mile and a half away, and our danger was imminent.

"Mallet will know what we came here for," exclaimed Sam, "and he will surely catch us. We shall be converted into long pork, and serve us right. We might have slept while we had a chance. Never lose an opportunity of sleeping. That is my belief, and I wish I'd lived up to it. All the trouble a man finds in this world, he seeks when awake."

To some natives near where we landed, Sam spoke a few words, of which I only understood that something was said about Dailey.

"It's all right," exclaimed Sam, turning to me. "He's on the other side of the island. We have a chance."

Sam was now fully awakened, and after one minute's delay in quenching our thirst we started off for the opposite side of the island, leaving the canoe on the shore.

After one hour's walk, we reached a little village, and found Dailey, who seemed greatly surprised at seeing us. In a few words we explained the cause of our visit, and told him that Mallet was then undoubtedly on the island.

"Then it is time we were off," said he, when we had finished our story; "but there is something I can't understand."

"One of Mallet's wives did reach here in a canoe the day after my arrival, but she was taken back by the three men who came with me. I saw them start."

"There is something strange about that," said I, "for I don't think the woman returned to Mallet; but if what you say is true, he will not injure you. You can prove that you are not to blame."

Sam and Dailey smiled at my simplicity. "There will be no time for proof," said Dailey. "Mallet will club me as soon as he can get me within his reach, and may only learn the truth of the affair when he is eating my heart."

"I shall not try to defend or protect myself with reasons and explanations. A savage, like Mallet, when in a rage, can no more understand them than a hungry shark can comprehend a prayer from the poor devil he is eating. Come on. We must be off."

Two jars of water, some cocoanuts and bread-fruit were put into Dailey's canoe, and then Dailey returned to his house for a musket, ammunition, and some other articles.

On his return to the canoe, he was stopped by the chief, who demanded to know the cause of his sudden departure.

Had Dailey told the truth, we should have been detained, for the chief would have been afraid of Mallet's anger for allowing us to depart.

Knowing this, the trader told his chief that Thakanauto, or Phillips, had sent for him to go to Rewa immediately.

The chief dared not to interfere with the orders of "Mr. Phillips," and allowed us to leave without any opposition; but he seemed a little displeased that Phillips had not sent to him the request that the white man should be allowed to leave.

This want of courtesy was explained away by Dailey,

who told the chief that Phillips had undoubtedly sent such a message, but that Sam and I had not fulfilled our mission properly, owing to our ignorance of the Fiji language and customs.

This explanation was satisfactory, and we pushed off.

Before we had got half a mile away, a great commotion was observed ashore, and the breeze, to which we were spreading a small sail, brought to our ears the sound of loud shouts expressing the threats of disappointment and rage. Mallet had crossed the island, and only in time to see the object of his anger moving away from it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A CHASE.

"THEY are launching a canoe," said Dailey, as he was watching the natives rushing to and fro on the shore. "Mallet has left his war canoe on the other side the island, or we would be caught. We stand a chance of escaping now, although we shall have a close race for it."

Dailey was right, for two canoes were soon seen pursuing us.

In my opinion, with all my island experience, the conduct of Mallet was something very singular.

Why could he not learn from those on the island we had left that there was no just reason why he should pursue Dailey in anger? and I made this inquiry of my companions.

They told me that Mallet had come to Goro for the purpose of meeting Dailey, and had only arrived in time to see him depart. That alone was a disappointment sufficiently great to cause a hot pursuit. They further stated, that as Sam and I had left the island without Mallet's consent or knowledge, that alone, in the opinion of the

islanders, was a breach of etiquette justifying him in pursuing us ; and furthermore, in leaving Mallet, we had taken a canoe that did not belong to us.

"The war canoe will be pulled around to this side of the island," said Sam ; "which way will it come?"

"Around the southern side," answered Dailey, "and we must keep well to the north, for if Mallet gets into that, he will stand a good chance of overhauling us. We must try and reach Rewa, where we will be protected. We shall be safe nowhere else on the group."

The breeze was light, and we were not able to move with much speed.

Sails were set on the canoes following us, and we could plainly see that we were not gaining on our pursuers.

They did not depend on the breeze alone, but were using the paddles, for the purpose of obtaining all the speed possible.

They were gaining on us.

When Mallet landed on Goro, he must have given orders for the war canoe to be taken to the other side of the island, without the least delay, and by the time he had crossed the island on foot, the canoe must have been well on its way for meeting him.

We were certain of this, for before we were two miles from where we started, the war canoe, manned by about twenty men, hove in sight from the southern end of the island.

It was able to sail two miles to our one ; and our escape began to appear doubtful.

The large canoe did not put in at the village we had left, but passed by it, following those in pursuit of us. Mallet had managed in some way to telegraph to those aboard it the words, "come on."

They *did* come, and in a way that aroused our fears nearly to the point of desperation.

The two small canoes following us were overtaken, and soon after we saw them making towards the island we were leaving

Mallet had boarded the war canoe, and was fast coming up with us.

There was but one source for hope.

The darkness of night was overtaking us also, but there was a doubt as to which would arrive first.

Two of us used the paddles, while the other attended to the sail.

The man pursuing us was a creature incapable of reasoning—a savage in anger. No proper knowledge of right and wrong controlled his acts; and wild with the trouble we had given him, no fear of after consequences would restrain his animosity, when once we were in his power.

He was accompanied by a force against whom we could have no hope of a successful combat. Our only hope depended on keeping beyond their reach.

Darkness was fast gathering around us, as, weak with hunger and fatigue, we struggled to prolong the time we might call our own.

The breeze increased in strength, and the large canoe, with its broad sail, came rushing towards us, while we seemed, with all our exertions, only gently moving up and down with each tranquil heave of the ocean's bosom.

When the canoe could be seen but very indistinctly through the mist of night, we could hear the shouts of our pursuers. They were not far away, and fast coming up.

"This won't do," exclaimed Dailey. "Stand by there, I'm going on the other tack."

The canoe was a "double header," and being easily handled, the next instant we were moving away at right angles to the course we had been pursuing.

This plan for a while seemed successful, for gazing sharply against the horizon, we could see the broad sail of Mallet's canoe less distinct than before, and the jabbering of his warriors seemed further away.

We had not long to congratulate ourselves on the result of this "dodge," for we soon learnt that our pursuers were again after us.

"We must try something else," said Dailey. "Look sharp there, I'm going to tack again."

After running a few yards in another direction, Dailey struck the mast, and exclaimed, "Drop down both of you; nothing must be seen above the edge of the canoe."

We all went down, and then came two or three minutes of agonizing suspense.

Would our enemies pass by without seeing us, or should we soon feel the weight of their clubs?

A few minutes would decide.

Gazing over the edge of the canoe, Dailey anxiously watched our pursuers.

"They do not see us," he whispered "They will pass us."

They did pass, and but a few yards away. Having no suspicion of the plan we had taken, and our canoe being small, they did not see it.

We were favoured by a passing cloud, intercepting the faint light of the stars; and so near did they pass to us, that we were able to distinguish the voice of Mallet, as he shouted the words "Puaka Bulatangi."

"He will have to do without English pork for a long time, before he catches me," whispered Dailey, "for if they keep on that course one minute longer, we are safe."

Gazing over the edge of the canoe, I could see the broad sail of the other slowly disappearing in the darkness as they left us astern, and so indistinctly did it appear, that I was confident we could not be seen even were any of the natives gazing towards us.

After gently using the paddles for about five minutes, in increasing the distance between the two canoes, we again set the sail.

This was done by Dailey and me, and by the time we were fairly moving on by the force of a lively breeze, Sam was sound asleep in the bottom of the canoe. His powerful propensity for repose could be restrained no longer, and the fact that he had kept awake so long, spoke plainer than words of the fear that had been shaking his soul and keeping him from slumber.

Knowing that my services were no longer wanted, I soon followed his example, leaving Dailey to work the canoe.

During the last twenty-four hours, I had been nearly all the time in a state of high excitement, while performing severe toil, and I lay down in the canoe, under favourable circumstances for enjoying the pleasure arising from the need of rest, when conscious of freedom from some late impending danger.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THAKONAUTO.

WHEN I awoke in the morning, we were running down the coast of Ovulow on our way to Rewa.

We had much difficulty in awaking Sam, who seemed to converse equally as sensibly when asleep as when awake. All the shakes and kicks we could give him only elicited the declaration that he was awake and ready, and waiting to do his share of any necessary work. We got him fully aroused at last, but not until we had introduced into his drowsy mind, the idea that he was hungry and needed a breakfast. This opened his eyes, and after we had placed some food before him, he fully awoke.

"Sleeping always makes me hungry," said Sam, as he made an attack on the bread-fruit.

After proving the truth of what he had said by his manner of eating, and the quantity he devoured, Sam again lay down.

"It is very strange," said he, closing his eyes, "but eating always makes me sleepy."

He proved his words true again, by an immediate journey to the land of dreams.

Within sight of Rewa we saw a large ship at anchor, and at my request Dailey steered for it.

The vessel was Her Majesty's Ship *Havannah*, of nineteen guns, under the command of Captain Erskine, then cruising amongst the Pacific Islands.

The ship was anchored off Levuka, where I had been a few days before. On reaching the vessel, we found it surrounded by several canoes that had arrived that morning from Rewa, bringing the chiefs Thakombow and Navinda, and several of their tribes on a visit to the ship.

The chiefs were to be entertained by the captain with a dinner, and Mr. Calvert, the husband of one of the women I have mentioned as having saved the three native women from being eaten, was present as interpreter.

For some time after we reached the ship of war, Sam continued sleeping, undisturbed by the clamour of the natives around him. Dailey and I were conversing with some of the men, who, on learning that we were hungry, invited us to come on deck and have something to eat, and we awoke Sam for the purpose of having him join us.

On opening his eyes and finding himself alongside of an English man-of-war, Sam threw his features into an expression of mingled fear and surprise, and exclaimed "What are you here for? Push off! For God's sake push off quick."

He seized a paddle and was pushing the canoe away from the ship, when one of the officers, looking over the side of the vessel, called upon him to stop. This order was accompanied by the explanation that Sam was wanted.

"It's all up with me now," exclaimed Sam to us. "I shall have to go to New South Wales. Now, this comes of waking me up. Had you let me sleep, they would not have seen me."

"Had you been awake," answered Dailey, "you would not have come near the ship. If you have got into trouble, it comes of sleeping."

Sam made no answer to this, but ascended the side of the vessel, and was placed under confinement.

I never saw him again, and never learnt of what crime he was accused. The men of the *Havannah* could only inform me that the officers had heard of Sam, and had

a description of his appearance, for the purpose of securing him should he fall in their way.

In the afternoon, Dailey and I went in the canoe to Rewa, where we found Thakonauto, the chief generally known to white residents of the islands by the name of Phillips.

Phillips was a fine-looking man for a Figian, and was about forty years of age. He spoke English very well, and seemed the most intelligent islander I had seen.

Dailey had often seen him before, and they met as old acquaintances.

Although Phillips could speak very good English, he seemed to have no idea that many terms and expressions he used were improper.

This was the fault of the bad men of whom he had learnt the language.

After speaking for a minute on things in general in a very sensible manner, in language no one could reasonably condemn, he would spoil it all by uttering some horrible profanity learnt from American sailors, or by some disgusting obscene expressions learnt from Englishmen.

When Dailey informed Phillips of the escape from Mallet, and of the misunderstanding into which the chief had wandered, Phillips despatched one of his attendants from the house on some errand, and a few minutes after, Mallet was standing before us.

The latter chief had already found evidence to believe that Dailey had not attempted to do him any wrong. Mallet's wife had fled to Goro, not for the purpose of finding Dailey, but one of the natives who accompanied him. Only two of the natives who went with Dailey to Goro returned to their home, the other, with the woman, had fled to Rewa, where Mallet had found them that morning.

Both of them had been clubbed to death, and the anger of Mallet was appeased. He invited Dailey to return home with him, and promised never more to have a doubt of his honesty and friendship, although he plainly admit-

ted, that had he overtaken us in the pursuit, he would have killed and eaten all three.

The only thing he had to complain of, was the gunpowder, but Phillips easily convinced him that the powder had been spoilt by his own neglect or folly.

The invitation given to Dailey was extended to me ; but not being willing to place myself under the protection of a creature who might for some imaginary wrong have me put into his oven, and only take the trouble to learn whether he had done right or wrong when sure of a dinner at the expense of my life, I did not choose to accept of it.

As Phillips occupied a high position amongst Figi chiefs, he took the liberty of giving Mallet instructions for future behaviour.

He told the wild chief that he must not think of punishing any white man in the manner he had threatened of doing. He assured Mallet that had Dailey been killed, the English ship of war then in Rewa Roads, would have anchored off his (Mallet's) island, and blown it out of the water with the big guns. Mallet promised reformation, and was allowed to depart.

The next day Dailey left me to return to Goro, and I never saw him again.

CHAPTER I.

LIFE IN VUNA.

AFTER managing to exist about Rewa for a week or ten days, I went in a small vessel, belonging to Messrs. Whippy and Simpson, of Levuka, to Somo-Somo, with the determination of staying there for a while, whether I liked the place or not.

Wearry of wandering about without a home, I resolved to live as I saw others, with the hope of becoming contented.

The town of Somo-Somo is on the island of Vuna, and contained about five hundred inhabitants.

The white men on the Fiji Islands, unlike those on most other islands of the Pacific, do not care for being with the natives alone, and two or more will generally be found living with the same tribe.

On the coast, about twelve miles from the town, was another small village, where a white man in Somo-Somo wished to reside, and invited me to go there, and join a tribe with him.

I consented, and we received permission to depart.

The man whom I accompanied was an uninteresting creature—a man so very common in intellect and appearance, that I should not have known him again after being a week away from his society. Some people have only to be seen once to be ever remembered, but this was not the case with Tom.

He had not one peculiarity about him ; nothing in his conversation and appearance could arrest the slightest attention, and the only thing singular in connection with him, was how he ever managed to get away from home ; for people without character seldom move from the furrow where circumstances have first placed them.

Before we had been living in our new home a week, Tom took a wife, and commenced living after the manner of white residents in Fiji.

I did not follow his example, for I had not yet forgotten Librada.

The tribe with whom we were living were wholly uncivilized, and in all things were very Fijian.

When we had been living with this tribe about three weeks, Tom and his wife went on some business to Somo-Somo. They returned in the evening of the next day, bringing with them a white man.

Tom called on me in the evening, and began, as usual, to bore me with his senseless talk.

He began by telling me that the day had been very warm, a fact which I had already learnt by my own observation.

He further informed me that pulling the canoe from Somo-Somo that afternoon was not pleasant work, and that he had allowed the woman to do most of the work in bringing the canoe back. This was an unnecessary statement, for I knew that he was very lazy.

"I don't like pulling a boat in the hot sun," said he, "do you? I don't think I ever shall like it; it's hard work. That's a very decent young fellow I brought home with me. He has ran away from a ship, and wanted to leave Somo-Somo for fear of being caught. I always like to help a poor devil in distress, and I believe this fellow had rather be cooked and eaten ashore than do his duty aboard of a whaler again."

Tom would have gone on in his usual manner for an hour, had I not interrupted him, by asking him what ship was at Somo-Somo.

On learning that the whaler there was the *Lovely Lizzie*, it occurred to me that the runaway Tom had brought home with him might be Peter the Poet, and with the hope of meeting an old acquaintance, I went with Tom to his home.

On entering the house, I found Peter, who was delighted to see me.

He told me that Captain Baker had never lost an opportunity of annoying him since the ship was at Tongataboo, and that the captain's ill-will towards him had been so plainly exhibited on every occasion, that the whole crew had noticed it, and aided him in escaping at Somo-Somo, where the ship had called two days before.

Peter believed that the captain would offer a large reward to the natives for returning him, and he declared that he would die before he would go on board of the ship again.

Several days passed, and Peter's fears began to subside. Then we heard that the *Lovely Lizzie* had sailed from Somo-Somo, and he was happy.

Three months passed, during which I did not meet with one adventure worthy of record.

I had found people who seemed inclined to let me live amongst them in peace. On other islands I had seen

white men living with natives unmolested, and could not understand why they had not allowed me to do the same.

Unfavourable circumstances had ever met me amongst them, but they had forsaken me now.

Peter the Poet took a wife, and passed his days in an idle, dreamy manner, that seemed well suited to his nature. He declared that he had at last found the home for which he had been seeking, and that he should never again seek the abodes of civilized men.

The tribe we were living with were much of the time engaged in war, but we wisely refrained from joining in their difficulties, and remained in the village with the non-combatants.

Two or three times, while residing with this tribe, I knew from my own observation, that on returning from successful engagements, the warriors of the tribe ate the flesh of the enemies they had slain.

At one time I should have been so horrified at this act of barbarity, that I should not have remained with the tribe, but people become accustomed to strange scenes. I did not forget that Christian missionaries associate with, and have some respect for, such chiefs as Thakombow and Navinda, who had killed and eaten, not their enemies, but inoffensive women, at Bau.

I was not ill-treated by the natives of Vuna, and amongst those guilty of cannibalism were men whom I could respect for many good qualities.

Life on the South Sea Islands has been described by so many people, that, under the belief my readers have read a more interesting account than I can give, I shall refrain from troubling them with full particulars of my residence on Vuna.

One or two scenes, however, I will mention. About a month after Peter's arrival in the village, an inferior chief was killed in a battle with a mountain tribe, and his body was brought back to the village.

According to Fiji custom, the chief's wives had to be strangled, and buried on the same day as the chief.

The chief had but two wives, and they submitted to the operation of being strangled with resignation that Socrates might have envied.

They were put out of further danger in this world by the principal chief; and Peter and I witnessed this savage custom, without daring to interfere.

We were powerless for saving the victims of this Fiji barbarism; but as we had heard of the captains of whalers who had lent natives of the islands galley coppers for cooking human flesh, and had heard of human bodies being cooked on a French ship, we did not think ourselves as much to blame as some others who have visited the Pacific.

One day we saw a funeral ceremony, in which the person buried walked to the grave. The funeral was that of an old man, who had become a burden to his relatives, and, consequently, in the opinion of the Fiji natives, should live no longer. He was buried alive, and two of his sons took the most active part in the work of relieving themselves from any further care of their sire; yet I was told that the two young men had ever treated the old man with the greatest kindness, and that the unpleasant task they then performed was done through a sense of duty, and at the father's desire.

CHAPTER LI.

THE NATIVES OF VATE.

AFTER being about three months on Vuna, I heard of a small vessel that had called at Somo-Somo, in want of hands for the trade in which it was engaged.

It was a brig belonging to two merchants in Sydney, and was employed in collecting sandal-wood.

The opportunity of shipping aboard of it was not to be lost, for I knew that in that trade would be met many

scenes and adventures, such as would be interesting after the monotonous life passed with Tom and Peter. Leaving them contented as they were, I hastened to Somo-Somo, and fortunately (as I then thought) was in time to be engaged as one of the hands on the brig.

The day after joining it, we sailed for the New Hebrides, and I found myself amongst a more interesting crew than ever I had sailed with before, many of them having once been convicts at Botany Bay.

They were worse than the crew of the *Wedding Ring*—an assemblage of the vilest ruffians of the Pacific—men who were too bad to live at peace with the native islanders, and had apparently been driven into the society of each other as some protection against retribution. They were men proud of every vice of their native land, and thankful that they had reached a place where those vices could be indulged in without restraint.

There is a great rivalry in the sandal-wood trade, and each party engaged in it is generally trying to injure the others, by bringing upon them the ill-will of the natives.

So bad has been the conduct of the crews of several vessels engaged in this trade, that the natives, in defending their lives and property, have killed many of those who had injured them, or who were trying to do so, yet two or three exceptions to this rule have formed an excuse for many bad deeds on the part of white traders.

The first island at which we called was Vate, the inhabitants of which have a very bad name amongst traders in the Pacific, principally on account of the massacre of the crews of the vessels *Cape Pucket* and the *British Sovereign*, a “sandal-wooding” barque.

The day after anchoring in a small bay at Vate, the captain obtained of the chief of a tribe permission for felling and taking away sandal wood, and we commenced preparations for work. To prevent getting into difficulties with the natives, all were commanded to return to the ship each night; but this rule was observed by a very few.

The labour of cutting the wood and getting it to the shore was severe, but to most of the men there were attrac-

tions in the life they were living that made them contented, and apparently happy.

They were allowed plenty of rum after the day's work was over, and for some time they kept on friendly terms with the natives, while teaching them some of the doubtful blessings of civilization. What more could bad men desire?

The inhabitants of the island were engaged in a war amongst themselves, and there is no doubt but what that was the principal reason why we had so little trouble with them.

When we had been on the island about three weeks, the tribe with which we were staying wished to make peace with a tribe on the other side of the island, with whom they had long been at war. Their peace offering was three men and one woman, to be used as food for a feast.

We saw the four victims marched off on their journey across the island, for slaughter, and were not a little surprised at the manner they were apparently going to meet their fate.

The victims had become unpopular amongst the tribe, by committing some crimes, or breach of island etiquette.

Every day, in going to our work, we passed by a place where ten of the crew of the *British Sovereign* had been cooked and eaten in April, 1847, but little more than two years before.

The *British Sovereign* was a barque belonging to Sydney, New South Wales, and was wrecked on the island.

In most of the affrays that have taken place on the islands, between the natives and the crews of trading vessels, the white men have been the aggressors; but this case was an exception, and the crime of the natives has been an excuse for traders to ill-treat the natives of every group on the Pacific.

Three or four natives were pointed out to me who were concerned in the massacre of the crew of the *Cape Packet*, in 1841.

The plan by which a part of the crew of this vessel were overcome was very ingenious.

Several of the crew were natives of Oahu, New Zealand, and Borabora, and while the vessel was anchored at Vate, these natives had a dispute with the rest of the crew, and deserted with one of the ship's boats.

On reaching the shore, they persuaded the natives of the island to kill the captain and the boat's crew that would land in pursuit of them. They then concealed themselves in the bush until this evil advice had been followed.

As they expected, the captain with a boat's crew came ashore to retake them; and were killed by the men of Vate. The runaways, ten in number, then came from their hiding-place, and six of them had their hands slightly tied in such a way that they could easily free them. They were thus taken aboard the vessel by the natives who had killed the captain and the boat's crew. Seeing some of his crew returned as prisoners, of course the first officer made no objection to the natives coming on deck, and had not the least suspicion of treachery.

The mate and others left in charge of the vessel, were told that the captain and his men had caught the six, and had sent them off to the vessel, and that he was then looking for the other four.

Suddenly, the six who seemed to be bound, disengaged their hands, and the rest of the white men were murdered.

When we had been about four weeks at Vate, the natives became tired of us, and were disagreeable. They would no longer assist us in bringing the wood to the shore, and were enraged if not allowed everything they wished.

They had made peace with their enemies, and were evidently seeking another foe.

We had cut all the sandal-wood that was convenient to the ship, and the officers determined to leave, while they could do so in peace. The anchors were weighed with a lively song, for all were willing to leave.

After leaving the harbour, we sailed for the Isle of Pines, where the owners of the brig had a trading station, and where I hoped to have an opportunity of leaving my evil-minded, dissipated companions.

In the hold of the vessel, stowed away in a very careless manner, was about one hundred gallons of cocoa-nut oil, in Fiji jars.

One day, the steward was below after some stores, and after moving a cask, two or three of the jars fell and broke. In trying to prevent them from falling, the steward dropped his light, and the oil caught fire.

This was the story told us by a Tonga youth, who was below at the time, to assist the steward in getting up what he required.

The first notice we had of the fearful danger to which we were exposed, was the appearance of the steward, rushing on deck with his clothes burning.

So great was his agony, from the action of the fire, that, rushing to the lee-side of the vessel, he threw himself over into the sea.

The steward was followed up from below by the Tonga youth, a column of smoke, and other evidences that the vessel was on fire.

In the consternation of the moment, the steward was forgotten, and we never saw him again.

Had Old Fury been with us, he would have understood in an instant all that could have been done ; and while shouting out the necessary orders for extinguishing the fire, he would have been lowering a boat, or doing something to save the man who had jumped overboard.

CHAPTER LII.

"I'M AFLOAT."

THERE is nothing of which a sailor has a greater horror, than a fire at sea. Icebergs, water-spouts, a lee-shore in a gale, or any other danger he may meet, as something necessary to his business ; but the bare idea of his floating

home being on fire, fills his soul with a fear no other danger can create.

A sailor has much fear of sharks ; but it is mixed with hatred, as though the creature had proved ungrateful for some past favour.

Give a sailor something to support himself with on the water, and on it he will manfully combat any danger, with the hope of overcoming it ; but the knowledge that a fire is burning beneath him, brings a soul-chilling sensation of unadulterated fear, that even the bravest must feel.

The captain was not long in learning that the oil was burning, and knew that water would not quench the fire.

The only plan was to try and smother it. The call of "All hands on deck !" was immediately followed by the order to close the hatches.

The seams of the hatches were closed, and every precaution taken to keep the flames below from being fed with air.

We were not more than ten miles from land in one direction ; but the breeze was not favourable for reaching it.

There was land to the leeward, about thirty miles away ; and the jib-boom was pointed towards it, and all sail set.

There was a lumber-room amidships, where a Tongataboo native had taken up his lodging-place. For several days the man had been ill, and had not been allowed to sleep in the forecastle.

At the time the hatches were battened down he was below ; and, in the excitement of the time, no one had thought anything about him. His whereabouts was first brought to our recollection by hearing a shout that seemed to come from a grave in some far-away land.

To have removed a hatch, with the hope of saving him, would not necessarily have endangered our lives ; but such an act would lessen the chances of saving the vessel, which was the captain's only care.

The man was only a "Tongee," and, in the opinion of the officers, hardly worth saving, had he been a well man ; but, being afflicted with a disease from which he would

probably never recover, even if placed on land, the officers would not destroy their hope of saving the vessel, by attempting to get him out.

Every rag of sail that happened to be on deck was spread, and the boats were got ready for launching over, in case the flames should break out before we reached land.

Again and again was heard the faint, low, and hollow sound of the poor wretch imprisoned beneath us.

I happened to be standing near the captain and first mate.

"We are all right, as long as we can hear that man's voice," said the former. "As long as the fire is not strong enough to finish him, there is hope."

"I do not agree with you," answered the mate, "for we cannot smother the fire without smothering him. I shall not think we are all right, until we can hear him no more."

This difference of opinion on an interesting question of natural philosophy, I have not yet investigated with sufficient attention to form an opinion of my own, as to which of the two officers was right.

Small jets of smoke now began ascending through the seams of the deck.

"It's all up with her, I think," said the mate. "I wish we had some provisions in the boats."

"Not a soul shall leave the vessel, until we are chased from it by fire," replied the captain. "Listen ! Can you still hear the man below ?"

"No, of course not," answered the mate, after holding an ear near the deck for a moment. "He died about the time the smoke began forcing itself through the caulking."

"Then, if he is smothered, according to your philosophy, we shall save her ?"

"No ; although I can't hear the man, I can hear something else."

"What is it ?"

"The roaring of flames."

"Starboard !" yelled the captain to the man at the wheel. "Keep her full."

We were going about ten knots an hour, and the small

speck of land for which we had "peaked the boom" seemed rapidly growing longer and higher.

Soon after hearing the above conversation, I moved forward amongst several of the crew.

"She's all alive with fire below," said one of the men, as I joined them. The deck will soon be down. I can feel that it's hot."

"The fire is roaring below like h—," exclaimed another. "I wonder the powder is not off by this time."

Somewhere below were several kegs of powder, to be used as an article of trade; and as soon as it had been mentioned, the fears of the men went up about five hundred per cent.

"We shall 'ave a rise in the world has none of huz wants," said one of the men, late from London. "Many one has stays 'ere much longer is sartin to go hup a flyin."

"Man the boats," cried another; "let us leave while we can."

A rush made for one of the boats was met by the captain, who threatened to kill the first man who attempted to lower a boat.

"I shall not desert the vessel until the last moment," he exclaimed, "and I shall not allow you to leave me without a boat."

The captain's threat about killing those who attempted to leave him was wholly disregarded. He was unarmed, and unable to maintain command.

The two small boats were lowered in spite of all the opposition he could make, the first mate being the principal person employed in keeping him quiet, while some of the braces were let go, the brig "brought to," and the boats let down.

All hands went over, followed by the mate, leaving the captain alone on the deck, which in some places was already blackened by the flames eating their way through it.

It was the first voyage in which he had been trusted with the command of a vessel, and a mistaken sense of duty caused him not to desert it.

He should have been taken from the ship by force, but each was so intent on saving himself, that duty to others was neglected.

The two boats pulled away on opposite sides of the brig.

I had got into the boat with the first mate. He was a genuine English sailor—one of the old school, and I felt myself more safe with him than in the other boat.

When we were about one hundred yards from the brig, the mate shouted to the captain, "Will you come with us, Nicholls? I'll turn back for you."

The captain shook his head.

One moment more, and—

"There came a burst of thunder's sound,"

—a stunning noise as though a universe had exploded.

The brig was scattered over the surrounding sea.

A shower of water, fire, and burning sandal-wood was thrown into the sky, and from the bosom of the sea there rose a liquid rolling mountain that moved over us, tumbling in pieces on its way.

On reaching the surface, after being for a moment submerged, I found myself being wildly tossed about in an unusually excited sea, and around me were tumbling fragments of the brig, and pieces of charred wood.

For a minute or two I was too much thrown about, and my mind too much stunned, to take notice of things around me.

Gradually I began to realize what had happened, and as the commotion of the water subsided, was able to make a few observations.

The boat had been swamped by the sea, and I could see several of my companions floating about me.

One of them, near by me, was dead. His head had been smashed, probably by a falling piece of timber.

The other boat was what the sailors call "alive." It was floating upright, and several men were in it, some of them baling water out of it with their hats. It had only shipped a sea.

Near me was the first mate, and I heard him shouting to those in the boat to come and pick us up, but his call was unheeded.

The boat would not hold all, and those in it would not endanger their own lives by taking any more into it.

They were quite right, and we should perhaps have acted like them, had our boat been saved and theirs lost; yet, as they cleared the boat of water and pulled away, some of the men around me sent after them a few curses and prayers for ill-luck in their voyage, as a parting farewell.

Remembering poor Twist, I kept a sharp look out to prevent any one from getting hold of me, but all I saw appeared to be good swimmers, and were striking out for large pieces of the brig.

Why should I strive to guard myself from the grasp of a drowning man?

The dying struggles of another might drag me to a happier fate than I should meet if tossed about for hours while clinging to a spar, and finally have to die, exhausted with hunger and fatigue, after long hours of mental agony. This thought passed over my mind like a swift flying cloud across the sky, but was followed by the light of hope.

Large pieces of the vessel were near me, and land was not more than twelve or fifteen miles away.

A large part of the bow of the brig was not far from me, and swimming to it, I found myself in company with two others. The piece was large enough to support a dozen men, and for a while we were safe, should sharks not take us away.

The piece to which we were clinging was of an awkward shape for floating quietly. It would roll over, and perform strange antics by the action of the waves.

While holding on it, there was nearly as much work in keeping the head above water as when swimming without any support. I did not like it, and proposed to my companions that we should find something else.

They refused, and I determined to leave them.

As the pieces of the brig were now getting spread farther from each other by the seas, I might have some trouble in finding such a support as I desired, yet the effort must be made for finding a more comfortable resting place.

The shade of night was fast coming upon us as I bade my companions "good bye," and left them in search of a raft of my own.

For some time I swam about, occasionally meeting small booms, little pieces of the deck, and heavy timbers that could barely float.

None of them would do. I must find something upon which I could rest, for there was no hope in constant exertion. By the toil of clinging to the piece I had just left, my two companions would soon become exhausted, and would have to die.

If they wished to live three hours longer, they should have left it.

Did they expect to drift ashore within three or four hours? If not, they should have looked for something that would have enabled them to live longer.

Turning about here and there, all knowledge of the direction in which I had been seeking was soon lost; and as twilight had fast thickened into darkness, I could see nothing of any of my companions.

No pieces of wood, or any other signs of a vessel destroyed, were now to be seen or felt near me.

Had I swum beyond the circumference of where pieces of the brig had been thrown or drifted? If so, which way should I turn to get within it again?

These questions made me feel weak, and the seconds of time seemed long.

I should die before the companions whom I had foolishly advised to follow me. No matter! I should die while boldly making the attempt to live; and in clinging to the multiform piece of wreck I had just left, they were only hanging on to the certainty of an agonizing death, and would suffer longer than I now had any hope of doing.

My strength was nearly exhausted, and not even a cinder of the burnt vessel could I run against.

I was upon the broad ocean, miles from land. There seemed nothing around me but darkness and water.

Many hours must pass before the appearance of that sun I could not hope to see again.

My arms and legs were weak, and much exertion had to be used in moving them. I thought of death, and then turned upon my back to gaze once more upon the bright stars, and make a supplication for future happiness to their great Creator.

While floating with my face upwards, my shoulders struck against something, and I turned over with a shock of fear. What had I to fear?

A shark would have put an end to my misery.

I had not come in contact with a denizen of the deep, but with an inanimate something, floating on the water, and I climbed on to it.

It was a half of the brig's long-boat, floating with the convex side uppermost.

Again my thoughts turned to God in prayer—not a cowardly prayer inspired by fear of death, but a prayer of thanks and gratitude.

Why was I thankful? Whence arose my gratitude?

Because a little more time was granted me to suffer the agony of fear.

There was nothing strange in this, for life is God's greatest gift to man, and it is well that he does not part with it willingly.

The side of the boat was a good raft, on which, by keeping a firm grasp on the side, I could rest.

The long night passed, and the sun rose.

No pieces of the wreck, loaded with my companions, could be seen, yet from the appearance of the land we were making for the night before, I seemed not to have moved from the place where the boat had been swamped.

The sun rose higher, and its beams came down on my bare head in a manner that threatened to make an oven of my skull, for the purpose of baking my brains.

I seemed to be moving no nearer the land.

The seas appeared to roll under me without taking my raft an inch from that point on the earth's surface where I had found it.

Must I die of hunger and thirst within sight of land?

"No," emphatically answered Hope.

Fortune had often befriended me, and she might do so again.

When nearly frantic with the agony of thirst and hope deferred, I saw a canoe.

It was coming towards me, and heading for the distant land upon which I had so often been wistfully gazing.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE SANDAL-WOOD TRADE.

THERE was no necessity for trying to attract the attention of those in the canoe as it came nearer, for hearing a shout, and seeing a slight change in the course for the purpose of reaching me, told that I had been seen.

The canoe was a large double one, and contained between forty and fifty persons, all men, and evidently going to or returning from war.

They seized upon me with a triumphant shout, as though they had succeeded in capturing a large trading vessel, loaded with all they most desired.

The first thing I noticed after getting on board was a heap of coconuts, and seizing one of them, I met the happiest moment of my existence.

After jabbering amongst themselves for a while, one of them came up to me, and striking an attitude of the tragic muse, exclaimed, "Where ship?"

I pointed to the bottom of the sea.

"Where white men?" was the next question, and I answered it by turning the thumb of my left hand towards my heart, and saying "here."

The man attempted to ask several more questions, but his efforts only resulted in a few exclamations, such as, "You — fool!" "Where?" "Yes, yes."

Suddenly he was struck with a flash of memory that enabled him to ask one more.

"What name you?" he inquired.

"Billy," I answered.

"Billee!" "Good! good!" "Where?" "Yes! yes!"

The native then interpreted to the others the substance of our conversation, and was so long in doing so, and used so many words, that I formed a very poor opinion of their language, which required so much work for the accomplishment of so little.

I had made two or three signs, and had spoken two or three words, yet it took the man nearly half an hour to convey to his companions what I had told him.

About an hour before sunset we landed at a small village on the island of Maree.

Here I met the boat's crew who had refused to pick us up.

All who were in the boat with me were probably lost, with the exception of the mate, who, I was afterwards told, had floated on a piece of the wreck to within five miles of the shore, and was then, like me, picked up by a native canoe on the way to New Caledonia; but I did not learn of his being saved until some time after leaving Maree.

The next day I had a long conversation with a white man who had been some time on the island.

From him I learnt what the native who had spoken to me a few words of English in the canoe, had told his companions about me. My story, according to his account was, that I had been one of a crew of sixty men; that the ship had run on to a rock, and broken to pieces; that I, with some of the men, had taken to a boat; but, unprovided with sails, oars, or food, and after floating about for several weeks, there were but myself and one more—my brother—left, we having eaten all the others.

Knowing that if we remained together in the boat, one brother would have to eat the other, we agreed to divide the boat and the body of our last companion between us.

This, with the aid or use of a hatchet, we managed to do. We then parted, and I had been drifting about on my half of the boat for ten days when picked up.

From this story, I learnt that some of the natives of the islands have a little imagination.

Four or five days after landing on Maree, another sandal-wooding vessel called at the island. A few days before, fifteen of the crew, natives of Tongataboo, had deserted at Uea, and the captain was in want of more hands.

The white men, in a sandal-wooding vessel, are generally paid by the *lay*, as in whaling ships; and the share offered by this captain for each seaman, was one-seventieth part.

This lay being better than is generally offered, nearly all of my shipmates were glad of the opportunity of taking it; and seeing nothing attractive in a life with the natives of Maree, I joined the ship with them. For the information of my young readers, I may here state, while writing of this trade, that the market for sandal-wood is China, where it sells for about thirty-six pounds per ton. It is a very profitable trade for the owner of a vessel engaged in it.

The seamen employed in the trade might also do well; but they will not. The majority of them are men that will not do well anywhere, at anything.

They are vagrants of the sea—men who only live for the present, who have nothing in the past they wish to remember, and no concern for the future. The majority of them are outcasts, whose instincts and evil deeds ever keep them moving from one wild scene to another. And yet they are men of intellect, courage, and enterprise—men who despise the contemptible meanness and the dull plodding ways of those who can pursue one narrow path through life, in search of respectability.

To such men, an interest in the profits of a voyage is no great inducement for them to act with wisdom, for excitement and pleasure is their object—not money; but the master and other officers of a sandal-wood ship have more stability of character.

As the master generally gets one-twelfth of the wood collected, and the first officer one twenty-eighth, self-interest makes them look after the welfare of the owner,

and do all in their power to make the most of the men's labour.

Some of the officers of vessels engaged in this trade have been known to commit many barbarous acts towards the natives, merely for the purpose of spoiling the trade between them and another ship.

The officers of one vessel, on leaving Erromango, shot some of the natives ; and afterwards boasted that they had thus prevented any other vessel from being allowed to trade with them.

The vessel I joined at Marce, like the other, was bound for the Isle of Pines, and had called at the former island for some wood that had been gathered there for the owners.

On reaching the latter island, we anchored at Uao, where the captain and crew of the brig *Star* were killed and eaten in 1842.

This fate Captain Ebrill and his crew are supposed to have brought upon themselves, by their treatment of the old chief Mateokoo and his tribe.

The natives seemed friendly enough with us ; and, probably, never were so bad, but what they could understand when they were well treated or not, and conduct themselves accordingly.

During the first two weeks we were on the Isle of Pines, we were very successful in getting wood, and in keeping clear of any difficulty with the natives. After that we met trouble.

The vessel to which I belonged was from Hobart Town ; and on the other side of the island were some men employed by a rival firm from Sydney.

When we had been on the island about two weeks, the two parties, in following their occupation, approached near each other ; and one day, three or four of our men came in with the story that they had been driven away from their work by the Sydneyites, who claimed the timber on the ground where they had been working.

Here was a cause for war, and we commenced making preparations for meeting it immediately.

The most important of these preparations, was that

of engaging the services of the natives ; and we soon learnt the rival party were taking the same means to accomplish their purpose, which was to drive us from the island.

It would not do for the rival whites to meet and kill each other, for the English Government had given the Courts of New South Wales jurisdiction over crimes committed by Englishmen on the islands ; and an English cruiser was then moving about amongst the different groups.

It was commanded by an officer ready and willing to take from the islands any English subject guilty of crimes, and bring him to trial in Sydney.

Knowing this, our officers, as well as the manager or agent of the other party, exerted all their influence with two rival tribes, to cause a war between them, and they easily succeeded.

Protected by a party of warriors of the tribe with whom we were friends, we started off one morning for the disputed ground, prepared to cut and remove sandal-wood from it.

On reaching the place, we found it already occupied by the Sydneyites, who were engaged in felling and dressing the wood.

Encouraged by the officers, our tribe proceeded to drive them away, and a skirmish ensued, in which one of the Sydney men was killed.

Since the massacre of the crew of the *Star*, the natives of the Isle of Pines have promised never more to molest white men. After discovering that they had killed a man, and wounded one or two more, they became frightened for the consequences, notwithstanding they had been encouraged in what they had done by white men.

This fear was partly caused by the conduct of our first mate, who, believing that the dispute had been pushed a little too far, now blamed the natives for what he had led them to do.

At that moment, we were attacked by about fifty natives, led on by the Sydneyites, who, although they would not

attack us for the sandal-wood, were willing to fight for avenging the life of their companion.

Our natives made a bolt for their village, and we followed them, pursued by a force that we could not have withstood, had we tried to hold possession of the ground.

By my side was running a young man, a native of Hobart Town, and one of the most respectable persons of the party to which I belonged.

While we were making the best speed we possibly could for the shore, this young man fell.

I ran on for a few paces, and then heard him calling "Bill ! Bill !"

I looked around, and seeing no one near him, turned back.

"Oh, Bill ! my back is broke !" he exclaimed, as I came up to him. "I'm shot ! I'm dying !"

I saw that a musket-ball had entered his back, just above his hips ; and from the position of the wound, I could believe that the back bone was broken.

I have several times noticed, that when a man is down on the ground, seriously or mortally wounded, some really kind-hearted and sympathizing person, who wishes to render some assistance, tries to lift him up.

This is because they are anxious to do something, and know not what else to do.

This was the case with me, and I took hold of the young man's shoulder, and gently tried to raise him from the ground.

"No, no ! don't move me !" he exclaimed ; "I'm dying fast enough now."

Seeing my folly, I desisted ; but asked what I should do.

"Listen to what I shall tell you," he answered, "and grant the request I shall make."

At that instant, three natives and one of the Sydneyites came up to us.

I had with me an axe, with which I had been working ; and seizing hold of it, prepared to defend myself.

The natives were only armed with clubs, and hesitated about approaching me.

They looked towards the white man, who was armed

with a gun ; and I believe that he was the one who had shot my companion.

He had halted to reload his gun, and was bringing it to his shoulder, when I exclaimed, "Hold ! don't murder me."

The man had some humane feeling, and paused.

"I could have escaped you !" I continued, "had I deserted my companion."

The stock of the musket was brought to the ground ; and, after giving one glance at the wounded man, he spoke to the three natives, and the four hastened away.

I may have formed an incorrect opinion ; but I believed then, and do now, that that white man fired the shot which brought down the young Hobart Town native ; and that, on seeing what he had done, he regretted the act.

"Listen !" said the wounded man, after their departure. "My father was a convict—a bad man. He killed Robertson, near Hobart Town. I knew it, and could not inform against him, for he was my father ; but I could not remain any longer at home. I ran away, and God only knows how much I have suffered ; but it is nearly over now. I wanted to tell some one, who killed Robinson ; for while keeping the secret, I felt myself a murderer, and I cannot die with that crime on my conscience. You may tell who done the deed. My father may curse me ; but I'm going beyond the reach of curses."

He paused for a minute or two, in which he seemed suffering great agony.

"My poor mother !" he continued, "she is better off without him. It's not my fault. I've done right. No ! it must have been wrong."

The young man continued talking for some time, but not in a sensible manner ; and in about an hour after falling, he ceased to live. He died without telling me his name, or any further particulars about the crime which he had accused his father of committing.

The enemies who had pursued us were content with possession of the ground on which they wished to work, and with the injury they had inflicted in driving us away from it. They returned from the pursuit, and I started

for the shore, leaving the dead body of my companion, until I could return with some assistance and bury it.

On my return, the most of my companions were aboard of the vessel, engaged in restoring themselves with rum, from the exertions they had made in escaping from the field of battle.

In the afternoon, three of them, accompanied by some of the natives, went with me to find the body of our companion.

We found the place where I had left it, but the body was not there ; and we never learnt how or by whom it had been removed.

We could only form an opinion, and that was, that his grave would be the stomachs of the natives who had pursued us ; although none of us believed that the Sydneyites knew of his fate.

In this sandal-wooding war, two white men and four natives were killed, and several wounded.

I have often asked myself the question, "Who was to blame for this war and loss of life?"

I did not consider myself responsible for anything that had happened ; and no doubt each of the men and officers belonging to both parties, held himself guiltless.

The greatest wrong done by either party was that of enlisting the natives of the island to oppose each other in a cause which was of but little interest to themselves.

The men were allowed all the tobacco and rum they wished ; but were charged a high price for everything served out to them. As most of the men engaged in the trade were dissipated characters, heedless of the future, they would have no money due to them at the end of a successful voyage. The shipowners and officers would have their labour for a blue woollen shirt, a few gallons of rum, and three or four pounds of tobacco.

A man who did not wish to take the pay for his services in these articles, but who seemed anxious to make money in the trade, was not regarded by the officers as a profitable hand ; and, after learning this, I determined to leave the business.

CHAPTER LIV.

ANOTHER MISFORTUNE.

THE next day the captain had us collect all the wood we had cut which could be obtained without a battle, and it was stowed in the hold of the vessel.

The natives seemed anxious to get rid of us, and, expecting the English cruiser *Havannah* would soon visit the island, the captain prepared to leave, fearing that a longer stay might bring him into trouble. The anchor was weighed in the afternoon, and we went to sea with nearly all hands trying to make themselves drunk.

The officers had but very little command over most of the men, who had been picked up about the islands, more for the purpose of working ashore, than for assisting in working the vessel at sea.

The steward, cook, and two or three others who had joined the vessel at Hobart Town, were obliged to yield some obedience to command ; but the others, when under the influence of drink, would not.

After getting fairly away from the island, the majority seemed to think they had nothing more to do but drink, until again sent ashore after wood.

It was not to the captain's interest to deny them drink ; and they were served by the steward with all they demanded.

It was Saturday night at sea—a time when most sailors and passengers are disposed to make themselves merry.

Sweethearts and wives will be remembered then by those who have them ; and those who have not, will drink to the hope that they may have one sometime.

The deck soon became the scene of much noise and confusion.

Two or three men were trying each to amuse the company with songs, each singing to a different tune.

I remember at one time a man was roaring out "Rule Britannia," another was trying to sing "The Last Rose of Summer," while a third was singing something about a gentleman named William Barlow.

While this entertainment was going on, two more were having an angry dispute as to whether the "Downey Coves of Sydney" were better or worse than the "Pippins of Port Arthur."

Two or three of the men had ordered a gallon of rum each, for the purpose of treating their companions.

One would not be behind another in good will to all, or in generosity, and more rum was ordered. Why not? He had drunk at the expense of his shipmates; and where is the man, who speaks English, that will not return a favour bestowed in strong drink? Not south of the Line.

Several of the men strongly urged me to drink with them; but their invitations were refused, for the reason that I did not like rum, and would not drink what I disliked.

My refusal appeared to offend some, while others persisted in trying to make me drink, until their friendship was very annoying.

This is an abuse of good-fellowship of which many English people are guilty.

After becoming jolly, most of my shipmates became quarrelsome; and in that state some of them accused me of meanness; and I had to submit to many insults because my messmates were drunk.

Later in the evening the weather became unpleasant, and the crew turned into the forecabin. To avoid being in their presence, I remained on deck. About ten o'clock a gale was rising from the west, and seeing the necessity of taking in sail, the mate attempted to rouse the drunken ones, to assist in the work.

Not the slightest assistance could be obtained from two-thirds of the crew, some of them being unable to come on deck, and others declaring that they would not.

We had spread the topsails full on leaving the harbour, for the breeze was light, and the task of taking them in

was not an easy one ; yet there were but the two officers, two scamen besides myself and the steward, to do anything.

The old cook was lying in his galley, dead drunk.

I went up the mainmast with the second mate ; and two of the seamen went up the foremast. The first officer and the other seamen went to the bowsprit ; the captain and steward remained on deck, attending to the duty there, while one man, half drunk, was persuaded to take the wheel.

Before we reached the crosstrees, the captain let go the topsail braces, and the sails began whipping the yards and flapping about in such a manner, that made any approach to them one of considerable danger.

The captain was more afraid of his topmasts than of his men.

Men picked up on the islands were nothing to him or to the world, only so far as they could assist in working his vessel.

The gale was increasing in force, and I was expecting each moment to be carried over, yet unwilling to be the first one to shrink from doing my duty. I clung to the yards frantically, striving to hold and bind the canvas that some unseen gigantic power was trying, with violent struggles, to tear from the yards.

It unfortunately happens, that the time most difficult for furling a sail, is a time necessary for it to be well done.

After pulling and hauling at a sail for five or ten minutes, and obtaining some command over it, away it would break from our grasp, nearly pulling our arms out, and flutter in the gale, with a force that would for some time defy every attempt to control it.

In the meantime the captain below would be yelling at us in a frantic manner, cursing us for not making more speed with our task.

For more than an hour I remained aloft, working with all the strength and ability possible for me to command, and yet our task was not completed.

One sail we had furled, only being secured by two or three points, broke free, and was again beating the air.

The captain was wild with rage.

A clewline was foul aloft, and he called to me to clear it, but I could not understand what line he mentioned.

I heard the word "clewline," and called out to him, "What is it, sir?"

I listened for a reply.

Mingled with the roaring of the wind, the groans of the masts, and the noisy fluttering of the flying sails, I heard the words, "Clewline, you —— fool."

What clewline did he mean?

I tried to see what was wrong, but the night was dark, and nothing could be seen but the white sail trying to beat me off the yard.

"What does he say?" I asked of the mate.

"I don't know," he answered sharply.

"I cannot understand you, sir," I shouted to the captain.

I was unfortunate, for just as I was waiting to hear his reply, there would be a combination of sounds, preventing me from understanding what was wanted.

Again I heard the captain's voice, as he shouted out something about the fore topgallant sail.

"D—— the forty gallon sail," exclaimed the mate; "what have we to do with that?"

Believing that the captain this time was calling to those on the foremast, I continued my labours with the mate at furling the main royal.

A few minutes after, I heard the captain shouting, "Mr. White, send that fellow down; I want him."

I could hear him distinctly then, for the elements and everything seemed to observe silence for the command to be given.

"Ay, ay, sir," shouted the mate; and then, turning to me, he said, "wait a minute; I can't manage this alone."

After staying for a minute, pulling in the sail, until the mate was able to hold it, I went down.

On the way down I observed that another was coming up. It was one of the drunken seamen, whom the captain had driven up with a rope's end.

Just before I should have met him, there was a shout, and the man was gone.

He had fallen overboard.

The captain had allowed the man to get drunk, and had then driven him aloft.

For some time after I reached the deck the captain took no notice of me, but was busy shouting orders to those on the foremast.

By this time sail had been reduced, so that the brig was moving easily.

Some of the sails had been furled, and others had blown away.

The first officer was on the deck, and the captain had time to attend to me.

Coming up to me, he exclaimed, "I'll teach you to obey orders ;" and then, for the first time, I felt a rope's end on my back.

For what reason was I being thrashed ?

No person could have tried harder to perform his duty than I had done.

Ever since being under the command of that captain, I had treated him with respect, and had cheerfully obeyed orders.

I had just been risking my life, and toiling with all my strength, to please the man who was beating me. I should not dare to call myself a man after patiently bearing the infliction of a wrong so great.

Ten or twelve blows fell heavily on my back without my making a move.

I was but human, and stung to madness by the degradation of being flogged, when conscious of having made every effort to do my duty, I could not resist making some defence.

I was standing by the bulwarks, with my hand on an iron belaying pin.

The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and with it I gave the captain a blow on the temple, and threw the iron overboard.

He fell like a dead man.

We were aft, and no one was near us but the man at the wheel. The night was dark, and he might not have witnessed the deed.

The next instant I was running up the ratlines to join the second mate, whom I had left a few minutes before.

We close reefed the mainsail, and then went down.

The captain had been found by the mate, who had taken him into the cabin.

Some of the drunken men, now getting sober, were on the deck, and were talking about something being wrong with the skipper, and about a man having been lost overboard.

The man at the wheel had heard the lost man shouting as he was being left astern, but he knew nothing of what had befallen the captain. The second mate turned towards me, and commenced asking a question.

Suddenly he stopped, and as he passed by me, whispered, "It was you."

What right had he to think that anything wrong with the captain was owing to me. Following him forward, I asked an explanation.

"The captain ordered you down for a beating," answered the mate, "and what did you come up the rigging again for, unless you stopped him from giving it?"

It then occurred to me that if I had killed the captain, the deed must not be denied, and that if he lived, there would be no use in denying it.

I turned away with a weight of sorrow on my soul that hope could not remove.

Whether the captain lived or died, I must suffer for having resented his cruel treatment.

While some of the men remained in the forecastle, stupefied with drink, others, "suffering a recovery," were walking the deck, speaking to each other in low tones.

The first mate and steward were in the cabin with the captain, and the second mate had charge of the deck.

I walked the deck for an hour or two in much mental anguish, and more displeased with Fortune than I had ever been when under more serious trouble.

Why should Fortune ever be leading me astray? Others knocked about the world without meeting any difficulty, although guilty of deeds that should lead them to the scenes that were ever meeting me.

Such thoughts worried me for a while, until I chanced to remember that Fortune had not been so very unkind after all. She had often saved me when others were lost. But then why place me in so many positions where her aid is needed?

That she did so was partly my own fault, for I need not have been in trouble then, had I taken a beating quietly, and then tried to forget all about it, as many others would have done. A disagreeable adventure which cannot be avoided may be met in a sensible manner.

The attempt to make myself believe that I had acted wrong, wholly failed.

"No," thought I, "whatever may be the result of my actions this night, I have done well; for it is time this earth was kicked out of existence by its Creator, when those on it, who strive to do well, refrain from punishing those who do evil."

The clouds that had been the place of birth, or home of the gale, passed away, and the night became nearly calm. The deck was again nearly deserted.

More sail should have been set, but there were no men on deck to do the work, and no officers to drive them up.

Low moans were heard from the cabin.

To me they were music, for they told me that the captain was what the men called "coming round;" and my desire that he should live was perhaps stronger than that of any other man on the vessel.

Time passed, and the moans became louder.

Soon after, they became mingled with oaths and exclamations.

Then all was silent. Was he dead? I was in an agony to know.

Two or three times during the night the first mate came out of the cabin, and spoke a few words to Mr. White, but I did not dare go near them.

Not long arter the sounds in the cabin had ceased, the first mate came out again, and I could not resist the temptation of going near them, but no one can deny there being some excuse for my curiosity.

"He's coming round all right now," said the first mate, speaking to the other. "but I thought there was no chance for him one time. He was like a dead man."

"Does he say anything, or talk sensibly?" asked Mr. White.

"Yes, though he's a little confused."

"Does he say what was up with him?"

"Yes. One of the men struck him with something, and he's very anxious to know whether that young Yankee, Bill, is aboard or not. I think 'twas him."

"He's one of the best fellows aboard the brig," said Mr. White.

At that instant the first mate saw me, and exclaimed, "What do you want here?"

"I wished to learn how the captain was," I answered.

"Do you know how he was hurt?" asked the officer.

"Yes; I knocked him down with a belaying pin," I answered, thinking that as the truth would be known, I might as well own up to what had happened.

The mate made no answer to this, but arter gazing at me sharply for a moment, went aft.

"I wish you was off the brig, my lad," said the second mate. "The captain will kill you when he gets about, and you don't deserve it. I wish there was some way for you to escape, but there is not. I can do nothing for you."

Day was appearing in the east, eight bells were struck, and the watch called.

I went to my bunk, and weary with the toil and anxiety of the night, soon fell asleep. Four hours after, when my watch was called, I did not turn out.

Doing my duty would not appease the captain's anger, and I might as well be a passenger as a seaman.

At noon I went on deck, and learnt from Mr. White that the captain had not yet shown himself, but that he was slowly recovering from the effects of the blow.

He had just taken a cup of coffee, and had fallen asleep.

Neither of the officers said anything about my neglect of duty, or asked me to return to it. They were probably certain that I would soon have trouble enough without receiving any from them.

The men refrained from speaking to me, and while a few seemed to regard me with expressions of pity, the majority only looked at me as an object of curiosity.

I returned to the fore-castle to bide the captain's pleasure, and notwithstanding much painful anxiety for the future, again slept.

My sleep might have lasted for about three hours, when I was awakened by one of the men exclaiming, "That's right, my lad ; sleep while you can, for you will not have much by-and-by. The skipper's out again."

Soon after, Mr. White's voice was heard at the hatch-way, as he called, "Come up here, Bill. You are wanted."

I was about to learn something.

CHAPTER LV.

A FAIR EXCHANGE.

NOTHING was to be gained by a delay, and I went on deck.

The captain, with a bandage around his head, was standing near the capstan.

He looked pale and ill when I first observed him, but his appearance much improved immediately after seeing me.

He was holding in his hand a piece of "three-quarter line," about one yard in length, and was binding one end of it.

We were slowly running down the coast of New Caledonia, and not more than four miles from the shore.

I thought about jumping overboard, and trying to swim ashore—then, that I would not. There was another chance.

A large ship was coming up astern.

If it should come within hail, I would make an effort to give one ship for another.

The prospect of doing this was about as good as that of trying to swim ashore, for the ship was so far away that the captain might thrash me to death before it would overtake us, although, as it was not in sight in the morning, and was now not more than three miles astern, it would not be more than an hour in overhauling us. Too long—fifty-nine minutes too long.

“Mr. White,” exclaimed the captain, “make that young man’s hands fast.”

The mate did not move.

“Do you hear?” shouted the captain.

“I always do my duty willingly, sir,” answered White.

“Do you mean to say that you will not obey me?” asked the captain, in a milder tone.

“I’ll do my duty, sir.”

“Well, let me see you do it.”

“I’m not a bosun’s mate, sir,” said White, “and I know that when you called that young fellow down last night, no man could be doing better than he was.”

White was getting into a row on my account, and this greatly added to my other troubles, for there was but one way of saving him from it.

I was determined not to be flogged, but to jump over first, and trust to the chance of saving myself by swimming. This would save me from a flogging, and White from the anger of the captain.

Having been so fortunate on two occasions when depending on my own exertions in the water, I would trust to fortune and myself before allowing the captain to

beat me, but would not adopt this plan until the last moment.

The mate was close by me, and turning towards him, with my back towards the captain, I whispered, "Obey orders, and I'll resist."

He understood me immediately, and made a rush towards me.

This move was made just in time, for the captain was coming towards him, and the officer would have had to fight with his captain, had he not made a show of obeying orders.

White caught hold of one of my arms, and I dragged him several paces forward.

The mate seemed to lay out great force for the purpose of holding me, but I could see that he was not trying to accomplish the object he was pretending to perform.

Being confident of this, I caught hold of him, and threw him on the deck, where he remained.

"Seize him! hold him!" cried the captain, rushing towards me.

Bad as were the men aboard the brig, they did not wish to see me flogged for defending myself against the captain.

With all their faults, they were not flunkeys. Few English sailors are; and none of them tried to assist the captain in catching me.

After he had chased me three times around the long boat, the first officer came to his assistance.

Glancing towards the ship I had before noticed, I saw that it was fast coming up with us. It was a large ship, under full sail, and the breeze was more in its favour than in ours. It would pass near to us, and was not more than two miles away.

Seeing that if I remained on the brig any longer I should be in the hands of the captain, I determined to desert; and I did so by jumping over the side, just escaping from the grasp of the mate.

Nothing was ever in order aboard the brig, and I knew that some time would pass before a boat could be lowered.

My only hope was the chance of being picked up by the ship coming after it.

The brig was "hove to," and knowing that every exertion would be made by the captain to obtain me, I tried to increase the distance from it, by striking out for the ship.

By the time a boat had been lowered from the brig, the ship was not more than two miles from me, and fast coming up; while the former, having run some distance before it could be brought up, was about half a mile away.

The boat pursuing me was fast approaching—so fast, that within ten minutes after it was lowered, I could see that it was manned by the first officer and four men.

I was in an agony of fear, for the chances seemed much in favour of my being picked up within hail of the vessel I was trying to reach.

The boat soon came so near, that I could hear the voice of the mate, as he urged the men to greater exertion.

The ship was also near by. I could see those on the deck, apparently intent on gazing at the brig and the boat, and, probably, wondering at what seemed to them strange conduct. They could not notice me, and to all appearance, the ship would pass about two hundred yards to the windward, and I pulled in the direction to cross its path.

As the ship drew nearer, it had a familiar look. I had certainly seen the vessel before.

Suddenly it was "brought to," probably under the belief that those in the boat, for some strong reason, wished to come aboard.

I had not yet been seen from deck.

Lifting my head above the crest of a wave, I gave a loud long shout. It was heard, for I could see several faces turned towards me; and, as the ship backed down to the leeward, I read the name of *Mary Hart*.

The boat was close by me. It would pick me up close under the stern.

The *Mary Hart* seemed a part of my native land. I was near home, and should I be snatched from it by those who would hand me over to an enraged captain of a colonial vessel—to a man who had an injury to avenge?

No! there was yet hope; but I must make a struggle to realize it.

I did struggle, for a fate worse than death threatened me.

My arms dashed aside the water, as I plunged through the seas; and, at each time my head could be lifted above the water, I frantically shouted "Fury! Fury!" believing that he had only to hear my cry to save me.

The boat was about twenty yards from me, and the ship about the same distance, when seeing Old Fury standing on the bulwarks, again I called "Fury, save me!"

Two or three ropes were hove from the side of the vessel, one of which I caught, and was dragged towards the ship, just as one of the men had extended his arm to seize me.

Fury was holding in his hands a harpoon; in fact, I think that he always kept one within his reach. With one of his frightful oaths, he threatened to hurl it through any man in the boat who should put a hand on me.

Clinging to the rope, I was pulled up the side, where a hard red hand, belonging to Old Fury, seized me, and the next instant I was standing on the deck.

My appearance was greeted by three loud cheers, in which I believe Captain Hart and Mr. Parker joined.

The boat was pulled back, and the ship again laid on her course.

Several familiar faces gathered around me, and amongst them was that of my old friend Bowers, who nearly wrung one of my hands off.

Five minutes after, we passed the brig, and within one hundred yards of it.

I shouted out "Good bye, Captain W——," and my companions greeted him with derisive cheers.

I know not whether these expressions of triumph killed him or not; but have not the least doubt but what they made him very ill. I parted with him with the hope that his anger would not be turned from me to Mr. White, who, for an officer of a colonial trader, was a gentleman.

I had passed through many strange scenes; and the favourable incidents that had arisen to befriend me, made many of my adventures so remarkable, that I was sometimes inclined to doubt the truth of memory; but to me the most wonderful event of all, was that of meeting the *Mary Hart* when her assistance was so much needed.

All had many questions to ask, except Old Fury, who, as usual, had nothing to say. Yet I could believe from the expression of the old man's features, that he was as much surprised at meeting me in so singular a manner as any of the rest of them.

It was then that I learnt that Mr. Jenkins had quarrelled with Captain Hart, and had left the ship in Honolulu. They had heard nothing of him since; and I gave them an account of his subsequent acts, and the manner of his death.

"It is a great pity! a great misfortune!" said Mr. Parker, when I had told them that Jenkins was certainly dead.

Some of the men smiled, and there is no doubt but what my features wore a strong expression of dissent or incredulity.

"A great misfortune to his old mother and sister," added Mr. Parker, by way of explanation.

And I then learnt from him that Jenkins had been the sole support of an aged mother and a blind sister; that he had been very kind to them, and had never married, for fear of neglecting his duty towards them.

It had never occurred to me that he could be anything to any one, but a curse. I had never thought that

Mr. Jenkins had ever been "somebody's darling;" that there might be those who would weep for his loss, or that a home had ever been made happy with his presence.

I was pleased at learning that he had supported helpless relatives—not that they were left to suffer for his loss; but what I had been told taught me that there can be nothing wholly bad, and gave me a better opinion of human nature.

The *Mary Hart* had now been nearly three years in the Pacific, and had not quite a full cargo.

The captain was lingering about a few days more, with the hope of taking another fish, and was then going home.

He was now on the way to Manilla, where he expected letters; and many of the crew were as anxious as himself to call there, and for the same reason.

After visiting that port, the ship would go home without any further delay in the business of whaling, unless a fish should run across its way.

I took my old place in the forecastle, and in the captain's watch, of which Old Fury was now the officer. He was the second mate.

Several days passed, in which I was well pleased at having escaped from my former companions, and found a place something like a home.

On reaching Manilla, we anchored in the roads, about three miles from the city, and the captain went ashore in a boat.

I had a strong desire to see something of the city; but, as the ship was to sail the next day, I could not do so without leaving it, which I was unwilling to do, having heard that the captain was intending to call at Valparaiso on his return.

This gave me an opportunity of going to see Librada, that must not be lost, and I had no chance of seeing anything of Manilla.

The next day Captain Hart returned, bringing letters for several of the officers and crew, who, since being in

the Pacific, had written to their relatives to send letters to that place.

Old Fury was handed a letter, bearing a black seal ; and I happened to be observing him as he received it with a trembling hand.

I kept my eyes on him while he read it—not out of idle curiosity, but for the reason that I respected him, and could sympathize with him in any misfortune the letter might communicate.

He glanced over the letter, put it in his pocket, and then assisted in getting the ship under way.

As he passed by me, I saw that his eyes were full of tears.

For a few minutes, the tone in which he gave commands was a little sharper than usual ; and then, all signs of emotion had passed away.

Old Fury was himself again—a quiet, inoffensive-appearing old man, who seemed only intent on his duty.

I afterwards learnt that he had received by that letter the intelligence that his wife and only child were dead, and that he had not a relative on earth.

I admired and respected him more after hearing this.

CHAPTER LVI.

JUAN FERNANDEZ.

THREE days after leaving Manilla, we were amongst the Pelew Islands, on our way to Valparaiso and home.

On the *Dos Amigos*, I had been shown on the captain's chart the little island of that group from which I had been taken ; and on learning that I was in the same part of the world again, the idea occurred to me that some

more of the money on the reef might be easily recovered.

Mr. Parker allowed me to look at his charts; and the island on which the *Wedding Ring* had been lost I found, and pointing it out to the captain, told him my belief that the boxes of dollars on the shallow reef could be obtained with a very little trouble.

The next morning we were laying off and on, in the night were the brig had been lost.

Two boats were lowered and manned by those who were thought to be the most amphibious, and we started for the reef.

But very little change had taken place on it, since I had seen it last.

A portion of the bottom had freed itself from the ballast, and drifted away.

This had, probably, been done by the force of the seas in some gale; but, otherwise, the whole appearance of the place was much as I left it.

One of the boxes of dollars was in plain sight, and was brought up and placed in a boat, before we had been fifteen minutes on the reef.

After about four hours' hard work in searching amongst the *débris* of the wreck, we found two more boxes.

I knew there was one more, somewhere; but in the search we were unable to find it; and, satisfied with the three we had got, we returned to the ship, having been absent about six hours.

In the afternoon, Captain Hart made a speech to the crew; a speech, which, judging from the manner it was received by the crew, must have been eloquent.

He told us that one box of dollars should be divided amongst all hands, in the same proportion as the proceeds of the cargo. "We are going to call at Valparaiso," said the captain; "and you will now have a few dollars each to make fools of yourselves with. It is but right that one of the boxes should be divided amongst us for salvage. One box I shall place in the keeping of the owners of this

ship ; and if any one is able to establish a just claim to it, he can have it. The third box I shall give to the young man who pointed out the place where it could be found."

This arrangement was agreeable to all. We had a fair breeze, and were homeward bound. All were happy with the prospect of meeting, in a few weeks, with friends and relatives, and of having time and opportunity for spending the money they had been so long earning.

Sailors meet with many hardships ; but they also have hours of happiness and hope more dear than those who pass more quiet lives can ever find.

For some time we had nothing to do but trim sails, and do all that would hasten the ship on its way.

Week succeeded week, in which we had no bad weather ; no head winds, and nothing to relieve the monotony of a pleasant voyage.

Never had I seen sailors so "hard up" for something to growl about ; and I fully believe that the greatest trouble of some of our crew, was the want of some cause for using their usual complaints and oaths.

We passed several islands, but made no call until we reached Juan Fernandez.

We were nearly out of wood, and as that necessary article could be procured much cheaper at this island than at Valparaiso, we stopped to procure a supply for the remainder of the voyage.

Juan Fernandez has a history, and there is romance attached to it.

I gazed upon it with much interest, as being the scene of that story which, under the name of Robinson Crusoe, had delighted my boyish days, and, perhaps, had caused me to leave a good home and visit the Pacific.

"Can this be the place," thought I, "of which I have read, and heard, and dreamed about so much?"

The lone and lovely island before me had been the scene of many strange and interesting events.

Dampier had visited it one hundred and fifty years before ; and but a few years later the daring and adventurous crew of Lord Anson had roamed over its hills. It had been the resort and rendezvous of buccaneers. One hundred years before, it had been a Spanish penal settlement and the scene of mutinies and murders, until it was left once more an uninhabited island.

About thirty years before our visit, the island was a penal settlement, under the government of Chili, and was again an "ocean hell," until mutinies, murders, and earthquakes caused it to be again abandoned.

The island was discovered in the year 1563 by Juan Fernandez.

It is about twelve miles long and seven miles broad ; and is one hundred and thirteen miles from the American continent.

It is a fertile and beautiful island, containing abundance of wood and water ; and I could but wonder why it was not the abode of a few hundred free and happy people.

All other islands of the Pacific are inhabited ; but misfortune seems to fall upon all who would make Juan Fernandez their home. It is the abode of solitude, and intruders meet with death. No, not all of them ; for the island is inhabited by six or seven people, one or two of whom had been on it many years.

I gazed upon Juan Fernandez with some superstition, and could not believe that its "valleys and rocks" would ever hear

"The sound of the church-going bell ;"

and for two reasons.

One was, that valleys and rocks cannot hear ; and the other was, that I could not believe church bells, billiard tables, gin shops, and other evidences of civilization, will ever be seen on the island.

Why not ? I could see no natural or physical reason why nature should not be destroyed, and man and his works fully established on Juan Fernandez, yet I could

not reconcile my superstitious fancy to the idea that such would ever be the case.

Man may live there, but he must not intrude upon nature too much; and those whom we saw there seem to be aware of this, and live in peace with her.

At the many settlements that have been made on the island, many animals have been introduced on it, and afterwards left to themselves.

Horses, goats, dogs, and cats are running wild, and are only disturbed in their possessions when some whaler calls at the island.

This, however, should not be said of the goats, against which the dogs maintain a constant warfare; but they have discovered retreats inaccessible to the latter, and are thus enabled to maintain an existence, although many must be killed by shooting parties from vessels calling at the island.

Two families from Chili, and two sailors, were living on the island at the time of our visit.

The Chilians were living apparently a life of perfect idleness; and what was more singular, they seemed quite contented with it.

The sailors, one of whom was an American and the other English, were willing to do a little toil. They cultivated a small piece of ground. They had some wood cut, and ready for sale to any chance customer; and for a consideration in tobacco or rum, they were ready to accompany the officers on goat-hunting expeditions.

They had learnt the full history of the island, and were willing to make themselves agreeable by relating it.

One settlement, which many years before had been formed by the Spanish, they told me had been destroyed by an earthquake, in which about fifty persons, including the governor and his family, were lost.

We were also told, that a few years before, two or three families from Chili came to the island to reside.

Not long after, some sailors deserted from a ship and made the island their home. A quarrel, in which, of course, the women were the cause, soon arose between the Chilian

men and the sailors, and the latter were all killed. This affair led to the island being again deserted.

The two sailors we saw seemed, like the other inhabitants of the place, well contented with their home; but I could not believe that any of them would live there long. As before stated, I regarded the island with some superstition, and would not believe but what trouble would surely meet those who try to keep it from that solitude which fate has so often placed upon it.

We stayed at Juan Fernandez two days, and then hove the anchors one afternoon, and sailed for Valparaiso.

I have neglected to state, that during our voyage from Manilla, Old Fury was not in good health, yet he continued doing his duty. He was in a decline.

When I first saw him, there was not much of him physically, although his spirit was great.

I noticed, when seeing him again off New Caledonia, that much of him had gone away since I left the *Mary Hart* at Kuria island; and on the passage from Manilla, he seemed to become less each day, until his weight was but little more than that of a dry lambskin.

The breeze, which was of that favourable kind that could not cause even the oldest sailor to curse over the work it gave us, threatened to take Old Fury away; yet he continued doing his duty,—more than his duty,—while his appearance caused wonder in all who had witnessed his strength and activity.

Although his body was gradually disappearing, his spirit seemed large and strong as ever; and with regret we all saw that it could not be much longer contained in its earthly home

CHAPTER LVII.

TOO MANY ACQUAINTANCES.

IN the afternoon of the next day we turned around Coramilla Point, and entered the harbour of Valparaiso.

The principal purpose for which Captain Hart called at that port, was to procure some flour and other food needed for the remainder of the passage home.

As the vessel would remain in the harbour but a few hours, I prepared to leave it, knowing that so brief a period would not allow me time to find Librada, and make her family such a visit as I wished.

Not having signed the ship's articles, no objections were made to my leaving it, and I went ashore that evening. This visit to Valparaiso was one in which my readers may not be much interested ; and being one my memory meets with much regret, I shall but briefly record the incidents that occurred during my stay.

My first business ashore was to clothe myself in a manner supposed to be respectable, and to find a temporary home in a second-class fonda.

The next morning I commenced making inquiries for Senor Conalez, but for some time could learn nothing of him. The landlord of the hotel where the Manilla merchant with his family were staying when I saw them last, at the second time I called on him, directed me to an English merchant, formerly of Manilla, as being a person most likely to give me the information I required.

I found him, and learnt the address of those I had been so long anxious to see.

Senor Conalez was living in a little villa, a few miles out of town, in a vale near the Valle del Duque.

Towards evening I was on a horse, following a path winding amid hills and vales clothed with beauty.

I found the villa, and with it Librada.

There are but few things impossible with nature. I learnt this after seeing that she was more beautiful than when I saw her last.

The reception given me by the whole family was such as never can be forgotten.

My father, mother, brothers and sisters, on my return from the first voyage, had not seemed so pleased at seeing me, and did not greet me with such wild exclamations of joy as I heard from the old merchant, his wife, and daughters. Their greeting awoke in my soul a feeling of pride never known before, and I could almost fancy that the high hopes my parents had formed of my future greatness were some time to be fulfilled.

Librada seemed less impulsive in her joy at seeing me than the others, but fancying that the manifestations of her pleasure were restrained by innate modesty, I only respected her the more for it.

Her father declared that his house, horses, and everything he had possessed were now mine.

I sent the horse back to the city, and once more had a home. I was Senor Broekiey again.

I had promised to return to the ship, and bid my shipmates good-bye before they sailed, but they and all else were forgotten in the pleasure of being with Librada.

I had never been happy before.

Day after day passed, and I still remained a guest of the family.

Every wish that I reluctantly expressed for returning to the city was so strongly opposed by every member of the family, that it would be for a while abandoned.

In the vicinity of Valparaiso are many beautiful places of resort for the inhabitants of the city, and accompanied by Librada and her sister Engracia, I used to visit them on horseback.

When not sleeping, my time was passed with these two sisters; and for a few days not one cloud of care moved over my soul.

Then arose a source of some anxiety and regret.

My admiration for Librada was soon warmed into love, and there was as yet no cause to doubt that any hopes based upon that love would bring me sorrow.

I had every reason to believe that she would learn to love me, and this was all that should be desired.

Affection from another was not desired, and while hoping to win the love of Librada, I soon became confident that I had already inadvertently gained the love of her sister, Engracia. This to me was nearly as great a misfortune as to her, for the thought that I had thus been the means of introducing sorrow to her soul was one that burned painfully in my own.

Each word and look, seen when gazing upon Engracia, told me of her love.

This was a misfortune I could not prevent, for to be near Librada I had to be much in the society of her sister.

Duty commanded me to leave her presence, but this could not be done without leaving both. To do this, when encouraged by the smiles of Librada and the friendship of her parents, required more resolution than I could command.

I believed that she loved me, although, being less impulsive than her sister, and possessing, as I thought, a stronger mind, she was able to command expressions of feeling which Engracia could not.

Librada seemed to encourage my infatuation, while her sister appeared annoyed at any attention or act of courtesy which common civility caused me to use when in her society.

Seeing this, my attentions to Librada became more marked, and I treated the other to a little respectful neglect.

If there is anything that will arouse the anger of a Spanish maid for a man, it is preferring another to herself.

I did not wish Engracia to hate me, but was willing that my partiality to her sister should remove from her mind the impression our acquaintance had caused.

Librada's father and mother seemed pleased at the strong regard I professed for their youngest daughter; and before being with the family three weeks, I had every reason to believe that my dearest hopes would be realized.

In the opinion of her father, my want of money was no obstacle to our union, for I had heard him say that he would prefer an intelligent, enterprising Anglo-Saxon for a son-in-law to one of his own indolent countrymen. Having heard that this was also the opinion of many wealthy natives of Chili, I had but little fear that my want of wealth would form any serious objection her father might have to giving me Librada.

A matrimonial arrangement is seldom long in being made when a Chilian girl is one of the parties concerned; and when I could reasonably prolong my visit no further, I determined to have an understanding as to what should happen if ever I came to visit them again.

One day I went with the young ladies on a ride to visit a waterfall, about nine miles from the city, amongst some hills back of the Cuesta de Valparaiso.

We were accompanied by their father and mother, who, notwithstanding their long residence abroad, were, like all Chilians, fond of riding on horseback.

After riding for some distance along a beautiful green valley, we came to the waterfall.

The stream of water was very small, and fell over a precipice of more than two hundred and fifty feet in height.

A fine breeze was blowing, and before the stream could reach the bottom, it was thrown by the wind into thousands of shining wreaths and stars, forming a beautiful sight.

We tethered our horses by a little grove in the valley, and soon after a servant arrived with a horse carrying hampers containing the materials for a substantial lunch.

While the young ladies were arranging our repast, I seized the opportunity for having a conversation with their father on the subject ever in my thoughts.

He did not seem to receive my proposal unfavourably.

but there were some points upon which he wished explanations, which I could not fully make, partly owing to my inability to speak the Spanish language well enough for us to come to a full understanding on a subject so important.

He gave me to understand that we should defer any further conversation upon my proposal until the next day, when he would accompany me to Valparaiso, and we could then communicate to each other by means of an interpreter.

I did not much fancy this arrangement, but was obliged to be satisfied with it.

The lunch was spread on the green grass in the shade, and we gathered around it.

We were a happy party, there being but one in whose mind unpleasant thoughts found a home.

That one was Engracia, who, although possessing a mild and amiable disposition for a Chilean, could not prevent a few thoughts of envy from crossing her mind, and throwing an occasional shade over her expressive features.

There was a great noise down the valley. A troop of horsemen were coming up the vale, with loud shouts of laughter. As they drew nearer I saw they were sailors on a spree.

Some skipper of a merchant ship in the harbour had given the men a day ashore, and they had patronized the proprietor of a drove of ponies, and had ridden up to see the waterfall, each man having in his possession a bottle or two of *aguardiente*.

Their horses were tethered not far from us, and there was no longer any peace in the valley.

Some of them were too much under the inspiration of the *aguardiente* to conduct themselves properly, and with the rudeness common to those who go upon the sea in English and American ships, three or four of them approached us, probably for the purpose of learning whether we could contribute in any way to their amusement.

As they came near, I saw that two of them were old acquaintances.

They were Cassidy, and Miranda, the Chileno, who had deserted me on the island where the *Wedding Ring* was lost.

I had hoped never to meet them again at any time or place, but the present occasion was one when a renewal of my acquaintance with them was certainly the least to be desired.

They might not recognize me. That was my only hope.

"*Buenos días senoritas,*" said Miranda, as he came up, and raised his hat with that grace so natural to his countrymen.

He was proceeding to make some inquiry, when he was interrupted by Cassidy, who exclaimed, "Hilloo! shipmate, ahoy! Here's that young fellow, Bill."

"*Caramba!* yes," said the other, and the two rushed up, and seizing my hands, shook them in a manner that expressed some pleasure and much surprise at meeting me.

"How the devil came you here?" asked one.

"*Donde*—no, where *est sus amigo*, Muster Jeenkeen?" inquired the other.

Senor Conalez, his wife, and daughters, all looked upon us, and then at each other, with features alarmingly distorted with expressions of astonishment.

Had Cassidy and Miranda been standing at the muzzle of a full-charged eighty-four pounder, and had I been at the breech, with a burning match in my hand, they would have left the place immediately.

This arrangement, however, did not exist, and they remained.

Our repast was suddenly brought to a close. The ex-merchant, his wife, and daughters rose from the ground, and were apparently about to depart. Miranda and Cassidy were inclined to be civil and sociable to an old messmate, as they termed me, and were also willing to be equally as friendly with those they found in my society, whom they did not seem to think any better than themselves.

Each of them produced a bottle of *aguadiente*, and urged the ladies to try its quality.

I was but a sailor, and any women found in my company they thought not above drinking with them.

Suddenly old Conalez seemed to recover from his surprise, and turning towards me, with a pleasant expression, gave me to understand that the interpreter we desired was present.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A CHINGANA.

SEÑOR CONALEZ had observed that Miranda could speak English and Spanish, and, of course, saw that he had met me before.

To be hailed in a manner so familiar by those rude sailors, aroused the old fellow's suspicions; and the opportunity was not to be lost for having an explanation.

Turning to Miranda, he began making inquiries as to his former knowledge of me.

I could understand that Miranda informed him that we had been shipmates, and that he had left me on an island, after the loss of the vessel in which we had sailed together.

By asking many questions, the old gentleman learned all that Miranda and Cassidy knew of my past history. He even inquired about the two boxes of dollars; and I could understand Miranda to tell him that I must have taken them from the wreck, and that they had been the property of the captain.

Ashamed of having tried to deceive others in the account given of myself, I would not deny the truth of Miranda's story, and remained silent.

I stood in the presence of bad men, abashed and speechless with shame; suffering under a lesson that has never been forgotten.

Senor Conalez, after giving some orders to his servant,

and bidding Cassidy and his companion good day in his usual courteous manner, conducted his wife and daughters towards the place where the horses were tethered.

They walked away, without taking the least notice of me. The star-eyed Librada never gave me a parting glance; and I had thought that she loved me.

Some men would have been angry at those who had so cruelly exposed them.

I was not; for, having done wrong, my punishment for it seemed just and necessary.

Perhaps cowardice had something to do in causing my disappointment to be taken quietly. Miranda and Cassidy were with companions, and for me to contend with them all, would have been folly; and I had the good sense to walk away.

The ladies mounted their horses, and started towards home.

The horse which I had ridden was left tethered; and, going up to it, I untied the lariat, coiled it up on the pommel of the saddle, and started the horse after its companions.

One of the young ladies turned back to bid me farewell. It was not the bright-eyed Librada whom I loved, but her sister Engracia.

I believe that she was worthy of being loved, and think so for the reason that her actions gave me evidence to believe that had I said "Engracia! come with me!" my request would have been obeyed, and her parents would have been deserted for ever.

Those words I did not speak; but, after pressing her hand, exclaimed, "*Vamos usted. Adios!*"

The command was reluctantly obeyed, and she rode away.

I immediately departed on foot for the city of Valparaiso, leaving the drunken seamen at the waterfall.

A walk of nine miles was before me, and I had plenty of time for meditation.

I could not blame Senor Conalez, or any member of his family.

They had plain proof that I had deceived them, and therefore acted properly in refusing any further acquaintance with me.

Yet I was not so bad as they supposed; I had only represented myself as being a respectable young man, and, in that respect, had not deceived them.

I was young, and not bad looking; I did not make use of strong drink, tobacco, or bad language.

I tried, on all occasions, to conduct myself as well as my knowledge of what was right and wrong would allow.

Senor Conalez would never give his daughter to a better man, unless he was very lucky, and Librada more fortunate than himself; but years have passed since then, and now each day I thank God that the old gentleman thought me unworthy of his daughter, and that she was not like Engracia.

When within three or four miles of the city, I heard the drunken sailors coming up behind me. Not wishing to be seen by them, I retired from the road, until they had passed by me.

I entered the city early in the evening; and in no pleasant humour reached the fonda where I had before stopped.

My dearest hopes had been suddenly overthrown, crushed and mangled.

Again was I disposed to complain at the manner fortune had treated me.

I had acted foolishly; but having intended no wrong, the punishment for my folly seemed too severe.

I knew not then, that the cause of my anguish, in place of being a misfortune, was one of the greatest favours Madame Fortune ever bestowed upon me; and I have since learnt not to complain of what may seem afflictions, but to wait, with the hope that they may turn out to be but blessings in disguise.

Home-sick, and weary of the world, I would have started for home immediately; but there was no ship about to sail for any port in the United States.

The *Mary Hart*, of course, had gone; and I must stay

in Valparaíso for a while, or seek adventures by going again to sea in some vessel that would take me further from home.

A rumour of rich gold fields in California, had been confirmed by the arrival in Valparaíso of people who had come from there.

Should I go to California?

No. I had seen enough of adventures during the last three years, in which I had been hunted and chased from one scene of peril to another, until I was now willing to return home, and work with my brother John in the bean fields.

I wandered about Valparaíso, idle, listless, and dreamy.

On the second evening after entering the city, I mounted to that part of it known amongst English and American sailors as the "Main Top;" and while there entered into a Chingana, a favourite resort of sailors of all nations, and a few of the worst of the city inhabitants.

Within the place, *aguadiente*, *mosto*, and *chilka* were being freely used; and a man and girl were amusing the others by dancing the "*Sama Cueca*."

The man was Miranda—at home in his native place—handsome, graceful, and half drunk.

Had he never left his native city, he might not have been a bad man; but he had sailed in foreign vessels, and had learnt all the vices of English and American sailors, without any of their many good qualities. He was a ruffian; a man who had robbed, insulted, and injured me.

When I remembered the way he had taken my knife on the island, and then deserted me, I could not but feel towards him much dislike. Those wrongs, however, were not so keenly felt, as the cruel manner he had exposed me before the family of the one I loved.

Notwithstanding the belief that he had ruined all my hopes of earthly happiness, I was not so vindictive as to have the desire of doing him any harm—at least, not without further provocation.

Having a strong dislike to him, should have caused me to move away from his presence; but I did not.

Cassidy was also present. I saw him trying to talk Spanish to a beautiful girl about sixteen years of age—a young lady who seemed to arrest the admiration of most of the men present. The Irishman was happy. He was exciting the envy and jealousy of two or three native gallants standing near; men so childish as to reveal their displeasure in every feature.

Knowing that Miranda and Cassidy would not lose an opportunity of annoying me, I should not have given them another chance of increasing my dislike towards them.

In place of acting with wisdom, I lingered near the place where they were, and placed myself where they would be quite sure of observing me.

Miranda finished his dance, and drew near his companion, who, being unable to monopolize the beautiful girl any longer, had left her.

The two saw me, and immediately approached.

"Eh! Don Billee!" exclaimed Miranda. "*Como est las senoritas?*"

"Yes, yes! Tell us about the young ladies," said Cassidy. "Sure they were foin crathers, an I'll be plased to hear that they are will and beautiful as iver."

I knew that they were ridiculing me, and was not the least displeased that such was the case. I had given them the opportunity of doing so, and would have been disappointed had they neglected me.

I made them no answer, knowing that silent contempt would annoy them most. This plan succeeded admirably.

They both became abusive, and I had to listen to insults. They did not make me angry—quite the contrary. I was pleased. Apparently satisfied with having shown me before so many to be a cowardly poltroon, they walked away.

Wishing to meet them again, I followed; and, while keeping an eye on them, I saw that they were not losing sight of me.

Apart from others, they were having an earnest conversation, while, occasionally their eyes would be turned

towards me with an expression, that seemed to show that I was an enemy, who had worked them some great wrong, and that they were conspiring for the purpose of obtaining revenge.

I moved away, and they followed me. Leaving the Chingana, I commenced a further exploration of the "Main Top."

Cassidy and Miranda still followed me.

I entered a low fandango house, and for half an hour tried to amuse myself by witnessing that abominable dance.

On leaving the house, I saw that they were waiting for me, and was not displeased that they had not yet forgotten me ; for the presence of enemies is *sometimes* as welcome as that of friends is annoying at others.

I had been insulted by those men, and did not wish to part with them thus and for ever.

My resentment for the manner they had treated me, was now mingled with a little curiosity.

Why had they insulted me ? There was but one answer to this. Their unmanly conduct had amused them. But there was one mystery I could not explain.

Why were they following me now ?

Certainly with some evil intention ; but why ?

I had never injured them in any way ; and for them to seek me for further wrong, seemed unreasonable.

I rambled slowly about the "Main Top," occasionally stopping to observe if they still followed ; and one or both of my companions was always seen, and never more than one hundred paces from me.

Nothing was more evident, than that I was to have company either all or part of the way home.

CHAPTER LIX.

RETRIBUTION.

SOME of the lowest of the population of Valparaiso, live on hills difficult of access.

Wherever there is room for a house to stand, it is found ; and, in many places, the ground has been levelled on the side of a high hill, for the site of a row of buildings.

Along the path I took, when descending from the "Main Top" to a more respectable part of the city, several places had to be passed where some care had to be used in making a safe journey.

On reaching a place where no houses were alongside of the path, I perceived that the two men who were still following me, were increasing their speed, evidently for the purpose of coming up with me.

My curiosity was about to be gratified. I should learn why they were pursuing me.

There was danger attending their society in any place ; and I was doubtful about the propriety of allowing them to overtake me at that hour, and in such a lonely place.

For some reason, to me unknown, they seemed bent on the accomplishment of some evil deed. They would not follow me without such an intention ; and there was danger in allowing them to come near.

Within my mind, there was an unholy desire for a little revenge—revenge that could not be taken if I avoided them.

This evil desire conquered prudence, or fear ; and I did not hasten my speed.

I was armed with a sheath knife, a weapon that, being a sailor, I was justified in carrying ; and on leaving off the sailor's garb, the knife had been retained for the reason

that all people in Valparaiso were armed, and in such a place one does not like to be out of fashion.

As the two ruffians came near me, Cassidy exclaimed, "Wait a minute, Bill ; we have some business with you."

"Well, what is it ?" I asked, turning round and facing them.

"You have got the money that was lost on the reef ; we want some of it."

"*Si*, yes, *un poco de dinero*—some dollar," said Miranda, who was about half drunk. "It is some ours."

"Yis—shares, shares," said the other.

"Not one dollar of it shall either of you have," I replied. "You have no more right to it than you had to the knife you robbed me of on the island."

"We don't want any of your nonsense, now," said Cassidy ; "that money is as much ours as yours, and we'll have some of it whether it is or not—so just hand out what of it you happen to have about you. Perhaps the young ladies will think none the less of you. The money has brought you into jintale society, and now let us have a turn with some of it. Come, hand it out."

"Yes, yes, *todos*—eveeree *peso*," exclaimed Miranda, coming up and seizing hold of me.

In my pockets were about fifteen dollars, and by giving them that, a sum sufficient for prolonging their spree, they probably would have molested me no more.

Should I obey them ? No. Why should I allow myself to be robbed ?

There were many good reasons why I should not run away, or yield to their demands, but I was not guided by one of them.

I was wholly controlled by the spirit of revenge, and yet had that spirit under some control, for in place of using the knife upon Miranda, I began striking him in the face with a closed hand.

The next instant I saw the gleaming of polished steel, and the ruffian, who had at first only intended to rob me, now sought my life. I had struck him with my hand, an act that a Chilian never forgives.

I was nearly twenty-one years of age, and possessed more than an average share of strength and activity.

Seizing hold of the hand that held the knife with my left hand, I gave him two or three more blows with the other, when he fell to the earth, dragging me with him.

During this struggle I was not unmolested by Cassidy ; but being only intent on robbing me without much violence, his attack did me no harm.

Miranda was trying to kill me, and the time had arrived for me to defend myself in a more effective manner.

While Cassidy was trying to rifle my pockets, and the other to give me a blow with his knife, I succeeded in drawing my own knife, and made no hesitation in using it. I was not an instant too soon in doing this, for the good fortune that had enabled me to protect myself from the weapon had deserted me, and I was wounded and bleeding from a cut in the right side.

Seizing hold of Miranda's knife as we were struggling on the ground, I plunged my own two or three times into his body.

One fortunate result of this action was immediate. Throwing his hands about wildly, he uttered a roar of agony, which was followed by the cry of "He kill me"

He was now harmless, for I had wrenched the knife from his grasp with but a slight effort, a certain proof that his part of the affray had been performed.

Cassidy had just succeeded in taking a purse from one of my pockets, as he heard the cry of his companion.

"Hill to your sowl," exclaimed the Irishman, "is that what yer afther?" and lifting a foot, shod with a heavy boot, he dashed it against my head.

For a moment I was a little stunned, yet not so confused as not to know that another actor at that moment took a part in the scene.

There were the sounds of a piercing yell, followed by a horrible oath in a familiar tone, and the sound of a heavy stick falling on a thick skull. An old friend had come to my rescue.

Cassidy reeled partly around, and plunged forward against a frail wooden barricade by the side of the path.

The railing gave way with a crash, and fell over the precipice, Cassidy going over headlong with it.

Miranda had caught hold of my feet, and was clinging to them with the convulsive agony of a dying man.

There was another blow with the club, in the hands of the last arrival, and the Chilian was knocked into a state of quietude.

"Hold! hold, Fury!" I exclaimed, knowing that Miranda had already had quite enough, even for my revenge.

"What! Is that you, Bill?" asked Fury. "Sarves you right. They ought to have killed you. What are you here for?"

Fury dropped his stick, and was going to assist me up, when I saved him the trouble by springing to my feet.

After giving my head a good shake I seemed quite recovered from the effects of the kick, and was happy with the knowledge that my two enemies had been disappointed in their evil designs.

Miranda seemed dead, but low moans from Cassidy could be heard, about forty feet beneath us. Justice had overtaken him, and he was suffering the penalty of having offended her.

"Come on, come away," said Fury, as he picked up his stick and the purse containing the dollars that Cassidy had dropped.

We started away, and were just in time to escape falling into the hands of two of the vigilantes, whom we passed about one hundred paces away.

I would have told them of what had happened, but was prevented by Fury.

"No," he sharply exclaimed, when I spoke about telling them what we had done. "I'm a' most dead now, and I don't want any trouble with 'em. Your business is to look after yourself, and not trouble yourself about other people. I don't want to die in a gaol."

I had before noticed that Fury's cough was much worse,

and the staff that had enabled him to assist me was much used in assisting him in walking.

Just as we had reached the level ground below, and were about to enter a more respectable part of the city, we heard the shrill sound of a whistle on the hill we had left.

"The perlice have found 'em," said Fury, "and that's a signal for others to *quidou*. Come with me, or we will be taken."

I had been told that under the system of police management in Valparaiso, a communication could be sent from one part of the city to another in a very short time; and could believe from what I had heard, that, before reaching the fonda where I lodged, the police might arrest me for an examination of the affair which had just taken place.

Personally I had no objections to this, but was guided by my companion in trying to avoid an investigation.

I followed Fury into a German boarding-house, where he entered a little back parlour, and we were alone.

On examining the wound in my side, it was found to be but a slight one. The point of the knife had struck a rib, and did no further harm.

After looking at Fury by the light of the lamp, I was astonished to think a man of his appearance could act as he had done.

He seemed but a ghost, and yet there had been strength and animation about him sufficient to save me from being killed.

I could easily believe that he had told me the truth when he declared himself to be dying; and yet, in a case of emergency, I would have placed more dependance on his aid than on that of any other person I had ever met.

Although wondering why Fury had remained in Valparaiso, I had no opportunity of making any inquiries of him until after reaching his home.

"How comes it, Fury," I asked, "that you did not go on in the *Mary Hart*? I never expected to find you here, at this time."

"'Cause I knew that I'd never live to reach home," he

answered ; "and I didn't care about going back, had I been perfectly well. There is no reason why I should go home now ; and plenty of reason why I should keep away. There's no one at home now who wishes to see me. and no one I wish to see.

"I could not bear to go back home, Bill, and find no one watching and waiting for me. 'Twould break my heart.

"No one cared more about home once than me, and there was a pleasure in working and knowing that what I did was for those who loved me. 'Taint so now, Bill, for they are dead ; and I never want to see the place where I left them again.

"I've stopped here to die, but I did not like leaving the ship. She's a good one, and had I been able to help work her home, I might have gone ; but that was not to be. Before we passed around the Horn, they would have hove me overboard. I shall not last more than a week longer."

I tried to give Fury a little hope ; but he stopped me with the assertion that I was talking nonsense, and knew it ; and that any one who said he could possibly recover, was either false or foolish.

I did think, from his appearance, that he could not live much longer ; and, seeing that he was not willing to be deceived, I then candidly told him that he already seemed but little better than a dead man.

"Knowing that you are soon going to die," said I, "why do you not stay at home, and die in bed ? Why do you knock about the 'Fore and Main Tops,' at all hours of the night ?"

"That's because I don't mean to die afore my time comes. Some people, with my complaint, are a year or more dying, and will lie on a bed for months, neither dead or alive. That a'int my way ; and while I'm alive there's no use in pretending to be dead."

I could not blame Fury for pretending to be what he called alive ; for his determination to live while he could, had been the means of saving my life.

As I gazed upon him, the admiration with which I had ever regarded him, was mingled with astonishment.

How could such a shadow, gliding about in the night, deal a blow that prostrated a man like Cassidy? It was wonderful.

In one way Fury seemed to possess more life than usual. He talked more.

"Do you see that?" said he, pointing to a coffin in the room. "That's for me. I had it brought in to-day; and I've been to the graveyard, and picked out a place where I'm to be buried. I would have dug my own grave, had they let me, although I shan't want it for a week yet."

Fury then took a paper out of his pocket, and handed it to me. The writing on it was in the Spanish language, and he explained its meaning.

"I paid one dollar for having that written," said he, "and I carry it in my pocket when out; so that if I die in the street, those who find me will learn where there is a coffin and a grave waiting for me. You wish to know why I don't stop at home, and die quietly, and I'll tell you. Cap'n Hart wanted me to go on with him, although he must have known that he would have to throw me over on the way. When he learnt that I'd not go, he left me more money than what I shall want; and I'm knocking about, to spend it. It would be hard to die, and leave a dollar for some scoundrel to spend in drink; and I don't mean to do it."

I told Fury that I would stay with him until he and the coffin before us were buried together in the place he had chosen for a final resting-place.

"No," said he. "I don't want you to do anything of the kind. One reason why I would not have went on home, had there been any prospect of my getting there, was that I would not give any of my old acquaintances the trouble of burying me. I have already engaged men to do that little job, and have paid them for it; and so you need not give yourself any concern."

I would not worry Fury by any opposition to his wishes; and, at a late hour, left him, without anything being said about our meeting again.

CHAPTER LX.

FREEDOM BY DEATH AND LAW.

THE next day I called on Fury again. He was just going out as I entered the house ; and he invited me to accompany him.

We strolled slowly outside of the city, and he took me to visit the place where heretics are buried, and pointed out the place he had chosen for his own grave.

"It will not be long afore I'll be brought here," said he. "I'm not so strong to-day as yesterday ; and I should not wonder if Death came along to-morrow or next day. Never mind, I owe him nothing but what I'm able and willing to pay."

I remained with him nearly all day, although he was not a very pleasant companion ; being somewhat annoyed if any one agreed with him in anything he said.

As he generally spoke the truth, I could not dispute with him ; and he was not pleased at it.

In the evening, a German, lodging in the house where Fury resided, read an interesting paragraph in that day's paper ; and, at Fury's request, told us the substance of it in English.

Two sailors had been robbed and murdered the night before ; and the vigilantes and seranos were searching the city for those who had perpetrated the deed.

One of the sailors had been thrown over a precipice, and injured so severely that he had died within a few hours, without being able to give a description of those who had robbed him. The other sailor was found dead, having been stabbed, and also injured by a blow on the head.

Again was I in trouble.

The crime of murder seemed branded on my brow, and the consciousness of hidden guilt burning in my soul.

Fury and I retired to his own room.

"Fury," said I, "we must clear up the mystery hanging over the death of those two men. We cannot be harmed for what has been done ; and, although conscious of innocence, I shall ever feel guilty, unless honourably acquitted by a legal investigation of the manner they died."

"I believe that we would be acquitted of all wrong," he answered ; "but not in time to save me from dying in a prison. No person can justly accuse me of having did a bad or dishonest action in my life ; and, knowing that, I don't want to end my days like a thief, as you would have me do. It sarves me right. I might have minded my own business, and let you and the two ruffians have it out between yourselves ; then I could have died in peace."

By such language as this did Fury prevent me from going immediately to the city authorities, and revealing all that I knew of the death of Miranda and Cassidy. After all he had done for me, I did not wish him to die cursing me for the ingratitude of consigning him, when dying, to a prison.

We were in but little danger of being suspected of the crime of robbery and murder.

The opinion of all would be, that the deed had been committed by some of the many blackguards and "beach-combers" that infest Valparaiso. I was residing in a respectable hotel, and had money. No one would have any suspicion of me ; and no one would think, from the appearance of Fury, that he had been able to travel to the "Main Top" for the last six months.

No one could believe him guilty of robbery with violence. The absurdity of such an idea would have provoked a smile on the features of any jury before whom he might have been brought.

I knew that it was very wrong for me to conceal the commission of a deed for which others might get into trouble ; but to bring Old Fury to a fate he so much dreaded, seemed a greater crime.

I could agree with him in the opinion that he had not long to live, and knew that, should we have to pass an

examination over the death of Miranda and Cassidy, we might be two or three months before properly acquitted, or in full possession of liberty.

This knowledge constrained my actions, and I passed a sleepless night.

I did not wish to be connected with any act affecting the rights or welfare of others, that should demand the scereey Fury required ; and the knowledge that the two ruffians were supposed to have been robbed and murdered, when not at liberty to make known the eircumstances attending their death, made me feel guilty of the crime that all believed to have been committed.

A part of my admiration and respeeet for Fury was lost on seeing that he could be indueed to eommit aets which he would shrink from having brought to the light of public criticism ; but some allowance had to be made for the whims of one whose whole thoughts were absorbed by the near appproach of death. Had life been before Fury, in plaee of death, he might have been afflieted with the same thoughts that troubled me ; but now his only earthly desire was that of dying quietly.

Early the next morning I again went to see him, with the determination of making another attempt at inducing him to echange his mind ; for I did not wish to pass another night like the last—tortured with the eonsciousness of doing wrong, and with the fear of being more severely punished for it.

The part I had taken in the death of Miranda should have been made known immediately ; and, in eoncealing it, I was eommitting a crime which would be every hour repeated until the whole truth should be known.

I could endure such torture but little longer.

On reaching the plaee where Fury lived, I found that he was not up, and hastened to his room.

“ I guess that I am worse this morning,” said he, as I entered the room, “ for I don’t feel much like turning out. ’Cause I’m too lazy, that’s all.”

Fury then tried to rise up in his bed, and found himself unable to do so.

After making a violent effort to rise, and falling back on the bed, he exclaimed, "What the —— does this mean ? I'll be d —— d if I'm going to lie here all day."

At his next attempt to get up, I stepped forward to assist him.

"No, no ! Keep off !" he cried ; "I don't want any help. While I'm living, I'll be a man, and not a child."

Knowing that the least opposition to his wishes would only throw him into a violent passion, I let him have his own way.

Again he struggled vehemently to get out of the bed ; but, weak and exhausted by his previous efforts, the attempt was abortive.

His spirit had been unsubdued by his disease.

Great and unconquerable, it would not yield ; nor could it control the frail form that held it.

More violent in his rage than ever I had seen him before, he again struggled wildly to rise, while uttering some of his favourite oaths at the failure of his efforts.

His exertions were so strong and wild, and were so long continued, that the contention between body and spirit suddenly terminated.

A blood vessel broke ; and, in two minutes after, Old Fury was dead.

The landlord of the house sent for the men who were to bury him, and we placed the emaciated body in the coffin.

That evening, I followed it to the place where he wished it to be buried.

Old Fury had died as he had lived, strong and unsubdued in will.

When that will had been unable to control its earthy tenement, it had departed for another home.

He had died, as no one but Old Fury could die.

Like others, he had faults ; but, unlike many, he had good qualities in his eccentricities, that made him respected by all who had ever listened to his profanity ; for, when Fury was most profane in his language, his actions were the most worthy of admiration.

On my return to the fonda that evening, two seranos were waiting for me, and I was arrested for the crime of murder. The perpetrators of what was supposed to be an atrocious crime, had been traced, and one was now in custody.

Those who arrested me, already knew that my companion had gone beyond the reach of human laws ; but, pleased at having obtained one, they conducted me to prison.

That night I suffered another lesson, for having acted in a manner that conscience condemned.

The fears that had worried my soul for the last twenty-four hours, had not been without a cause.

They were realized, and I now felt guilty of murder, merely for having concealed from others the knowledge that I had defended myself from the attack of those who sought to injure me.

Had I been wholly innocent, any, or every hardship or privation attending the loss of liberty, could have been endured with pride and hope ; but I was not innocent. I had done wrong, and must suffer.

Other difficulties that had befallen me, had been met and combated with hope ; but it was different now. Hope seemed to have deserted me, as though insulted and displeased by the manner I had acted.

The result of my approaching trial for a capital offence, was regarded with indifference, and never had life seemed so little worth possessing.

This disregard for the future was, perhaps, partly caused by the disappointment sustained from my acquaintance with Librada.

This disappointment, added to the regret for having allowed Fury to prevent me from doing that which I knew to be a duty, gave me an appearance of guilt.

On the eighth day of my imprisonment, I was brought before a court to be tried for the crime of murder.

The prosecuting attorney made a long speech, in opening the case against me ; but I understood but very little of it.

He then called his witnesses.

The first was a serano, who had first found Miranda and Cassidy, after I had left them in company with Fury.

He swore positively that he had met me in company with another, coming away from the scene of the murder, and not more than two hundred paces from where the bodies were found.

Another serano testified that he had seen me on the "Main Top," on the evening the murder had been committed.

The landlord of the boarding-house where Fury had died, deposed, that on the evening of the murder, I entered his house with another, since dead. A heavy stick, once carried by Old Fury, was produced, and proved to have been the one used by the man seen with me that evening.

On the stick were three or four spots of blood.

The landlord of the fonda where I had stopped gave evidence that on the night of the murder I did not return home until one o'clock in the morning.

Some of the clothing found in my room was produced, and every garment was stained with blood.

When called upon for my defence to the charge brought against me, I told the truth, and my story was translated to the court by an interpreter.

I did not tell the whole truth, for there was no reason why I should acknowledge having heard of the death of the two men.

My story was, that I had been met by two men, who demanded money, which was refused; that when attacked I defended myself with a knife; that I had been wounded by one of the ruffians, and undoubtedly would have been killed, had not an acquaintance come up in time to knock my assailants down, and save me.

I represented that after the occurrence I had been too busy attending to the wants of the dying friend I had buried on the day of my arrest, to make any inquiries about the fate of those who had tried to rob and murder me.

On being asked if I had any witnesses to examine for

evidence of the truth of my story, I replied in the negative, and stated that the evidence already given supported the truth of all I had said.

A young man came forward, and volunteered his testimony in my favour.

I recognized him as one of the young men whom I had seen scowling upon Cassidy when that ruffian was talking with the beautiful girl in the Chingano.

His evidence was, that he had seen the bodies of the two men who had been killed, and that he recognized them as being those of two persons whom he had seen following me from one place to another, for nearly an hour, on the night of the murder. He further declared that the two men were following me when I took the path leading from the hill.

Here was evidence that I had not sought the two who had been killed, but that they had hunted me.

I was acquitted, and once more was free ; not only free but happy, for a legal tribunal had pronounced me innocent of crime.

Even the treatment I had met from Librada and her parents seemed a source for agreeable reflections.

A little exercise of thought brought my soul to the belief that fortune had again favoured me, by preventing my union with a cold-hearted, selfish girl—one whose brilliant beauty, like the bright eyes of a serpent, was but a fascination that allures its victim to destruction.

Librada, Old Fury, and all else was soon nearly forgotten, or crowded from my thoughts by the query of "What shall I do now?"

CHAPTER LXI.

A COASTING VOYAGE.

I WAS about as anxious to leave Valparaiso as I had formerly been to leave Drummond's Island, and the day after obtaining my liberty was passed in searching after the means of leaving the place in any manner, for anywhere.

There were many vessels about to leave for different places, and my greatest difficulty was in choosing which one should have the honour of taking me away. Had there been but one ship in the harbour I should have been saved much worry of mind.

A Chilian brig was about to sail for Cuba, and I called on the captain to make arrangements for a passage.

There was another object for going in this vessel besides that of leaving Valparaiso.

It was the curiosity of learning for what purpose the voyage was made.

On seeing the captain, he told me that he did not wish for any passengers, as his vessel had no accommodation for them.

I told him that I was a sailor, and would join the vessel as a seaman. To this he was agreeable, and after signing articles, I commenced making preparations for the voyage, well pleased that I was not going to pay away any more of that money which I could not yet regard as being fairly my own.

I went aboard the brig one morning, and in the afternoon we proceeded to get "under way."

The captain, two mates, and a boatswain, were all shouting orders at the top of their voices.

I had seen an English ship of the line get up anchors and move out to sea with less noise and confusion than was made on that little brig in leaving the harbour of Valparaiso.

The crew consisted of ten men, all of whom were Chilians but three—myself, and two Scotch sailors, who had run away from an English ship.

For the first three or four days the Scotchmen and myself had some difficulty in understanding the orders; but knowing what should be done, we soon got along without much trouble.

The captain appeared in no haste to reach his destination, for but little effort was made to make the most of a favourable breeze, and the brig was allowed to hug the shore too closely for making much headway.

"The skipper, puir body, is afraid o' gettin fra the lond, for fear o' losin himsel," said one of the Scotchmen, named McKinley. "We shall be months a gitten aroond the Horn."

"I believe we shall no get aroond at all," said his companion, "for we shall wear awa the port side of the brig scrapin again the shore before we reach the other side."

"You're a canny Yonkee loddie," said M'Kinley to me, "and why had ye no mair sense thon to cam here? My friend Jock here and mysel was token aboard when we were heavy freighted wi Chili whoskey, called chilka, but you wouldna be guilty of sic a folly."

"I had two reasons for coming aboard of this brig," I answered; "one was that I wanted to leave Valparaiso, and the other that I wished to know for what reason the vessel was going to Cuba."

"Weel," said McKinley, "I'll tell ye now a' I ken about it. The brig is ganging till Havannah to tack the skipper there, but I dinna ken why the skipper should go there at all. For that ye mon ask some ither body, and then I dinna think ye'll learn."

Before being three weeks on this voyage, of course I was dissatisfied, otherwise I should not have been a sailor.

The ship moved too slowly, the officers seemed to know too little of their business, the food we were allowed was too many *frijoles*, and too little of anything else, and in fact, everything and everybody was a cause of dissatisfaction.

I was a genuine scaman, and could find a cause for complaining, whether there was any just reason or not.

At the time of joining the brig I could have elected to go to any part of the world in vessels about to sail, and I had made a choice of the last one in which a sensible man would have gone.

We were about four weeks reaching Terra del Fuego, where we put into a small harbour, and stayed for three days.

The natives of this place were in the pursuit of happiness under great difficulties.

Their country is cold and bleak, and does not produce the materials to clothe its inhabitants, which are animals something like men and women.

To see a Fuegian standing upright, creates in the mind of the foreigner who first beholds the sight, a feeling of astonishment. One is surprised at witnessing legs so very thin support their bodies ; and in fact, they are seldom seen on their feet unless supported by a spear or something else to assist their slender legs. They never move about more than they can possibly avoid, and are nearly all the time sitting on their feet on the ground. This gives no opportunity for the muscles of the legs to become developed ; and having extremely ugly features, each of them, when seen upright, seems a devil on too little sticks.

In one respect the natives of this place excel those of any other people I had ever met or heard of.

They could imitate anything but good behaviour. Any word spoken to either of them would be repeated in exactly the same tone in which it had been uttered.

One day McKinley was trying to make a bargain with one of them for a sealskin, for which he offered an old shirt.

He could only communicate with the native by signs, and when he would point to the shirt and then to the sealskin, trying to make the thing understood that he wished to exchange one for the other, it would imitate each of his acts so exactly that the performance was witnessed by

several of the crew who were present with loud shouts of laughter, in which the natives joined.

"Ye senseless monkey body," shouted the Scotchman to the native with whom he was trying to barter, "if ye diinna stop mimicking me, I'll fling my hat, and brak yer legs."

The native replied by repeating nearly every word McKinlay had said, and in a perfect imitation of his voice.

The Scotchman could endure this no longer, but made a rush for the boat, boarded the brig, and returned no more to the shore.

We remained in this place for three days, when a fine "wholesale breeze," of which the captain seemed afraid, subsided, and we again commenced what Jock called "scrapin along the shore."

Two weeks more passed, and we were moving up the eastern coast of South America.

One dark night I was at the wheel, and was alarmed by hearing sounds of oars dipping in the water. Two or more boats were certainly approaching us, and I called the officer of the watch.

We had been laying up to the shore all day, as McKinley said, "like a sick kitten to a hot brick," and we were now not more than four miles from it.

The breeze was light, and we were not moving more than two or three knots an hour. Whether friends or foes were approaching, we should have some difficulty in avoiding them.

The captain was sent for, and by the time he came on deck two boats, full of men, were seen heading across our bow.

Loud shouts were heard further away towards the shore.

More boats were coming.

Musket shots were fired from them; and those in the boats nearest us were either calling upon us for assistance, or giving some commands in a language I could not understand.

One man in the boats near us was shouting in English, and entreated us to "heave to."

Some vessel had gone to pieces or sunk, the crew had taken to the boats, and wished us to pick them up.

This was what I thought, and the captain was evidently of the same opinion, for under his orders the ship was "hove to."

As the boats crowded with men swung under our counter, lines were thrown over, and the men began to mount the deck.

Two minutes more, and a scene of the wildest confusion ever witnessed amongst so few men was being enacted on the brig.

Those who had boarded it seemed mad—hopelessly and frantically mad.

The haste with which they had ascended the side aroused my suspicions that something was wrong. They acted like an enemy carrying the brig by boarding it.

On reaching the deck, some of them began hauling around the main yard, to get the vessel again under way. One of them came up and drove me away from the wheel. It was not a station that, under the circumstances, I was anxious to keep, and for that reason I made no resistance to his taking my place.

In three minutes after the men from the boats had boarded the brig, they had taken entire charge of it, and most of the officers and crew had been driven below.

To lose my life in keeping the captain in command of the brig, was certainly not my duty, especially as I could not see that he made any great exertion in his own behalf.

I was chased into the captain's cabin by a man with a handspike, and there I found McKinley and three others of the crew, one of whom told me that he believed the captain had been killed.

Those in the boats from which we had heard the muskets now reached the vessel, which had just begun to move through the water, under the influence of a strengthening breeze.

For about ten minutes the scene on deck was horrible to hear. We had no desire to witness it, for the shouts of command, the frantic yells of rage, and the moans and groans of those wounded in a terrific combat, mingled with the report of muskets, were sufficient for me, without learning more of the strife than what the sense of hearing could convey.

It was evident that the party which had first boarded us had been pursued by another, and that the two were now having a fierce conflict for the possession of the brig.

But why had they come off from the shore to make a battle-ground of our vessel?

Why not have settled their dispute ashore?

This was a mystery we could not understand.

When the battle had raged for about ten minutes, all was quiet, except the moans of the wounded, and a cry for "*El capitán.*"

The captain of the vessel was wanted, and the next minute we heard, in the voice of the first officer of the brig, the call of "*Todos hombres arriba.*"

On going on deck as we were ordered, a strange scene was before us.

Several men were lying on the deck.

Some were dead, others wounded, and a few were bound by having their hands and feet tied.

Acting under the orders of the first mate, we put the vessel about, and started for the shore.

The brig had been captured twice within a few minutes, but the mystery attending this singular incident in our voyage was soon explained.

We were off a convict settlement, a few miles south of El Carmen.

About one hundred and fifty convicts had arrived at the settlement a few months before, from Rio Janeiro. They had seen us early in the evening, when six or eight miles to the southward, and had formed the resolution of trying to take the vessel, and escape from servitude.

After a brief conflict with a few soldiers who were

guarding them, some of the prisoners succeeded in getting off with two boats.

They had been pursued by the soldiers, and captured on our vessel after a desperate resistance, in which about half of their number were killed.

The officer in charge of the soldiers sent after the run-aways wanted the brig to run in, and give them a chance to land the prisoners in the morning.

A search was then made for the captain, and as he was not to be found on the deck amongst the dead and wounded, some of the sailors searched below with no better result.

Low moans were heard from some one in the main chains, and two of the soldiers went over the bulwarks, expecting either one of their companions or one of the prisoners.

The person they found was the captain, who, in trying to keep possession of the vessel, had been knocked down, and thrown over the bulwarks. He had lodged in the chains in a very miraculous manner.

One of his legs and one arm were entangled in the chains in such a manner that he had fallen no further, although for much of the time there he had been insensible.

After going in about three miles, we dropped anchor, and waited until morning.

No attention was given to the wounded prisoners, and some of the poor wretches must have suffered much during the night. One of the prisoners lying dead on the deck had the appearance of being either English or American, and he was probably the one I had heard calling upon us to "heave to."

The next morning all were sent ashore, and the first mate was required to go before the governor of the settlement, and make a statement of what had occurred. He was accompanied on his return by a surgeon, who dressed a wound on the captain's head.

The skipper had received a blow from a handspike, and had his skull not been a very thick one, it must have been

smashed. After the departure of the surgeon, we made sail.

During the three or four days that the captain was unable to look after the course, the first mate put boldly out to sea, and we were no longer in fear of the dangers attending a coasting voyage.

Three or four days passed before the captain was able to take charge of the brig, and when he again appeared on deck, and learnt where we were, his first orders were given for running in towards the shore.

We made every bight and bend along the coast of South America; and when, after crawling along the shore for several weeks, we arrived off Maracaybo, in place of running north to Havannah, we sailed west until within a few miles of Chagres.

A majority of the Chilian sailors appeared to think that we were taking the most direct course for our destination, and were perfectly satisfied with the captain's navigation.

This was not the case with the two Scotchmen, and both declared they would never drink again, since the penalty of getting drunk could subject them to the orders of "sic a daft body as the skepper."

We did reach Havannah at last, after a voyage of several weeks.

Jock said that we were more than a year and a half on the brig, and attempted to prove that such was the fact, by stating that we left Valparaiso early one summer, that we passed the winter in going around the Horn, and had arrived at Havannah in the latter part of another summer.

His reasoning was ingenious, for we had a distinct recollection of all the seasons he described.

He expressed his belief that by the time the captain would get back to Valparaiso his wife and children would have forgotten all about him, and that all his former acquaintances would know him no more.

Pleased with the anticipation of this, Jock and McKinlay went ashore.

CHAPTER LXII.

HAVANNAH.

HAVANNAH, or as the Spaniards have it, Habana, or "the harbour," is the finest city I had yet seen. It is at the mouth of a small river called Lagida, and contains many fine buildings and about one hundred and twenty-five thousand inhabitants.

The harbour is one that every sailor must admire. It is large and perfectly safe, the entrance to it being so narrow as to admit but one vessel at a time.

The channel leading to the harbour is strongly fortified with works mounting heavy guns.

I received a discharge from the brig in Havannah, and went ashore with my money.

For two days I rode about the city in a *volante*, spending the money received for my services on the voyage.

After seeing the large square citadel near the centre of the city, the many fine churches and convents, the dock-yard and public buildings, I remembered once having read that in the year one thousand five hundred and something the town of Havannah was taken by a French pirate, and was ransomed for seven hundred dollars. Times have changed since then.

When my wages were gone, I could stay no longer without spending the money found on the reef, and I could not do that without some unpleasant emotions, for I could not consider it fairly my own.

One day I had been drawn near the docks by the idea that the time had nearly arrived for me to leave Havannah.

So many sailors who speak the English language visit that port, that many of the lowest of the native population of the city have acquired disagreeable manners, which they can assume in the presence of foreigners, and put aside

when only with each other ; and I did not leave the place without seeing some evidence of such a peculiar proof of a high state of civilization.

When passing along a narrow street near the docks, I heard some premonitory symptoms of a row in a low dirty den, such as are generally near by when sailors are robbed.

The doors and windows of the den were open, and I could see that one room of the house contained several sailors, bullies, and women, all in a wrangle with each other.

Conspicuous amongst the clatter of tongues, I heard the familiar voice of my Scotch shipmate Jock, in a rage.

I entered the room just in time to hear Jock exclaim, "I ken what ye a' want. Ye thenk to mak us baith drenk, rab us o' a' the siller, and then send us a lang voyage to Havannah."

Jock, confused with drink, remembered Valparaiso, but had forgotten that he was already in that city to which he had expressed the fear of being sent.

His companion McKinley was lying on the floor helplessly drunk.

There was but one way occurring to my mind for trying to save them from being robbed, and that was to represent myself as being one of their officers.

Those who live by robbing drunken sailors know that the first or second officer of a ship has some firmness of character, and will use the strong arm of the law in accomplishing his purpose. Knowing this, their opposition to his will in a good cause becomes weak, and they are easily defeated.

Seizing hold of Jock, I bade him follow me, and then pulled him from a group that had gathered around him, professing profound interest in his welfare.

Two or three girls who had professed to have fallen hopelessly in love with his appearance, and two ruffians, who spoke English, and who had suddenly conceived such a friendship for him that they seemed anxious to protect him from harm in a strange port, moved away, and allowed me to lead him towards the door.

Leaving Jock by the door for a moment, I went to rouse McKinley, and succeeded in getting him on to his feet.

The opinion of the two Scotchmen then seemed to be that I had called for the purpose of joining them on their spree, and pleased at having met a messmate, they both called for more drink.

Jock was displeased with the society he was in at the time I first heard his voice, and had appeared anxious to get away.

That was forgotten now, and he seemed pleased at the opportunity of introducing me to his late-found acquaintances.

I had commenced on a plan which must now be carried out, and I ordered the two sailors to leave with me immediately, hoping that they would have the sense to understand my object, and obey me without the least opposition.

I was disappointed.

"Who gave you the right to order us out?" demanded Jock. "One would think that ye was our skipper, instead of a messmate."

The drunken McKinley had also sense enough left to express his displeasure at my assumed authority over them.

"What!" exclaimed one of the bullies, "is not this man one of your officers?"

"Officers!" screamed McKinley, in a brandy-inspired rage. "Why we ha' got a discharge, and besides he was but a puir sailor body like oursels."

Nothing so much excites the anger of those vile wretches in large seaport towns, who live by robbing sailors of their hard-earned money, as for some one to try and rescue a victim from their grasp.

The three or four ruffians in the room saw immediately that my object had been to deprive them of the opportunity of following their usual business, and that I had tried to deceive them in doing so.

That was enough to bring upon me the indignation of every male and female in the room, and I was fortunate in

being able to escape from the house by leaving my hat and a part of a linen coat behind.

Those who made an attack on me were women—things against whom I could make no defence, and therefore had to fly.

One of the bullies who was nearest to the door, tried to prevent me from escaping.

Had he succeeded in getting hold of me, I should have been knocked down, and kicked by the mob until insensible, and then robbed.

A dozen witnesses would have then been ready to swear that I had come into the place, kicked up a row, and had been justly punished for it.

I escaped being the victim to this favourite plan bullies have of robbing sailors, by giving the man who tried to detain me, a blow between the eyes, that sent him reeling backwards, and then darting through the doorway, rushed into the street, leaving my two companions to the fate they deserved.

I had received another lesson on the simple fact, that it is wrong ever to pretend to be what we are not.

This lesson was cheaper than the one taught me by Librada and her father ; nevertheless, I received it thankfully, and resolved to err in the same way no more.

The next morning I went to an office, and paid for my passage in a steamer sailing for New York the next day.

On my return, I met my shipmates, the two Scotchmen. Both of them bore evidence of having been in a grog-shop battle, for they were much cut and marked about the face

They were looking for a ship, and told me that they had not eaten a mouthful that day ; and that they had walked the streets all night.

I professed to be somewhat surprised at this, and gave them to understand that on seeing them last, they were in the society of those whom they preferred to that of an old shipmate.

“Dinna say mair aboot that,” said McKinley, “for they were a’ bad. They made us baith drunk, and then

turned us out of the house for insulting the ladies. When we gat sober, neither of us had a bawbie."

"We've no had one drap o' drink sin then," said Jock ; "and we must ha' some noo, or dee."

I asked them which they would rather have, a good breakfast, or a glass of brandy each ; and both preferred the latter. Had they treated me with the least consideration the day before, when trying to befriend them, I would not have seen them want until they found a ship ; but thinking that I would be doing wrong to furnish them with the means of procuring more drink, I left them to their fate.

I have since been told that this was acting in a very inhumane manner ; for men of experience with the effects of strong drink have informed me that those men might actually have been suffering more for the want of brandy than food. I did not know this at the time, and thought that their depraved appetite was something for which they deserved no sympathy.

I do not wish to represent that foreign sailors are any more liable to be robbed in Havannah than in Liverpool, New York, or any other large seaport.

The sailors who go in American and English ships, are, the majority of them, men who will get under the influence of drink when ashore ; and the trouble of going before a court, and trying to obtain money, the loss of which they cannot give a correct account, requires a resolution that few of them possess.

The experience of old sailors with whom I have conversed, has led me to believe that even in ports where laws are most respected, and most thoroughly administered, not more than one sailor out of six who are robbed, obtains redress ; and that but few of the wretches who prey upon them are ever brought to a legal punishment for their crimes.

Havannah was a fine city, shining with beauty, diamonds, and many other things we prize ; but I did not like it.

Life, without associating with some of the lowest of the population, was too dull.

I met with no adventures ; and the attractions of *El Teatro*, *El Plaza de Toros*, and other places of amusement, on first acquaintance lost their charms.

The truth was, I wished for rest, and had resolved to return home and seek it.

I sailed in the steamer the day after meeting McKinley and Jock, and never met them again.

In justice to myself it should be stated, that the morning before sailing, I tried to find them ; for conscience had begun troubling me for the manner I had acted the day before.

In refusing to assist them, I had been guided by a spirit of revenge ; and I was ashamed of having been controlled by such a feeling towards men who were naturally very good-hearted fellows.

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE WILSONS.

ON arriving in New York, I delayed going home for a few days, for the reason that I did not wish to visit that city again.

On the day of landing, I wrote to my brother John, wishing to know if any letters had arrived for me during my absence.

Three days after, the answer came.

All were well, and were delighted to learn that I was alive, and so near the home to which they wished me to return without delay.

In his letter, John informed me that the leg I had assisted him in saving, had long been perfectly well ; and, that only a few weeks before, he had had the satisfaction of using it in kicking the fellow who had stolen my hat and gun on the night before my last sudden departure.

He had caught the fellow stealing again ; and, after

learning the fellow the folly of being caught, had handed him over to the law, for the punishment of theft.

John concluded what, for him, was a long letter, by stating that no letters had been received at home for me.

The advertisements I had caused to be published for the money belonging to Captain Morse, had produced no claimant; and I might consider it all my own, and do with it as I liked.

Should I do so? No.

Something told me that my right to that money was not yet such as would allow me to spend it with a clear conscience.

A widow, with several children, might be in need of some of it.

Fortune had thrown the money into my hands; but that did not make it mine.

After many long reveries on the subject, I decided to advertise once more; and if, at the end of three weeks, no one answered the advertisements, to call the money honestly my own.

The next day, I again advertised in the *Herald*, *Tribune*, and *Sun*, for the next of kin of John Morse, formerly of New York city, and late of Honolulu, requesting all communications to be sent to me at my native village.

I then resolved to stay in the city for a week, for the purpose of seeing whether the advertisements would be answered, thinking that if no notice was taken of them within that time, my presence in New York would not be required again; and I wrote again to John, requesting if any letters came for me, to forward them to New York.

One evening, when sauntering along Broadway, I saw Barnum's Museum, and entered it.

While intent on gazing at some serpents that I could believe to be genuine, I was hailed by a familiar voice, and, turning about, saw before me my old friend Bowers. He was dressed like a gentleman.

"Come out of this!" he exclaimed, taking my arm. "We'll go out somewhere on a bender. I've long been wanting to see an old shipmate, but had not hoped to see you. We'll make a night of it."

We walked into the street and turned towards the Bowery. Bowers and I perfectly agreed ; for he was willing to do all the talking, and I was willing that he should.

He told me, that on his return home, he found that his father had come into possession of a small fortune ; and, pleased at the return of a long-lost son, was liberal with his money.

“I had more than three hundred dollars,” said he, “when we were paid off in New Bedford, but I said nothing about that ; and, after staying at home for a few weeks, my father gave me money to come here, and do the city. I’m staying, part of the time, with an aunt, a widow, up in Fourteenth Street. I’ve two cousins there, beautiful creatures, and you must go with me and see them ; but not to-night, for we must have a spree together.

I did not wish for what Bowers called a spree ; and emphatically protested against passing the evening in the manner I could plainly perceive that he intended.

After nearly having a quarrel with him, he consented to go to his aunt’s house, and pass the evening in a rational manner ; and we took a hack, and drove to Fourteenth Street.

I was introduced to Mrs. Wilson, and to the Misses Wilson, two fine-looking young ladies, whose magnificent appearance at first somewhat confused me.

There was another young lady in the room—a plainly-dressed yet beautiful girl, of whom the others took no notice.

Bowers introduced me to his relatives as an old ship-mate and friend—a gentleman, and one of the best fellows in the world.

Neither Bowers or myself, in appearance corresponded with the idea they had formed of sailors ; and they plainly told us so.

Bowers declared, that to go a voyage in a whaler was now a fashionable method for young gentlemen to complete their education and prepare them for the real duties of life ; and that two-thirds of the young men then sailing in whalers, were gentlemen in disguise.

He entered into a long argument, to prove the wisdom of such a course of teaching, and stated that, in a whaling voyage, a youth was kept from all the silly vanities that confuse the minds of youths when in society ashore ; that they were removed from the many temptations to which inexperienced youth will often yield ; that they learn to obey the wishes and orders of those wiser than themselves ; and that they go away silly youths, and come back men, capable of entering upon any respectable business of life in an earnest and sensible manner.

Mrs. Wilson and her daughters seemed quite willing to believe this absurd story ; for knowing that Bowers had left a good home to go to sea, they saw no reason why many others should not be guilty of a similar wisdom or folly.

"I do believe that you are quite right, Fred," said Miss Sarah Wilson ; "for just notice the young men of the city who have never been out of it. They don't look and act like men, at all. They see so much frivolity, that their features never wear a serious manly expression ; they cannot walk without the assistance of a stick, or see without using a glass ; and they have so far degenerated from the human species, that they are unable to talk plain."

"You are quite right, Sarah," said Bowers ; "for those biped poodles that whine around the centres of civilization, will soon lose the faculty of speech ; for it is a law of nature, that creatures without sense or souls, shall not be endowed with it."

I thought Miss Sarah Wilson a very sensible young lady ; and yet there was something strange in her conduct, that I did not like.

She and her sister entertained us with music ; and they sang and played charmingly.

They could talk in a sensible manner on several subjects ; yet they seemed queer. Perhaps it was because they were ladies—things of which I had very little knowledge.

They did not seem earnest, kind, and conscientious, like my sister Jane ; and, although pleasant and cheerful

with Bowers and myself for the time, they seemed proud and vain.

With all their beauty, accomplishments, and wisdom, they failed to win my good opinion ; and I left the house, intending never to call again, although I had partly promised to do so.

Bowers accompanied me, and after strolling about the streets for an hour or two, we went to the hotel where I was staying.

In order to be with me early the next morning, he took a room there for the night ; and we shook hands, and retired.

I turned in, but not to sleep.

Why did I dislike the two young ladies who had been entertaining me in such a charming manner that evening ? I seemed guilty of ingratitude, and of the folly of suddenly conceiving strong prejudices ; and my soul was thoroughly searched, for the purpose of finding some cause for the fancies it had formed.

It had not acted without reason, for there was a cause for the prejudice that had arisen within it.

The truth could not be concealed from myself. I disliked the two young ladies Bowers had introduced as his cousins, merely for their studied neglect of the other young lady, who had been in the room all the time during my visit.

They had not taken the slightest notice of her ; and from their conduct, I might have supposed that the figure I admired was one of wax ; but this could not be, for the girl was some of the time engaged in sewing, and some of the time she seemed to be reading.

Was she deaf and dumb, that the others had not spoken to her ? or, if so, why not communicate with her by signs ? Why treat her with such disdainful neglect ?

Was she unworthy of their notice ? If so, why allow her within the room ?

She was not unworthy of their attention ! I knew it by inspiration, and would have staked my existence that there had never been one sinful, selfish thought in that young girl's soul.

Her pale, full, smooth brow was the throne of a vast intellect.

Her large, mild, blue eyes were the light of a calm, pure, affectionate spirit.

Her mouth was small, but the lips were red and full. She had firmness, health, and passion.

Librada was beautiful and bright, and so were the serpents I had seen, early in the evening, in the museum.

The girl I had met that night was also beautiful ; but she wore the loveliness that man should fancy an angel to possess. Her beauty seemed made of love, truth, peace, and purity.

Who and what was she ?

What had she done, that others should despise her ?

These questions kept me some time from sleeping.

Early the next morning I reached the reading-room, and sent for Bowers, who was not long in making his appearance.

"Well, you mean to make a long day of it," said Bowers, as he sat down to the table. "What do you propose doing ?"

"Anything you please," I answered. "You have been some time in the city, and can now show me the lions."

"You and I shall never agree on a plan for seeking amusement. I like a little dissipation, and you don't. Now, I suppose you passed a pleasant evening last night ?"

"I did, indeed. Your cousins were very entertaining ; and I'm quite sure their society is much better for us both, than any you would have found elsewhere. But who was the other young lady present, the one who said nothing ?"

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Bowers. "She teaches music, French, and drawing, I believe. No one must speak a civil word to her while the other girls are by. I did once, and they looked as black as a thunder-cloud ; and I've never dared to speak to her since, for fear they would turn the girl out of the house, and perhaps she's no other home."

"But why is she so much beneath their notice ?"

"I'm sure I don't know. Perhaps there is no reason.

Aunt Wilson is as bad as her daughters. The girl has to earn her own living ; and, possibly, that is the reason why she is nobody. Don't you know that the majority of the people here in the city, are d——d fools ?”

I proposed to Bowers that we should go for the day to Hoboken, as it was the place where I had been sent to school a few years before, and one of the teachers in the school was an old acquaintance from my native town, whom I wished to see.

“I've only one objection to that,” said Bowers. “The girls wish to go there ; and it was only two days ago that they were coaxing me to take them ; and if they find out that I've been there without them, I don't know what might happen.”

“Let them go with us.”

For some time Bowers hesitated, declaring that he did not like to be encumbered with a woman ; and that when fellows wished to amuse themselves for a day, female cousins or sisters were a nuisance.

He finally consented that they should be invited to go, and we drove to Mrs. Wilson's house.

The young ladies were engaged with their lessons ; but, on our arrival, books were thrown aside, and their young pale-browed teacher took up a piece of embroidery.

The young ladies hastened out of the room, to prepare themselves for going out ; and Bowers also retired to his room, to make some change in his dress.

The girl, whom I had so much pitied and admired the night before, was with me, and we were alone. Another opportunity of speaking to her might never occur.

I did not wish her to think that all in this world were alike ; and I had received too many lessons in real life to make the least hesitation in saying what I thought.

Acting as I thought Old Fury would have done at my age, and under the same circumstances, I walked up to the girl and said, “I know not who or what you are, but your appearance commands my respect ; and had it not been for the hope of seeing you again, I should not have been here this morning.”

The young woman immediately arose, and left the room.

What was that for? How had I offended her? To have professed any love for her, without the slightest acquaintance would, perhaps, have been a cause of offence; but I had not done that, for the reason that I had no love for anything.

Her appearance, and the neglect of others, had won my admiration and pity; and I had but told her the simple truth.

What harm could there be in that?

The young ladies soon after made their appearance, and we started.

On the way to Hoboken, I learnt that the young professor whom I wished to see, was the husband of an elder sister of the young ladies in my company.

This discovery was an agreeable surprise to each. We were all going to call upon the same family.

I had not before learnt that my friend was married; and the fact that I was going to call upon him as a friend, and they as a relative, and only learn that we were going to visit the same party when on the way, was to the girls something wonderful,

To me it was not, for my life seemed made of strange coincidences.

The young teacher's family and my own, had long been intimate friends; and, probably, owing to his respect for my parents, he gave me a cordial reception. His sisters-in-law and Bowers, his wife's cousin, were also well received; and we passed three or four hours at Hoboken very pleasantly.

On our return to Mrs. Wilson's, I again saw the girl whom I had driven from the room by my rudeness in the morning. I bowed to her, and she acknowledged the salutation with a blush and half a smile, unmingled with scorn.

She had not been so much offended as I had feared.

Bowers again accompanied me to the hotel where I was staying.

"You are all right now with the girls my cousins," said he before we retired. "I heard Sarah ask the professor

who and what you were, and he declared that you was a very respectable young man—a little wild, perhaps ; but that your people were a credit to the world, or some other place in which they lived.”

The only hope this information suggested, was that the young ladies might repeat this story in the presence of the girl whom they seemed to think so much beneath them.

CHAPTER LXIV.

AN AVARICIOUS LAWYER.

WHEN next I called at Mrs. Wilson's house, I was received in a very welcome manner by the whole family.

The young ladies seemed ever sociable and pleasant to me and all others, except the silent young lady, who was generally found in the room with them. Even to the servant maid, who brought in the refreshments with which we were occasionally served, they spoke in a pleasant tone ; but to the one who found an unhappy home with them for her services, they had not one word to say when in my presence.

I could partly understand the reason of this. Their neglected teacher surpassed them in beauty and accomplishments ; and knowing that such was the case, they were afflicted with envy and jealousy.

The neglected one seemed to take as little notice of me as others did of her ; yet I could always fancy that her face wore a deeper colour on my entering the room than was natural for it to possess.

She remembered the words I had spoken to her when we were alone.

Four days after the first appearance of the advertisements, I received another letter from my brother John, enclosing one that had just arrived for me from New York.

I opened the New York letter, and read the following words :—

* * * Street, New York, Sept. —, 1850.

DEAR SIR,—From an advertisement in the *New York Herald* of the — instant, I understand that you wish to communicate with the next of kin of John Morse, once of this city. I have reason to believe that the John Morse to which you refer was my brother, a master mariner.

The last news I heard from him was by a letter written by him at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands. He was then about to sail in a little trading vessel of his own, called the *Wedding Ring*.

If you can give me any information concerning him, I am willing to reward you for any trouble you may have in the business. I suppose that you must have some object in wishing to communicate with the relatives of John Morse ; and I may state that he has left no family to my knowledge, and that I am his only brother.

Please communicate immediately to the address above given.

Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM MORSE.

Mr. William Brockley.

I received this letter in the morning, and an hour after found me at the address given in the letter.

In seeking the place, I found a law-office, and learnt that Mr. Morse was an attorney.

I entered the office, and found myself in the presence of a tall thin man, about forty years of age.

“Well, sir,” said the man, laying down a newspaper, and turning towards me.

“I am William Brockley,” said I, as an explanation of the purpose of my visit.

The man’s features immediately assumed a disagreeable business-like expression, as he arose, and bade me take a seat.

We both sat down, and after he had gazed at me sternly for a moment, he exclaimed, “Now, then, tell me all you know about John Morse.”

I informed him that I had been a seaman on board of the *Wedding Ring*, commanded by Captain Morse ; that the brig sailed from Honolulu, and was totally lost on one of the Pelew Islands, the captain and nearly all hands being lost.

AN expression of disappointment came over the lawyer's features, as he asked, "Was any of the cargo saved?"

"No," I answered, the brig was in ballast.

The shade of disappointment deepened, as the lawyer said in a sharp tone, "I hope you have not come to me for any wages you may think due you, because if you have, you'll be disappointed."

I did not like these words, or the tone in which they were spoken, and the conviction came upon me that I had met another bad man.

"I am not a lawyer," I answered, "or a selfish man, but an honest seaman; and believing that I am the only survivor of the wreck who is now living, I thought it my duty to inform the relatives of Captain Morse of his loss. If you are displeased with the information I give you, I cannot help it."

This speech seemed to awaken in the lawyer's mind some consciousness of his rudeness, and in a milder tone he attempted to apologize for the manner he had spoken.

"I have had much trouble over my brother's affairs since he left New York," said he. "I have had to pay several debts, and have supported his child."

"The idea occurred to me that perhaps you might be another claimant; and if, under that impression, my words have given you any offence, I am sorry for it.

"Are you quite sure that Captain Morse is dead?"

"Yes, quite sure; but I thought you told me that the captain left no family, and that you was his only surviving relative."

"Yes, yes,—certainly I said so," he replied, while his face turned a deeper red; "but he did leave a child—a daughter—who died about six months ago."

Should I hand over the money in my possession to that man?

Believing that my right to it was far better than his, I was for a moment strongly tempted to keep it.

He was a selfish, scheming, bad man, who would hardly thank me for the trouble I had taken; yet the money was

his, and would ever be a source of painful memory **should** I retain it.

Still I hesitated, and moved towards the door.

"Good day, sir," said Mr. Morse, as he resumed **his** paper.

I left the room, and entered the street.

"No," thought I, "the hour has not come for me to yield to the temptations of crime. I shall never meet my parents but with a clean conscience."

I turned back, and re-entered the office.

"Well, sir, what is it now?" asked Mr. Morse, in a sharp tone.

"I do not wish anything from you," I answered, "unless it is a little civility. It is in my power to put you in the way of getting several hundred dollars, the property of your late brother, and it was for that purpose I came here to-day. I am willing to act in a manner that no honest man can condemn, providing you do not prevent me from doing so."

The expression, tone, and whole appearance of the lawyer immediately changed, and I was disgusted with his excessive politeness.

Anxious to get away from his presence, I told him briefly that I had in the city about five thousand and five hundred dollars, that had belonged to Captain Morse, and that I would pay it over to him on receiving some proof that he was the captain's brother.

"Proof! proof!" he exclaimed, in a highly excited tone, "you shall have all you want. Over five thousand dollars did you say, and here in New York. Come with me immediately."

He seized his hat, and hurried me to the door. I followed him into the street, and after proceeding along it a short distance, we entered Wall Street, and soon after stopped in front of a merchant's office.

"I can satisfy you here," said he, "that John Morse was my brother. Come in."

I followed him in, and on the lawyer giving a name, **we** were conducted into a private room, where **we**

found a small elderly man, sitting behind a large pair of glasses.

"Mr. Nicholson," said the lawyer, "I have a reason for wishing to prove to this young man that I once had a brother. Can you assist me?"

Mr. Nicholson looked at me for nearly a minute, and then turning to the lawyer, said, "I am acquainted with a man named John Morse, who has acknowledged himself to be your brother, but I don't think he is very proud of the connection."

"Well, well, never mind that," said the lawyer; "but will you tell the young man something more about John?"

"Yes. I last saw him about four years ago, as he was about to sail in command of a vessel for the Pacific. He was a man about five feet eleven, with dark brown hair, and blue eyes. His features were a little like his brother's here, only John was much better looking. He was about forty-five years old, and not a bad sort of a fellow."

There could now be no doubt in my mind that Captain Morse and the greedy lawyer before me were, or rather had been, brothers; and I expressing myself satisfied that such was the case, we left the merchant's office.

"Now," said Mr. Morse, as we entered the street, "we will go and get the money. Where is it?"

"I have it on deposit in the Phoenix Bank," I answered, but——

"Safe! perfectly safe!" exclaimed the lawyer, interrupting me. "How long have you had it there?"

"About four thousand dollars has been there nearly two years."

"It has? Then why did you not advertise for me before?"

"So I did. Advertisements were several times published in three of the principal city papers."

"What a pity I did not see them. I could have turned that money over three or four times, and doubled it by this time. That's always my luck. Business never goes right with me."

Mr. Morse seemed the most avaricious man I had ever seen, and I was just thinking about the propriety of engaging a lawyer, for the purpose of having the business between us concluded properly, when he asked—

“How much money of my brother John’s did you ever have in your possession?”

“Six thousand dollars,” I answered.

“And what has become of the four hundred and odd dollars?”

“I have spent them.”

“What! Have you spent over four hundred dollars of another man’s money?”

“Yes,” I answered, “and before handing the remainder over to you I shall spend some more of it. I must have legal advice, and settle this business in a manner that shall protect myself against future trouble.”

This immediately frightened him into civility.

We were then not far from the bank, and he begged and prayed for me to fulfil my first intention, and give him the money; but the more I saw of him, the more necessity was seen for dealing with him in a cautious and business-like manner.

Although determined to act honestly towards him, I was not unwilling to punish him for his ill behaviour.

“Now, Mr. Morse,” said I, stopping in the street, “I must bid you good day. You shall see me again at your office at ten o’clock to-morrow morning.”

“What!” he exclaimed, catching hold of me, “are you going to leave without paying me the money? You shall not do it. You will rob me. You shall not go.”

“Gently, gently, Mr. Morse,” I replied. “Try and conduct yourself something like a gentleman. You forget that had I been inclined to be dishonest, I need not have come near you, and you then would never have heard of the money.”

“To-day I have called to inform you of your brother’s death, and that he left money to which some one is entitled.

“To-morrow I will see you again, and probably give you

the money, unless your own actions prevent me, as they have done this day.

"Good morning, sir."

After using some force in disengaging myself from his grasp, I jumped into a conveyance, and drove to the hotel where I was to meet Bowers.

My companion was waiting for my return with much impatience, for he was a person unable to find amusement without society.

I determined to consult Bowers about the money, and told him all that had taken place in my interview with the lawyer.

"If you are really satisfied that he is the brother of the captain," said he, "you had better give him the money without any more bother. If you consult a lawyer, he will not lose the opportunity of making business out of the affair, and will bring the estate before the Surrogate's Court. Then there will be pleas, and answers to them, and affidavits, and all sorts of legal nonsense for the next twelve months, for which you will have plenty of trouble and no pay. I should give him the money in the presence of a witness, and take his receipt for it. You will never have any more trouble in the business after that."

This appeared to be good advice, and I determined to follow it by giving Mr. Morse the money the next day.

"Now that we are done with business," said I, "let us attend to amusement. We will go, and see the young ladies again. We were to call this morning."

"I can't see quite so much amusement in that as you do," answered Bowers; "and it strikes me that you are taking quite a fancy to one of the girls. Which one is it?"

I made no answer, for while he was talking of his cousins, I was thinking of another—of one whom I **had** not often seen, and whose voice I never had heard.

CHAPTER LXV.

LOST AND FOUND.

ON entering the back parlour of Mrs. Wilson's house, we found the two Misses Wilson, who were delighted to see us.

"Oh, I'm so glad you have both come," said Sarah, "for we were very dull, and have been expecting you all the morning. We should soon have died of *ennui*."

I had entered the room animated with hope; but after taking one glance around it, I was as dull as Miss Wilson had just represented herself as having been. One whom I had called to see was not in the room.

The disappointment of not seeing her caused a dull painful emotion that strongly confirmed a suspicion already in my mind. It learnt me that I had become deeply interested, or perhaps had blindly fallen in love, with the young girl whom I had called with the hope of seeing.

The silent, the neglected and lovely attraction of that room, was no longer in it; and it was with the utmost exertion that I could prevent my disappointment from being noticed by all.

For some time I tried to be amused with the chatter of the young ladies, with the hope that the absence of the missing one might be but temporary.

Time passed, this hope died, and I was miserable.

She might be seen the next day, and I must not inquire for her, or an invitation to visit the Wilsons again would not be given.

In the afternoon the weather was delightful, and Bowers proposed an excursion on the bay in a boat.

The girls consented, and were soon ready.

Just as we were entering a carriage to drive away, I saw at a corner near by, the scowling features of the attorney, Mr. Morse.

The wretch, afraid of never seeing me again, had followed me, probably to learn where I might be found, in case my appointment should not be kept with him the next day.

He must have followed me to the hotel, and from thence to Fourteenth Street, and I resolved that the trouble he had taken should not be his only punishment for his suspicion.

Bowers and his cousins apparently passed a pleasant afternoon.

I did not, and yet seemed so satisfied with the society I was with, that I accompanied the young ladies home, and remained with them awhile in the evening, with the hope of seeing the one ever in my thoughts, but was again disappointed. I neither saw nor heard the slightest evidence for believing there had ever been another young lady in the house except Miss Sarah Wilson and her sister.

The other only seemed to have an existence in my soul, like the memory of a happy dream.

Bowers again went home with me for the purpose of being in my society, and to accompany me to the attorney's office in the morning.

My anxiety could not be controlled, and before we parted for the night, I observed to him that we had not seen that day in his aunt's house the quiet young lady whom we had previously met there.

"No, she has left," he answered. "My cousins consider that they are done now, and don't need finishing any more. I believe she left this morning; at least I was told yesterday by aunt that she was going to leave then."

For two reasons I would not inquire where she had gone.

One was that my companion would probably be unable to give me any information.

The last thought that moved over my mind, ere sleeping that night, was the resolution to find that young girl. I could not part with her on an acquaintance so slight.

The next morning I turned out in a state of anxiety and care, such as my former experience of life had left unrevealed.

To deal honestly with the selfish lawyer, I must give him every dollar in my possession, and then leave him unsatisfied, and with the belief that I was in his debt.

I should have to borrow money of Bowers to enable me to return to my parents, or I should have to send to them for money, and remain in the city a few days longer with the hope of finding one whose name I knew not.

Bowers and I made a good breakfast, and I then called for my bill.

It was brought, and all the money in my pockets, except one dollar and a half, was required in paying it.

I showed the two pieces of money to Bowers, and told him that the rest was in the bank.

"You will be with me," said I, "and this dollar and a half you will see me offer to Mr. Morse, with the information that it is every cent in my possession. Do you think he will take it with the rest?"

"No, I hope not," answered Bowers, "for I wish not to see a man disgrace human nature by acting so meanly."

"Then if you do not wish to see such a melancholy evidence of human depravity, don't go with me, for he will take it."

"No, I must go and see it done, or otherwise I should not believe the act possible."

We started for the office of Mr. Morse, and on the way called at the bank where I had deposited the money.

On inquiry I learnt that there was to my credit in the bank five thousand five hundred and sixty dollars, and I gave the clerk notice that I should give a cheque for that amount that day.

My object in doing this was to avoid having anything more to do with Mr. Morse, after keeping the appointment made for meeting him at the office.

The lawyer was waiting for me anxiously, and we immediately proceeded to business. I first informed him that a box picked up on the reef where the *Wedding Ring* was lost, and containing two thousand dollars, was in the care of Captain Hart, of the ship *Mary Hart*, of New Bedford,

and that he could probably get the money by proving his relationship to Captain Morse.

"Pon my soul," said the lawyer, "if this proves to be true, you are one of the best young men I ever saw, and I'll express my good opinion of you by a handsome present. And now about the money you have here."

"There is in the bank," said I, "fivethousand five hundred and sixty dollars exactly, and in my pockets I have one dollar and a half."

I laid the silver dollar and half dollar on the table before him, and as I did so said, "That is every dime in my possession. I've not left myself one red cent, and shall have to borrow money to enable me to return home."

Mr. Morse took up the money, and putting it in his pocket, said, "I am afraid, young man, that you have been very extravagant, but I suppose that can't be helped now. We will now go to the bank."

"Wait a minute," I replied, "I wish to make a request, which will be much better done here than in a public place of business.

"I might have kept all the money you are going to receive, and you would have known nothing about it. Knowing this, will you lend me ten dollars to go home with. I live in ———, Massachusetts, and will send you the money the day after I reach home."

"Now, really, Mr. Brockley," said the lawyer, "I think you have spent about enough of my brother's money, and I certainly cannot spare you any more. I have had to pay a great deal of money for my brother, and I have a family of my own; but come with me to the bank, and get the money, and I'll think about it."

"No, I shall give you a cheque for the whole amount."

"But I had much rather you would go with me. Perhaps they will not pay the money without your presence."

"There'll be no difficulty about that, for I told them this morning that I should draw a cheque for the whole of it. You followed me yesterday, and I shall not go with you, merely to punish you for your suspicion.

"The agony of mind caused by doubt, fear, and hope.

that you will suffer between here and the bank, will be all the satisfaction I shall require for all the insults received from you."

"Will you wait here until I come back with the money, and perhaps I'll lend you the ten dollars?"

"No, I never wish to see you again."

"Well, write the cheque, and I'll send a clerk to the bank."

I wrote the cheque, showed it to Bowers, and then handed it to Mr. Morse.

"Will you stay here until the clerk returns? No! I'll not trust anybody, but go myself. Come with me. Why are you so d——d obstinate?"

"Come on, Bowers," said I, starting for the door, "we've been here too long."

The lawyer rushed by us, and ran into the street, with the cheque in his hand.

When Bowers and I reached the street, and turned a few paces up it on the way to the hotel, I was nearly knocked down by the sight of the young girl I was so anxious to see.

Fortune had again favoured me when most in need of her aid.

For a moment I was speechless with agreeable surprise, which was increased on seeing the girl coming up and speaking to me.

In the sweetest tones I ever heard, she said, "I wish to speak to you, and have been waiting for you some time, for I saw you going into uncle's office."

I was too overjoyed at meeting her again to make any reply, and she continued.

"Will you tell me something about my father? When did you see him last, and where did he die? Uncle would give me no particulars."

"Are you the daughter of John Morse?" I asked.

"Yes."

I did not stay to hear anything more.

CHAPTER LXVI.

LOST AGAIN.

I MADE a rush for the Phoenix Bank, and as I suddenly turned from the young girl who had spoken to me, I knocked down two children who happened to be in my way.

Never had I seen a street that seemed so crowded. Everybody appeared to be present, and bent on blocking my way.

I dodged around two women, and ran against a stout gentleman, with a heavy stick. The stick was uplifted with an oath, but before it could descend, I was away. Then before me was a servant girl, leading three small children in rank, and monopolizing the whole breadth of the pavement.

Making a leap, I landed over the heads of the children, and fell into the arms of something in petticoats that screamed.

She went down, and I went on.

Men, women, and children whom I overtook, made but very little obstruction, for I rudely pushed them aside, and ran on.

Curses and cries pursued me.

A street had to be crossed—a street blocked with horses, drays, carriages, omnibuses, buggies, and “sulkeys,” leaving hardly room for a dog under a waggon.

I crawled under busses, dived under horses’ bellies, and passed through a carriage with open doors, where women and children were screaming, and again reached the pavement, along which a human stream was pouring.

There was a double motive why I should reach the bank as soon as possible, and neither of them were selfish ones. The schemes of an avaricious liar—a robber of an orphan niece—must be defeated. That was one reason.

The other was the hope of placing a poor orphan girl whom I admired, above further humiliation from such ladies as the Misses Wilson.

Again I rushed down the street, rudely forcing my way through the crowd.

Five or six boys were in my way, and two of them were capsized as I passed by them. Then there arose a cry of "Stop him! stop him!"

Another boy, a little more imaginative than the rest, shouted "Stop thief."

The cry was caught, and echoed by others, and arms were extended to seize me as I ran.

I fought my way for a few paces further to a corner that had to be turned in reaching my destination.

"Don't stop me!" I yelled. "For God's sake let me go on."

Timid men moved out of my way, but around the corner again came the cry of "Stop thief!"

The boys were after me, overflowing with the spirit of revenge or sport.

The New York boys are young blackguards.

A policeman, with an earnest, business-like expression on his features, threw himself in my way, and seized me.

I had the strength of Old Fury in my frame, for determination was in my soul.

The policeman was hurled to the earth, and I dashed on.

The bank was near by, and as I reached the steps leading to the door, the angry guardian of the peace was in full pursuit.

I rushed into the bank, and found Mr. Morse leaning over a counter.

A clerk was counting a large roll of notes.

"Don't pay that cheque," I exclaimed, "it was obtained from me in a fraudulent manner, and I forbid its payment."

The clerk immediately removed the notes from the reach of others.

The lawyer for a moment was speechless with rage and disappointment.

The policeman whom I had thrown down then walked in and made me a prisoner, but I did not mind that, for my object was accomplished. I had prevented the robber from obtaining the money.

Mr. Morse then found the use of his tongue. "Pay me my money," he exclaimed to the clerk. "You can see who wishes to defraud. He's arrested! He's wanted! Give me my money."

"Don't pay the cheque," I repeated. "This man is a swindler. In my haste, in coming here to stop him from getting the money, I knocked down two or three people, and it is for that reason I am arrested."

As the policeman was leading me out, I heard Mr. Morse ask, "Will you pay me?"

"No, certainly not," answered the clerk.

Before we had proceeded fifty paces up the street I was overtaken by the lawyer, who, in a voice trembling with rage, asked, "What does this mean? Why do you not let me have the money? Why do you call me a swindler?"

"I have seen your niece, the daughter of John Morse," I answered.

"D—n her, and you, too," muttered the lawyer, as he turned away.

I then explained to the policeman some of the circumstances that had caused my extraordinary conduct.

"I've no doubt but what you are telling the truth," he replied; "but having taken you in charge, I must take you to the lock-up. If the court has not rose, you may get clear this afternoon."

On arriving at the "Tombs," I persuaded the policeman to send a boy with a note to Bowers. The lad was to go to the hotel where I had been staying, and if my friend was not found there, he was to go to Mrs. Wilson's, at Fourteenth-street.

I was then locked up, and had a little time for meditation.

There was a mystery about late events I could not understand.

How did Miss Morse know that I had any knowledge of her father?—and why had she not inquired of me about him before?

These were questions I could not answer; and the more my brains were puzzled in trying to comprehend them, the more mystified I became.

Hour after hour passed, and night came without the arrival of Bowers, or of a policeman to take me before a court; but I was not impatient.

Time passed pleasantly; for I could think of the beautiful girl I had lost my liberty in trying to aid.

She was not like Librada, for her whole appearance denoted that she had some affection that might be won.

Librada was not like that.

I could see now that she was bright and beautiful like a star—something to be admired—something that could not love or be loved, and I could but smile at my own folly for having been so infatuated with such cold and senseless beauty.

But what would Miss Morse think of my strange behaviour towards her?

She had spoken to me on a subject in which she must have been deeply interested, and I had hastened away as though I had been the murderer of that father of whom she was so anxious to hear. But I should see her sometime, and all would be explained.

The "Tombs" would not ever be my home.

The night was passing, but I could not sleep. A thousand wild thoughts were rushing through my mind, and the beautiful daughter of the man who had once prostrated me by a blow with the butt end of a revolver was in some way connected with all of them.

Captain Morse never would have struck that cruel blow, had he known that I would afterwards see and try to befriend his orphan child.

The morning came, and with it a breakfast, for which, had as it was, I had an appetite; for, although in the

"Tombs," I had done nothing for which my mother might blush with shame, or weep with sorrow. My soul was unstained with crime, and was lit with hope. I would soon be free.

Soon after ten o'clock, I was taken from my cell and brought before a court.

The policeman by whom I was arrested was the only person that gave evidence for or against me, and his story was, that he had seen me running in the street, pursued by the cry of "stop thief;"—that he tried to arrest me—that I resisted his attempt, and in the scuffle he was thrown down.

I made a brief explanation to the magistrate, who said that he would merely mark the impropriety of my resisting the police by a fine of one dollar, or imprisonment for twenty-four hours.

Bowers was in the court, and, stepping forward, paid the fine to the clerk, and I was free.

We walked into the street.

"Did you reach the bank?" asked Bowers.

"Yes. Where is she!—the young woman who spoke to me?"

"I don't know. Were you in time to stop the check?"

"Yes; but why did you not learn where she went to?"

Without making me any answer, Bowers led the way into a sitting-room of a public-house, where we could talk uninterrupted by the crowd of the street.

"Now," said he, "I'll tell you all about it. I tried to keep the girl in conversation near the place where you left us until you should return, and partly told her the business on which you had departed so suddenly; for when she said that she was the daughter of John Morse, I knew that you would wish to see her, and told her so. She said that she was anxious to see you, and learn something about her father, but she was apparently annoyed at the idea of your being desirous of seeing her."

"How? Why? What makes you think so?" I asked.

"She said that her uncle was attending to her father's business affairs, and that she hoped everything would yet

be paid—that every penny she could earn should be given to her uncle for that purpose, and that she had that morning given him ten dollars of the money she had received from my aunt.”

“But what did she mean by all that?”

“I don’t know. We could not understand each other at all; and when I informed her that you had run away for the purpose of stopping the payment of some money to her uncle she looked confused, and I now believe that she did not comprehend the real nature of the business. I don’t think she has the least suspicion that her uncle is not dealing fair by her.”

“But what became of her? Why did you leave her without learning where she could be found?”

“I’m coming to that,” answered Bowers. “I told her that you was aboard of her father’s vessel when it was lost, and was going to tell her about the money as she exclaimed, ‘So uncle told me, and that was why I wished to see him!’ Just then old Morse, the uncle, came up, took her by the arm, and led her into the office. I watched near the place for about half an hour, when they came out, took a hack, and drove away. I believe the old villain has been deceiving the girl with some false statement concerning your business with him.”

“Of course he has,” I replied, “and I wish that you had followed them and learnt where she was taken to.”

“So do I, but that’s too late now. However, I will do all I can in assisting you to find her.”

“Then you must lend me some money, for not another dollar belonging to that girl will I use.”

My friend replied by taking out a pocket-book and handing me one hundred dollars in notes.

We then went to the Phoenix Bank to have a talk with its manager; for I was doubtful, after what had taken place the day before, and after my being arrested in the bank, whether the money I had deposited there would even be delivered to me without some legal investigation.

On the way, I asked Bowers how he supposed that Miss Morse knew that I had ever seen her father.

"That's what I can't understand," he answered. "At first I thought that she must have learnt from her uncle that you had some knowledge of her father's death; but then, if he intends to rob the girl, he never would have mentioned you to her."

This was true, and the mystery was as far from being explained as before.

On reaching the bank, I asked to see the manager, and was conducted into his private room. I was proceeding to tell him the whole story about the money, when he interrupted me with the advice to draw the whole amount, and deposit it somewhere else. This opportunity of removing the money from all knowledge of the dishonest uncle was not to be lost; and taking the notes that were given me, I went with Bowers to another bank, where they were placed to my credit.

My next business was to write a letter to Captain Hart, at New Bedford, to prevent the box of dollars there from being delivered to William Morse.

CHAPTER LXVII.

A SEARCH.

"OUR next business is to find the young lady," said Bowers, "and how shall we commence it? Suppose we go and see my aunt and cousins. They should know some of her acquaintances, for they would not have taken her into the family without some knowledge of her past history."

I agreed, and we went to Fourteenth Street. Miss Sarah and her sister pretended to receive us coldly, and desired to know why we had deserted them.

"We are intent on business of great importance," answered Bowers, "and it is that which has brought us here this morning."

"Then we don't owe you any thanks for your visit," said Miss Wilson; "but I suppose we should compliment you for being plain spoken."

"Yes, if you please, cousin," replied Bowers. "We have called here to learn where we can find Miss Morse, your late drawing and music teacher, whom we used to see here."

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed the youngest sister. "Then I suppose that it is because she has left us that we have not seen you lately?"

"Yes, cous., you are quite right, for had she been here, you would have seen us yesterday. Can you tell us where we may find her?"

"I regret that we cannot," answered Miss Sarah. "We know nothing about her, except that she left here the day before yesterday."

"Perhaps your mother will know something about her."

"She may; and you may ask her if you choose," said the youngest sister, as she commenced humming the latest Ethiopian melody.

Mrs. Wilson was sent for, and on making her appearance, she was asked a few questions by Bowers, who learnt from her that Miss Morse had come to them, recommended by her uncle, Mr. Morse, a lawyer, in ——— Street, and that she knew nothing more about her.

I was then ready to leave, but Bowers was not. The hack which had driven us to the door was still waiting, and he requested me to stay with it, and that he would join me in less than two minutes.

After bidding the ladies "good day," and receiving from each a slight inclination of the head as a parting farewell, I went out and entered the conveyance. Bowers soon after followed me, bringing a large portmanteau and a carpet bag.

"My aunt's house is my home no longer," said he, as he took a seat by my side, "and I shall never call there again."

We drove to the hotel where I had been staying, and dined. The day was too far gone for further business, and we sought amusement, which appeared to be the principal object for which Bowers was living.

The next morning I proposed that we should call on Mr. Morse.

"He is the girl's uncle," said I, "and she was last seen with him. Let us give him a chance of acting like an honest man by telling us where she is. He can make no reasonable objection to doing so ; and if we hear nothing of his niece, we shall learn something about him that may assist us."

An hour after, we called at the lawyer's office, and both entered his private room.

"What do you want here, now," exclaimed Mr. Morse, when he saw me. "If you have any business, make it known immediately, and be off."

"The object of my visit here," I replied, "is to learn where I can find your niece, Miss Morse. I am the only person living who was on Mr. Morse's vessel at the time it was lost ; and there is nothing wrong in the fancy that it is my duty to see his child, and no harm in your telling me where she is to be found."

"Perhaps you are right," answered Mr. Morse ; "but if so, I shall take the liberty of acting wrong. If there is such a person as Miss Morse, she is my ward, and legally under my care and protection. I am also entitled to the control of any money or property to which she may be an heir. I have already commenced legal proceedings for obtaining possession of any money left by my brother, which you may now fancy to be your own. I make no hesitation in telling you that your dodge of removing the money from one bank to another will not prevent my obtaining it, and that you will never handle it again. Of course I shall be guilty of no such impropriety as that of allowing you to see my niece, supposing there was such a person to be seen ; and if you have no other business with me, will you be so kind as to walk out. But before you go, I will take the liberty of saying that you are a very silly young man. Had you given me the money, as you should have done, I should have taken the responsibility of making you a handsome present ; but by the dishonest course you have taken, you will get nothing. Good day."

"I think his talk about obtaining the money is all bounce," said Bowers, after we had entered the street, "and from what he said about making you a present, I believe that he would like to come to some terms for dividing the money with you."

That was also my opinion, and I resolved to go to the bank, and learn whether the villain had really taken any means for obtaining the money or not.

To ascertain this, I wrote a cheque for five dollars, payable to Bowers, and sent him to the bank.

"It's a fact," said he, showing the cheque on his return. "The fellow has been at work ; they would not pay it."

In half an hour after, I was at the bank, and was informed that an injunction had been served upon the cashier, prohibiting him from paying anything to my order until a judicial decision had been obtained as to whom the money belonged to that had been deposited in my name.

Mr. Morse had done some hard swearing, and the money was what Bowers called "impounded."

Before leaving the bank, a paper was served upon me, citing me to appear before the Supreme Court on a certain day, and show cause why the sum of five thousand five hundred and sixty dollars, deposited by me in the bank of ———, should not be paid to William Morse, the guardian of Mary, infant daughter of John Morse, late deceased. The money was no longer under my control.

"Let us consult a lawyer," said Bowers, when I showed him this paper. "We are honest youths, and can do nothing against a rogue without another cheat to assist us."

"Yes, that's our only plan," I answered ; "and do you know of a respectable lawyer for us to consult?"

"No, of course not. I hope you did not mean to insult me. We will go out, and enter the first office we see."

Soon after entering Broadway, we saw, on the wall of a hall leading to some chambers, the words "Herman Frantz, Solicitor and Attorney-at-Law."

We entered the office, and found ourselves in the presence of a fine-looking man, about thirty years of age—

man who had the appearance of being an honest lawyer, and yet his head was properly on his shoulders, and not cut off and held under one arm, as I have seen an honest lawyer represented.

He was Herman Frantz. The lawyer listened patiently to my story, which I was about half an hour in relating.

"I suppose you wish to give the money to the girl instead of the uncle," said he, when I had told him all.

"Yes, certainly. The girl is a lady, and the uncle a rogue."

"You are quite right in wishing to give the money to the right one, but I don't think you can do it. The uncle is the girl's guardian, and a court will give him the control of the money until she is of age. Do you wish to claim the money as your own—to deny and dispute the right of any one else to it? If so, something may be done in defeating the uncle, who, I can plainly see, wishes to rob his niece."

"No. I have acknowledged the money to be once the property of John Morse, and have offered to give it up to his heirs."

"Then you will have to let the uncle have it; and the only thing we can do is to put the girl on her guard against being robbed by him. Attend the summons you have received at the Supreme Court, and the order given by the judge for the payment of the money, as entered in the records of the court, will be some evidence that the girl is entitled to so much money from her uncle when she becomes twenty-one. But it is a pity that it cannot be kept from the scoundrel's hands entirely. I have heard of him before. I will attend the court with you, and explain to the judge that he has denied the existence of such a person as Mary Morse. That may shame him into some show of honesty. You have to appear before the court in twelve days. Come in and see me again before that time expires. Call in about a week from now."

"I don't think we've anything more to do at present," said Bowers, as we reached the street.

"Yes we have. The girl must be found."

"Why? You cannot give her the money."

This was true. Then why should I see her again? There was one reason for continuing the search, which I gave to my companion.

It was that Miss Morse would never know that her uncle had received any money from her father's estate, unless we saw and told her that such was the case. I had another reason, which I did not hint to my companion, for it was one that I hardly understood myself. I loved.

The day after calling upon Mr. Frantz, Bowers received a letter from home, requesting him to return immediately, as his father was very unwell. He left me the same day for his native place in Oneida County, New York.

For two days I wandered about the city alone, trying to fancy myself searching for the daughter of Captain Morse.

I was spending money I had borrowed from a friend—money that I should have to call upon my father for assistance in paying. I was wasting time and money in a foolish manner, for there was not the slightest prospect of finding Miss Morse.

Her uncle would take care that she should not fall in my way.

He was bad enough to do anything, even to murder the girl, rather than lose the money to which she was entitled.

The young lady might not even thank me for trying to convince her of the villany of her uncle.

The soft emotion in my mind, which I fancied to be dawning love, she might, were it revealed to her, regard with scorn.

I formed a sudden resolution to go home, and started for New Bedford ten minutes afterwards.

Once more, for a few hours, I was happy in the society of those whom I loved and respected, and who gave me a joyful welcome.

I had spent about forty dollars of the money borrowed

of Bowers, and was in some anxiety as to how it should be paid.

Knowing that immediately after my return, and when my father was most pleased to see me, would be the best time for asking him for money, on the day after my arrival home I told him that I was owing one hundred dollars, and had but sixty to pay it with.

"Where did you incur this debt?" asked my father, in a serious tone.

"In New York."

"Were you unwell there?"

"No."

My father knew that I had been several days in New York, and the fact that I had been staying in the city, and incurring debts which I was unable to pay, was, in his opinion, a very serious offence.

"My son," he exclaimed in a very solemn tone, "I fear that you have been wandering in the paths of folly, that you have rejected the wise counsel received in youth, and yielded to the temptations of sin. Tell me all, and promise repentance, and however much I may grieve for your faults, I can forgive and assist you.

I did tell him all, and for some time he listened apparently but little interested; but when he began to comprehend the villany of Mr. Morse, to understand that the lawyer had denied having a niece, for the purpose of getting her money, while, at the same time, he was receiving money for her services as a teacher, he became excited.

My father disliked lawyers.

"William, my son," he exclaimed when I had finished my story, "my heart rejoiceth at the manner you have acted, and you are still worthy of being my son. There is but one thing in your conduct I condemn. Why did you not write to me for assistance, remain in New York, and continue your efforts for defeating the plans of that agent of Satan, who would rob his brother's orphan. Return to New York immediately. You shall have all the money you want. I have a great mind to go with you, and I will if your mother will let me."

My father was so simple and innocent of worldly knowledge as to believe that truth and justice must be law. He could not understand that the law might be used to perpetrate a wrong, and was confident that should my story be told before a court, the scheming lawyer would be defeated.

I was not so sanguine in my belief in the power of justice when opposed to law, but was willing to return to New York with the hope of once more finding the beautiful girl in whom I had become so deeply interested.

My father started me off for the city that evening, but was unable to accompany me as he wished, for my mother would not allow him to go.

They had never been twenty-four hours from each other's society for the last twenty-seven years.

I wished either John or my sister Jane to accompany me, and see something of the world; but both of them were afraid of visiting a city crowded with a vain and wicked people, and I started alone.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

FOUND.

THE first thing I did on reaching the city, was to write a letter to Bowers, enclosing a draft for the money I had borrowed.

The next morning, I called on Herman Frantz, the solicitor.

"I'm glad you have come," said he, as I entered the office, "for I've thought of a plan by which that villain Morse may be beaten."

"How? What is it?" I asked, delighted at the communication.

"Is Miss Morse young and good-looking?"

"Yes. She is about seventeen, and wonderfully beautiful."

"Then you must marry her."

"Marry her!" I exclaimed, as my heart commenced jumping wildly.

"Yes. The money will then be yours. You will be her guardian and protector, and her uncle will have no further control over her."

"But I do not know where Miss Morse is, and can gain no information concerning her."

"You must find her."

"Her uncle has her concealed. I have sought for her, and she is not to be found."

"I tell you that you *must* find her. In six days you must appear before the court, and she must then be your wife. You know now what is to be done; be off and do it."

I left the office with a full sense of the difficult task before me.

Which way should I turn? Of whom should inquiries be made? There was nothing to do, yet much to be accomplished.

Two days passed, and I was no nearer the accomplishment of my object. Not the slightest clue could be obtained for tracing the person whom I must find, woo, and marry within four days.

I was in despair. Then came a letter from Bowers. I opened it, and read the following words:—

—, Oneida County, N. Y., Oct. —, 1850.

FRIEND BILL,—I have received your letter enclosing the draft. You need not have been in such haste about sending it, for I shall be in the city again in two or three days. My father has now quite recovered from his illness, which was an apoplectic stroke.

Old Morse, the lawyer, has hidden his niece here.

I saw her in church yesterday, and I am some acquainted with the people she was with. They live about a mile from here. I intend to tell her, if she stays here long, that her uncle is trying to rob her, but I don't suppose she will believe me.

Yours truly,

FRED. BOWERS.

Ten minutes after reading this note, I was on the way to Oneida County. My race to the railway was nearly a repetition of the one I had made from the law-office to the Phoenix Bank.

I reached the little village in which Bowers resided about ten o'clock in the evening, and had no difficulty in finding his father's house. He was much surprised at seeing me ; but allowing him no opportunity for asking questions, I plainly told him that I had come down for the purpose of marrying Miss Morse immediately, and that he must assist me.

"All right, my friend," answered Bowers. "I had a suspicion that you were a little weak or strong when thinking of her, and I'm glad to learn that I had so much discernment as to have formed a correct opinion."

There was no time for doing anything that night but form plans for the morrow.

Bowers introduced me to his parents ; and when told my business, they promised to assist me.

Miss Morse was living with a family named Wendell, and I was assured by Mr. and Mrs. Bowers that the Wendells were very respectable people, who could not possibly be in league with Mr. Morse in any attempt to defraud his niece.

"You may depend on it," said Mr. Bowers, "that they have no idea of the deception he has used ; and when informed of the lawyer's dishonesty, they will do all in their power to assist the young lady. Mr. Wendell is an intimate friend of mine, and I will accompany you to his house in the morning. My wife and Fred. shall also go. Fred. can prove the truth of a part of your story."

On the way from the city, I had anticipated much difficulty in obtaining an interview with Miss Morse, and I was now pleased to learn that that object was to be attained under what seemed to be very favourable circumstances.

Soon after nine o'clock the next morning, accompanied by my friend Bowers and his father and mother, I drove to the residence of Mr. Wendell.

Mrs. Wendell, who first met us, seemed a little surprised by our early visit; but on being told that we had called on business concerning the welfare of Miss Morse, she showed us into a sitting room, and said that the young lady should be with us immediately.

"And we also wish you and your husband to be present," said Mr. Bowers, as she was leaving the room.

A few minutes after, Mr. Wendell, a fine-looking man, about sixty years of age, entered the room, followed by the young lady whom I had been so anxious to see.

She seemed pleased and somewhat confused at seeing me; and on taking her hand in mine, I found evidence of excitement that gave me hope. I could not believe that she loved another.

"Neighbour Wendell," said Mr. Bowers, when all were seated, "I have a favour to ask you. It is, that you will listen to a statement which my young friend, Mr. Brockley, wishes to make in your presence, concerning the young lady, Miss Morse, and the purpose for which she has been sent here by her uncle."

This favour of course was granted, and all eyes were turned upon me.

My object was to expose the plans of Mr. Morse in as strong a light as possible, so that there should not be the slightest doubt of his guilt in the mind of any person present.

To accomplish this, after making a brief apology for my rudeness, I proceeded to ask Miss Morse a few questions.

"I first wish to know," said I, "if your uncle ever had a conversation with you about me, and if so, when?"

"Yes, on the morning that I spoke to you near his office. I had just come out of the office as you were going in."

"Was my name and business with him first mentioned to you by him?"

"No, sir; I saw an advertisement in a newspaper, and went to him about it."

"Did your uncle tell you anything of the nature of my business with him?"

"Yes, he told me all about it."

"Now, will you please to tell us what he said my business with him was?"

Miss Morse for a moment hesitated, and looked much confused.

"Our business here is one in which your welfare alone is concerned," said Mr. Bowers; "and this young man has taken much trouble to see justice done you; therefore, do not hesitate in answering him."

"He told me," she at last said, "that you were one of the sailors on my father's vessel when it was lost, and that, as your wages had not been paid, you had come to him, having learnt that he was settling my father's estate."

"I understand from my young friend here,—Mr. Bowers,—that you gave your uncle ten dollars of your hard-earned money for the purpose of giving to me. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir. He asked me for some to give you."

"Well, your uncle never gave me the money."

"Indeed! That is very singular. He said that, as sailors had to work very hard for their money, he was anxious to pay you something."

It was now time for my statement to be made, and I informed the company of my having brought from the wreck of Captain Morse's vessel more than five thousand dollars; and that on advertising for an owner for it, a communication was received from Mr. Morse, who claimed to be the captain's only relative.

I told them that Mr. Morse had distinctly told me that his brother had left no wife or child; and that on that representation he had very nearly obtained the money, which all could plainly see would never have been accounted for to his niece.

"I can understand it all now," said Mr. Wendell. "Mr. Morse sent his niece here, with strict injunctions that we should not allow her to have any communication with any one from the city, as she had formed an acquaintance with a very disreputable young man, an acquaintance which he wished to break off; but, thank God, I have been prevented from aiding him in his villany, and that he will not get the money."

"But he *will* get the money," said young Bowers. "He has already commenced legal proceedings. The money is impounded. Miss Morse is his ward, and the court will put him in possession of it."

"Then law is but another name for robbery!" exclaimed Mr. Wendell. "It shall not be. Is there not some way of preventing this crime?"

"Yes, there is a way," answered Mr. Bowers, senior. "I will explain it to you, while Mr. Brockley has a talk with the young lady."

I offered my arm to Miss Morse, and conducted her to a seat under the verandah in front of the house.

I talked to her for nearly an hour, and, as I believe, with much eloquence.

I professed strong, wild, undying love, and declared that such a feeling had existed in my mind from the moment she had met my admiring gaze—even before her voice was heard, and when her name was unknown to me. I reminded her that she had once prevented an expression of my sentiments at a time when I did not know that she was the daughter of Captain Morse, and I concluded by urging her to make herself and me happy, and to prevent herself from being robbed, by immediately becoming my wife.

She was highly excited; and, without making me any answer, arose and returned to the room where the others were talking.

On entering the room, following her, I heard my friend Bowers exclaim—

"I'll pledge my existence that my friend Brockley is everything I've represented him as being."

"And I'll pledge my existence," said his father to Mr. Wendell, "that Fred. will not try to deceive you."

"I think we may trust you, my friend," said Mr. Wendell; and then, turning to his wife, he added, "What shall we do, Margaret? Shall we urge her to consent?"

"Yes," replied Mrs. Wendell. "Let us have a wedding."

The two old ladies and their husbands now added their

entreaties to mine, and the girl was worried into giving her consent to our union.

A clergyman was sent for; and before twelve o'clock that day I was married to Miss Mary Morse.

During the day, the mystery about the manner she had learnt that I was the person who had last seen her father, was fully explained.

In the evening, after Bowers and I had returned from Hoboken with the Misses Wilson, she had heard the young ladies tell their mother that I was an old acquaintance of their brother-in-law, the Professor, who had told them that my parents were respectable people in the town of —, Massachusetts

She had afterwards read my advertisement for the next of kin of her father, and saw, from the address, that I must be the person to whom communications should be sent.

Having to leave Mrs. Wilson's house, she had no opportunity of seeing me again, and had gone to her uncle's office to consult with him about the advertisement she had seen. The result of this visit the reader already knows.

The morning after our marriage, we started for New York.

We reached the city early in the afternoon, and I hurried off to the office of Herman Frantz.

"Well, have you done as I told you?" he asked, as I entered the office.

"Did you really expect," I asked, "that in so short a time, I could find a young lady with whom I was unacquainted—one who was hid from me by a cunning, scheming uncle—and woo, and marry her?"

"That was your only chance of accomplishing what you desire; and if you have not done it, you have no business here."

"But I have obeyed orders. The daughter of Captain Morse is now my wife."

"She is?" exclaimed the lawyer, jumping to his feet. "You are the greatest man in the world. You are the man for my client. You make me in love with my profession. Be on hand at the court in good time in the

morning, with your wife, and a witness to the marriage; and I'll defeat one of the greatest scoundrels in the profession. My thanks are due you for enabling me to do a good action. But what will you think of me if I don't get the money, and you are left without it, encumbered with a wife."

"I shall not regret what has happened, and shall ever be under an obligation to you for the advice you have given me."

"I hope you will ever think so," said Mr. Frantz, as I rose to leave.

CHAPTER LXIX.

SETTLED.

THE morning after arriving in the city, accompanied by Herman Frantz and my friend Bowers, with my wife, I appeared before the court, to show cause why the money I had deposited in the bank should not be paid to William Morse.

The lawyer, in stating his case, produced a power of attorney from the late Captain John Morse, his brother, authorizing him to receive any money belonging to or due to his brother, and to invest and use the same for the support of Mary Morse, the captain's only child. He claimed that a sum of money then lying in the Bank of ———, was the property of his late brother, money to which the said Mary Morse would be entitled on becoming of age; and as the uncle and guardian of Miss Morse, he claimed an order from the Court that the money should be paid to him.

Mr. Herman Frantz next addressed the judge, and after exposing the villany of Mr. Morse, in denying to me the existence of such a person as Mary Morse, and then telling her that I wanted money from her father's estate, the

young solicitor concluded by stating that the husband of Mary Morse was her proper guardian and protector, and a more fit person to have the control of her money than a relative who would defraud her of hard-earned wages, under the false pretence of paying her father's debts, when that father had left no debts for his brother to pay.

At the word husband, Mr. Morse seemed interested; and when Mr. Frantz paused, and Bowers came forward, with my wife on his arm, he seized his hat and papers, and hurried out of the room.

Never before was there a scheming lawyer so completely defeated.

I learnt from my wife that she had understood from her father, before his departure for the Pacific, that he had left ample means in the hands of his brother for her support until his return, and that she understood that her father owned property on Long Island, from which her uncle was to receive rent, to be expended in her support. She further told me that she had not received one penny from her uncle for the last two years, but had supported herself by teaching music, French, and drawing.

After learning this, I instructed Mr. Frantz to commence proceedings against Mr. Morse, for the purpose of compelling him to render an account of his stewardship.

After passing a few days in New York, I took my wife to visit my family.

My parents were well satisfied with the manner in which I had accomplished the purpose for which I had last left them. The beauty, accomplishments, and lady-like deportment of my young wife won the warmest respect of the whole family, and they were quite proud of me for the conquest I had made.

A few days after my arrival home, I received from Mr. Frantz the papers authorizing me to claim the money in New Bedford, in the possession of Captain Hart and the owner of his ship; and subsequently, on calling on the captain, the box containing it was delivered to me.

My story is nearly told.

Ten years have passed since the time of my marriage, and my life has been one long dream of happiness, unmarked with one adventure such as met me so oft in youth.

I am residing on a farm adjoining my father's, which has been divided—a part being given to my brother, John, who married a wife chosen for him by our mother.

My sisters Jane and Cynthia, now married to farmers' sons, are living in the neighbourhood, to all appearance contented and happy.

About four years after my marriage, Mr. Frantz obtained for me sixteen hundred dollars from property left by my wife's father; and in the legal proceedings for obtaining this money, the dishonesty of Mr. Morse was so plainly exposed, that he exhibited the possession of some shame, and migrated to the west, where I hope he is trying to earn an honest living. Before his departure I summoned him to a court for the re-payment of the ten dollars he had obtained under the pretence of paying it to me. I was not suffering for the money, but I thought that Mr. Morse might be suffering for the lesson I wished to teach him.

I often hear from Bowers, who is now married and living in his native town. His father has been dead several years.

In one letter, received from him four or five years ago, he informed me that his two cousins, the Misses Wilson, were married to New York dandies. This information was given with the opinion that they had got just the sort of husbands that they deserved. If that opinion is true they were very bad girls.

My wife is the mother of three children—two boys, and a noisy little thing I have called Mary, after its mother.

She says they are the finest children in the world, and I dare not dispute her word in any way wherever the children are concerned.

I have never had another wish to ramble in search of adventures. Two causes were combined to kill that once strong desire. One is, that experience has taught me that true happiness is only found in the quiet pursuit of social life—that the desire for excitement is but mental dissipation, in which it is folly to indulge.

Another reason why the desire to wander has deserted me is, that fortunately I possess the good sense to remain satisfied with happiness; yet, since the wanderings in my youth have led to my meeting with her who is ever striving to bless my days with happiness, I shall never regret having RAN AWAY FROM HOME.

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